VOL. LXXX August 1926 No. 2

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

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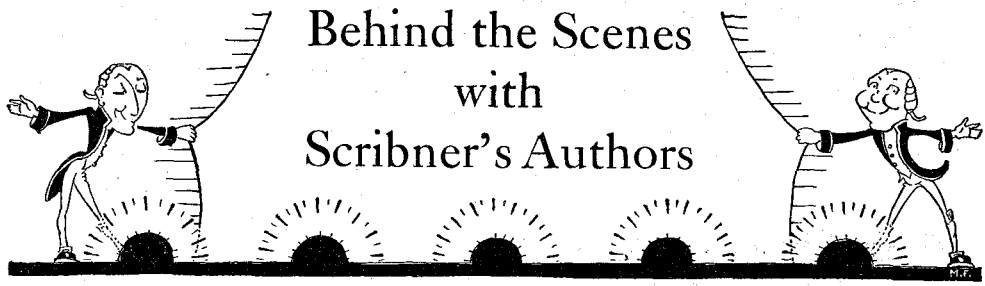

IT is a distinguished company, brilliant and versatile, we take pleasure in presenting in this August Fiction Number. We go from the quiet beauty and courtly language of the Mississippi plantation in "My Grandfather McGehee's Wedding" to the hurly-burly and slang of the police court in "The Pipe Major." Seven fiction features and two personal records fill the cup of narrative to overflowing. Strangely enough the two personal articles are by Texans, who once worked on the same newspaper.

Captain John W. Thomason may be crossing the equator the day "Crossing the Line with Pershing" appears for all we know, for he is again at sea. Captain Thomason was born into one of the oldest families of Texas, a few blocks from where General Sam Houston died, in the historic town of Huntsville. He joined the staff of the Houston *Chronicle* in 1916. The first signed article Thomason ever had in print was a Sunday feature story on General Sam Houston's famous duelling pistols. There are many rumors floating about concerning his soldiering in other days, but they cannot be confirmed, as Captain Thomason is most reticent about them.

Heywood Broun said recently:

A book which has won me back to reading just for the fun of it is "Fix Bayonets!" by Capt. John W. Thomason. I had read Laurence Stallings's high praise of Thomason and I discounted it. "Any Marine will stick up for another," was my feeling. Of course, this was just a bit before Butler quit playing policeman and returned to the service. . . . Stallings, however, rendered sober and clear-headed judgment in his enthusiasm for Thomason. "Fix Bayonets!" is not only good but amazing.

"My Old Dog Tramp" turned up in this office some time ago and proved to be by Max Bentley, a newspaper friend of Thomason's. This is a true story with robust dog-fighting atmosphere. The pictures are by A. B. Frost, famous author and illustrator of "Bull Calf and Other Tales," and illustrator of "Uncle Remus." At the age of seventy-five he enjoys life to the full in his Pasadena home, and exercises his pencil with his old skill. Mr. Bentley now lives in Abilene, Texas.

The photograph of Thomas Boyd and Sinclair Lewis was taken in St. Paul, Minn., Boyd's home, a few miles from Sauk Center, the original Main Street. Mr. Boyd is spending the summer in Vermont. "The Salt of the Earth" is another of the brief short stories in which Boyd has found a new medium. Some of his most effective work appears in this story and in "Good Roads," published in the January number. The pictures are by LeRoy Baldridge, whose drawings for *The Stars and Stripes* are known to all service men. His latest work in this magazine was a sketch of Seijo, the master of Japanese art, illustrating his wife's most interesting article on that great man.

Bernice Kenyon, by a curious twist of fate, was born in Newtonville, Mass., although most of the rest of her life has been lived on Long Island and in New York. She graduated from Wellesley in 1920, and was on the editorial staff of this magazine for four years. A few months ago she returned from a year in Europe. "The Riviera Road," she says, "is pure fiction, but I'll guarantee the place to be fact. The first and only time I ever was in St. Maximin was when Struthers Burt motored me there. I hope this statement, combined with the material of the story, will not lead any one to revise opinions of us both. [You'll look a long time before you'll find two more respectable Scribner authors!]

"We had luncheon at the largest inn on the main street, and the *patron* cooked the meal himself in black pots before a great yawning stove built into the walls of the house. . . .

"It's all extremely romantic, and when you visit the church you see the skull supposed to be that of Mary Magdalen, you feel drawn back into the age of mysteries and miracles—and then you can't help wondering just whose skull it is—what sort of a woman it belonged to, and whether she ever dreamed (or cared) that anybody might come to venerate her bones!

Captain J. W. Thomason

"If the atmosphere of that strange church could stir us as it did, what might it not do to a superstitious woman and a man running away from his past?"

This is Miss Kenyon's second published short story.

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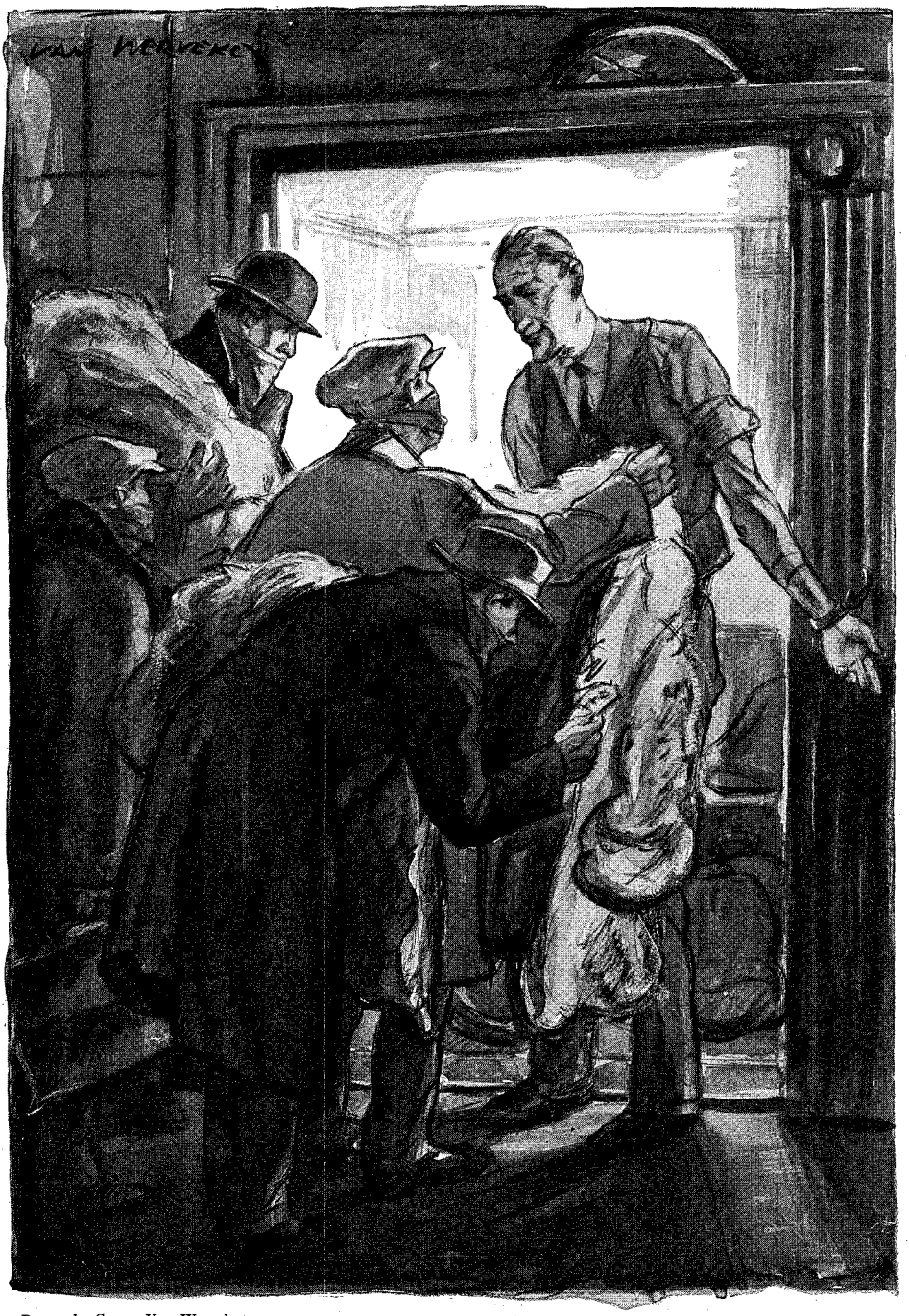

Drawn by George Van Werveke.

"DOES THAT LOOK LIKE A GOOD COAT TO YOU?"

—See "The Pipe Major," page 193.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXX AUGUST, 1926 NO. 2

Crossing the Line with Pershing

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. S. *Rochester;* Author of "Fix Bayonets!" etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"On crossing the equator, Neptune came aboard. General Pershing and his party were amused spectators of the antics which followed. . . ."—*Press Report.*

PILED-UP cloud masses trailed a rain-squall across the red west, and there was dark on the face of the waters. The bugles went for movies, and the cruiser's people laid aft to dispose themselves across the quarter-deck, according to rank and custom. Numerous seamen and marines perched like gulls on the sides of a certain lofty affair of spars and canvas, built during the day at the starboard quarter by the shell-back bo's'n and his gang. The bo's'n had been very mysterious about it. —"Well, it's a tank, my sons, you might say. What for? You'll see what for, my sons, when Neptunus Rex comes aboard us in the mornin'. Yeh—when we cross the line!"— All hands burned tobacco, and a soft, sweet wind from across the world carried the incense off to port.—"The Commander in his seat?" —"Commander's on the bridge. Start the movies——"

All hands gave over to be edified. And a hoarse and salty voice with the boom of the deep sea in it came up from the darkling Pacific—"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"—"United States ship *Rochester*, proceeding South America on affairs of state"—the Commander's high, clear hail answered into the night. "What ship is that?"

"This is Davy Jones, royal scribe, representin' His Royal Majesty Neptunus Rex! By whose authority do you come bustin' into His Majesty's seas? Lay to, U. S. S. *Rochester*, 'til Davy Jones comes aboard!"

A rocket soared from the bridge, red and green. The bugles went for the guard of the day and the band—"for'ard on the double—form on the fo'c'stle—" The engines stopped, the cruiser lost way and courtesied to the swells. The bugles blared "Attention!" The sergeant of the guard and the band-leader rendered military honors. Voices cried orders. Then the cruiser throbbed again to the beat of her engines, and "carry on" sounded. From aft, stretching your neck, you could hear the Commander: "Welcome aboard U. S. S. *Rochester*, Davy Jones and party! What commands have you from His Majesty?"

"Thanky, sir, in the name of His Royal Majesty Neptunus Rex! His Majesty has reports—" (Davy Jones, scribe, ever speaks in a formal way, as befits the representative of so great a king—all seamen attest it) "—that you are enterin' his royal domains with certain unauthorized landlubbers aboard. His Majesty sends me to see about it. Davy Jones an' his party of sculpins, grampuses, pollywogs, royal bears, and royal police. His Majesty will be aboard at nine sharp to-morrow. An' I have here summonses an'

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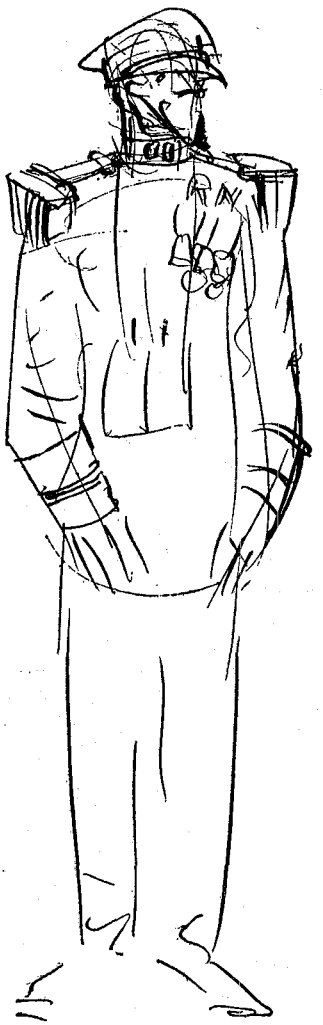
subpœneys and such to deliver to all landlubbers who have never crossed the line before. By order of the ruler of the raging main. Aye, aye, sir!"

"Lay aft, sir. Lay aft and meet the



Royal navigator.

captain—the captain will be pleased to give the necessary orders, I'm sure. Gangway, there! Gangway for Davy Jones and party!" bawled the Commander, and led the way.

Spotlights from the wing bridge attended the procession. You saw Davy Jones, scribe, walking on the right of the Commander—a thing never heard of—only captains and admirals walk on our Commander's right hand! Davy Jones, scribe, was a man of medium height, for all his fog-horn voice, and in appearance similar to the gunnery sergeant of marines. He wore unusual epaulets and a cocked hat with a two-foot plume. He wore a swallow-tailed blue coat all plastered with medals and orders, white trousers, and pirate boots, with spurs of brass. His long, straight sword hung in a crimson baldric. His whiskers were tow-colored and surprising, his eyebrows fiercely black, and his face implacably vermilion. Behind him, two by two, capered and gibbered the royal police and other satellites, creatures such as reasonable men never imagine. You sensed a strong shudder go through the gaping ship's company, who now for the first time ventured those perilous seas around the line, where Neptunus Rex has residence.

For to this day it is the custom of the sea that, when a man-of-war crosses the equator, such of her people as have never crossed before be initiated with ancient ritual into the Brotherhood of Shellbacks, who are Neptune's children and under his especial protection. The ritual is violent; it is something to understate when you write home; and you are given an impressive certificate which sets forth that you have undergone it, so that it never can happen again. Neptune, escorted according to tradition, comes aboard the morning you reach latitude 0°. The night before Davy Jones, his scribe and, as it were, executive officer, has boarded you and made all things ready. Crossing the line on a merchantman does not count, I suppose because on a merchantman those merry mayhems that occur upon a war-ship, to the delight of all, would not be possible. And in the navy no person is exempt—least of all the officers, who are for this day given up to the mercies of their men. Senior officers may for dignity's sake get off with light treatment and a fine of cigars or pop (it was beer in the good old days), but it is our juniors' pride that they go all the way.

"Davy Jones," said the Commander, very ceremonious by the after eight-inch turret, when the admiral and the captain had uttered the usual gracious words, "al-

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low me to present certain distinguished persons whom we are taking south on government affairs—the General of The Armies"—and the tall, gray general stood forward. "General, in the name of His Majesty Neptunus Rex, Davy Jones, scribe, makes you welcome to his domains. And he is honored to receive you as a guest. You ain't any landlubber—His Majesty remembers when you crossed on the *Utah* last year!"

"Davy Jones, this is the governor-general——"

"Aha! A landlubber, hey? A landlubber! His Majesty's compliments, you landlubber, and here's a subpœny fer you. At two bells of the fore—you don't know what that means, though—at nine sharp in the mornin' fer yours— Who's this here——?"

"Davy Jones, I present the doctor—legal doctor, you know—legal expert of this commission—and he was heard to say that he doubted the legality of His Majesty's authority—so to speak, he doubts the jurisdiction!"— "Oh, no, Commander! No! Oh, not at all! On the contrary, Mr. Davy Jones, I am convinced of the legality, and the jurisdiction is unquestioned, I assure you—" Davy Jones cut short his fluent periods. "Well, sir, you'll have to tell His Majesty about that to-morrow. Very grave charge, sir—mighty grave, indeed! At nine sharp——"

All the commission—a most exalted bunch of passengers now abroad on Neptune's ocean like any common men, were presented, examined as to credentials, and dealt with. Followed the ship's officers, landlubbers marshalled together. Davy Jones called them off himself. "The gunnery officer! Where's that there gun'ry officer—aha, you gun'ry officer—very serious charges against you—time you got us up at three bells, bore-sightin', and run pore young Mark Vertical overboard!—tell it to His Majesty—now!—captain of marines—marine captain, front and centre, an' put your heels together!" The voice of Davy Jones was savage, so that a music-boy and a very new private in the huddle of the crew fainted. "The doctor—you medico, you! The royal doctor's gonna tend to you, he is! Chief engineer—here's yours—" And he went terribly down the roster, delivering also to each division officer proper summonses for the landlubbers under them.

"Now, sir," when all the papers were distributed, "you have got aboard some miserable landlubbers who are guilty of terrible crimes. They have been makin' wise-cracks about His Majesty, and His Majesty's orders are: we run 'em down and properly soften 'em to-night so they will be fit for His Majesty to look at in the mornin' when His Majesty comes aboard——"

The royal doctor.

"Go to it, Davy Jones," said the Commander heartily, and the royal police

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were loosed to their trade. There is no sin so great as making wise-cracks.

Davy Jones and retinue clanked purposefully forward, and the movies resumed, uninterrupted except by the horrid squalls of a wretch who was treed up the mainmast, and hauled down with violence from the fighting-top. Certain mysteries went on forward, and there were lamentable cries from amidships on the port side; but no unauthorized person felt any urge to go and see. There was a smell of tar. . . .

The July morning came gray and mizzling, with a wet head wind. Morning orders called for this and that, but nobody paid any attention. The royal police, unwearied by their labors of the night, overran everything forward of the wardroom country, and shaken landlubbers hid unavailingly. It would be about two bells of the forenoon watch, or, as they say, 9:00, when there were shouts and blowing of bugles, and stately music, and the engines stopped, and the cruiser lay to on the line.

No landlubber saw Neptunus Rex, Lord of the Ultimate Seas, come over the side, for the decks were cleared; but one heard, through the gun-ports, a tumult, and the Commander's voice, in words of welcome, rang aft, and there was the clamant thunder of conchs in Neptune's train. Thereafter "Quarters" was sounded, and all hands mustered, and men saw a marvel: while the band played and the marines of the guard presented arms, a black and grisly flag mounted to the foretruck of United States ship *Rochester*, and blew out sable folds, overlooking the admiral's flag at the main—"Say—say, sailor! ain't that there the Jolly Roger?—Seen it in the pirate book in the ship's libr'ry! How come—" "Belay that, you poor fish! That's Neptune's flag—skull an' crossbones! It's always broke out when he comes aboard—you ain't under Uncle Sam now, you ain't—" The band discoursed music, and the great king, gloriously attended by his ministers as anciently prescribed, paraded aft.

A green man with lobsters painted on him went before, bearing the royal standard. Davy Jones, scribe, adjutant, and executive to the crown, cleared the way. Then Neptunus Rex, his sweet consort on his arm, their trains upheld by elegant page boys. It was noted that the royal nose was like the nose of the senior gunner's mate, a scarlet nose and imposing; otherwise, there were whiskers and an appalling mat of hair, regally red and abundant. The royal robes were green, curiously jewelled, and the royal hand elevated the trident. Queen Amphitrite, a lady of robust build, particularly about the shoulders, was of pale-green complexion, with a red and vivid mouth. A tasteful coronet, surmounted by the star of the sea, topped her profusion of oakum-colored hair, and her queenly stride threatened the integrity of her tight garments. Cheers greeted the august pair.

"Th' queen is some sheba—but her legs is crooked—hey?—" "Arrest that man, royal police—that fireman second there! T'run 'im in irons, you!—" Hard behind strutted the royal judge, in a mortar-board a yard square, attired right legally in black, picked out with red. Only the chief machinist's mate had such a belly, you reflected. The royal prosecutor flanked him, in a wig after the best English tradition, a man lean, dry, and without bowels. Then came the royal doctor, frock-coated, high-hatted, meanly bearded, with feet like a seahorse. Sweating pollywogs toted the tools of his mystery: the medicine-bag, the pill-pounder, the saw, the pump, the squirt. The royal baby was trundled along, cutely turned out, with hirsute legs, dandling the royal cat. The royal friar, cowled and severe, ambled in his place—"That's Riley—sure! That's th' Jimmy Legs!—hey, Jimmy Legs—" "Grab that man! Confine 'im! iron him! —Just wait, you—" And the royal wild man, fearsome to uphold—sometime that mild and genial darky of the ship's scullery, now restrained in chains, to the relief of all. And the royal bears, with great, naked limbs covered to the edge of decency in sacking—here the paymaster burst into violent perspiration—coal-sacks, borrowed from the P. R. R. for the deck-load of coal we started with: two-bits each if not returned. But the paymaster was hoping for a favorable consideration of his credentials as a shellback—that matter being in dispute—and he did not let on.

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The captain of marines instructed the doctor in the manual of arms.—Page 120.

They all passed, capering, clowning, half a hundred or so, and the tail of the column was a gang of miserables, chained two and two, painted, tarred, and piebald, the wise-crackers of the night before, scoffers at Neptune's majesty, now herded to final correction. Stately on the quarter-deck, withdrawn from common men, Neptune held high converse with the captain and the admiral of the squadron, and received the compliments of the General of The Armies. Both he and his consort accepted cigars from the flag-lieutenant, and the retinue mounted to the boat-deck, where, under an awning abaft the spud-locker, court was opened.

Gloomy things, the properties of the royal court: A coffin—they thrust a landlubber into it, and the royal police played a devil's tattoo on it with clubs, and knocked it about some, while the priest intoned. A stocks—the conspicuous wise-cracker who had criticised the queenly legs of Amphitrite was clapped into them, and a pollywog painted him blue. There were great caldrons, simmering obscenely, with a reek of tar and things unmentionable. There was obscure electrical gear. Aft, on the rail above the tank the bo's'n built, was hinged a chair of simple lines, faced inboard. The tank was full of salt water, and a sea-ladder offered egress from it. The mob of the deep howled hungrily, the bears and the pollywogs leaped into the tank, yelling, and Neptunus Rex opened his court.

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Seafaring men do many things because seafaring men have always done those things. Nobody knows from what age-old tradition the Neptune ritual comes. Very anciently, it is related, the Phœnicians and the Greeks, venturing greatly in little cockle-boats south from the Pillars of Hercules, knew him. Truthful mariners attest the sight: great Poseidon, august in his car, drawn by dolphins over the wine-dark sea. In his hand the dread trident, and beside him tall Amphitrite and her girls of the ocean caves, whose white, cool arms are kind to drowning seamen. And tritons, barnacle-backed

Royal barber.

and terrible, blowing on conchs. And nereids choiring unearthly music. And in his train sharks and whales and grampus, and loathly pollywogs, who look for meat to those on whom stern Neptune's anger falls——

In its modern form we have it from the British men-of-war. Davy Jones is an innovation palpably English, from buccaneer days. He was a pirate chap who sank so many ships that Lloyds or somebody like that said, when—for instance—*Bonaventura*, East Indiaman, didn't come in—"She's gone to Cap'n Davy Jones's locker!" At any rate, here we find him, ruffian Restoration English grafted on pure Greek classicism, at this moment reading from his book the misdeeds of the governor-general, international boundary expert, passenger on U. S. S. *Rochester*. A seaman rating in Neptune's livery smeared tar and valve compound on the governor-general's jowls, and the governor-general's naked feet were smitten with electricity when they stood him on a copper plate before the throne; with courtesy they excused him the extremities of the doctor, the barber, and the tank, and he descended a son of Neptune, pleased pink, and sent up cigars to the royal party.

All the commission followed. With the senior members Neptune dealt delicately, recognizing the bond of common greatness. But on the others his hand was heavy. It is not often you get a crack at a very special private secretary, or a junior diplomatic aid, or such an A. P. correspondent as the chap who came on in pale-blue pajamas. The functionaries were properly warmed up when the ship's officers were led in.

The first lieutenant, for a wonder, was a landlubber, and they almost drowned him. The gunnery officer and the chief engineer were dealt with in sorrow, not in anger. The medico and the captain of marines they judged together. Numerous witnesses cried out upon the doctor for his pills and his potions. Several there present raged all together on the marine captain, his errors—who—but nobody can catalogue the crimes of a marine afloat. It was the court's sentence that the captain of marines instruct the doctor in the manual of arms; a deck-swab was provided in the way of arms. It was done, with glad assistance, and everybody was exceedingly edified. Then the doctor was delivered to the tenderness of his

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Neptunus Rex, his sweet consort on his arm.—Page 118.

colleague, the royal physician.—"Open your hatch, doc!" (If you grab a fellow behind the jaws, he will.) "Here, take this, doc—might as well take two of it.—Go on—be a man—swallow it. Hold his nose. Now swallow it! Aw—don't make faces—you know it ain't bad. Fix you right up. Sure, you can go back to duty. All right! Strip! Take off your shirt. Gang, I detect a heart-murmur. The doc smokes too much. Fine 'im three boxes cigars—" "Where's that marine? Here he is—take 'im, doc!" "His hair's fallin' out! Fix 'im up—shine 'im! Polish 'im—give 'im a pill—two pills!—" Valve compound—cylinder oil—tar—molasses—red boot-topping rubbed in hard! "Hold on—don't put 'im in the water—might swallow some—marines can stand anything but water!" ——"Had a war record—fine 'im five cartoons of Camels, an' let 'im go—hey?" This was merciful . . .

Presently it was the turn of that snappy ensign, the adjutant of the ship's landing-force—somehow, when a sailor is military,

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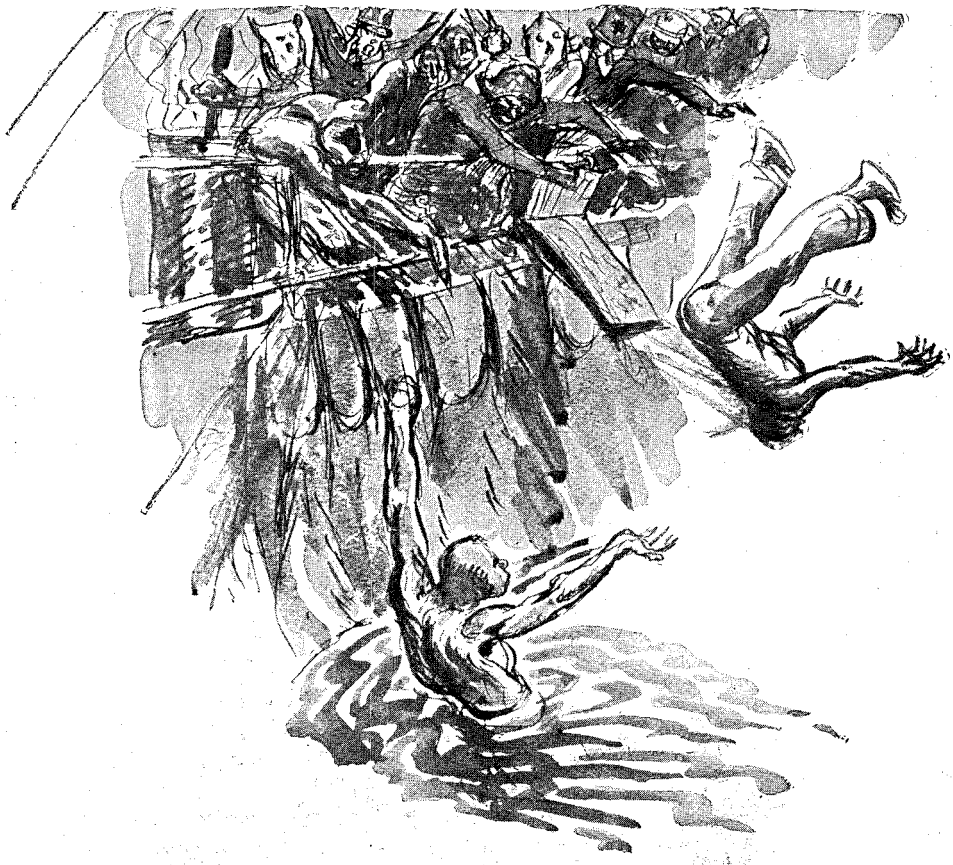

The victim shot heels over head into the tank below.

he is more military than a Prussian.—"An' it is Neptune's order that this here landlubber read to the court from the Landing-force Manual—stand 'im at attention on that rug! The rug was wet and covered a copper plate. The royal electrician functioned, and the adjutant hopped like a cockroach in a hot skillet, and was rudely corrected. "Stand 'tention, you!—nobody ever teach you how? I'll teach you!— Now—give 'im the book. Read it, you!" The adjutant read in his best parade-ground voice those passages prescribing the formation of the battalion for parades and inspections.

"He reads too fast. You read too fast! Your bearin's are heated. Here—royal oiler—oil his bearin's!" "Come on, sir! open your mouth once—" and they oiled his tongue with cylinder oil. "Go on—about the adjutant takin' his post, now—" . . . "He reads too slow. You read too slow! Give 'im an injection to speed 'im up." "Open up—open—attaboy! Swallow! Hold his nose"—"Yeh, he swallowed it—" Then he couldn't read at all. "Doc, you take 'im—" "Sit 'im in my chair, while I get at him—" "Barber here—royal barber—whee!" "Let him go!—" The chair tilted backward, and the victim shot heels over head into the tank below, where the royal bears fell on him with uncouth cries and made sport. Presently a black and dripping thing that God once made in his image struggled out and showed white teeth in a sportsman's grin. . . .

"Goddamighty! Didju see what they did to Mr. ——? If they do that to an officer, what they gonna do to me—Lordy!"—"Aw—what I wish, they'd take us guys first, an' the officers after-

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wards. I'd like to get a crack at an officer—I mean, I ain't got anything special against officers, but I'd just like to say I had a crack at one—you know—" "Shut up—look at him grin—some ships, they tell me, they let they officers down easy—our officers can stand anything! . . ."

In these latter days of economy and short enlistments, the navy does not cruise continually. Most ships are manned by crews largely landlubbers—in the Neptune sense. Shellbacks are not so abundant. In this crew the Neptune party had three hundred to mishandle, and, pleasantly stimulated by the commissioned personnel, they went to it. They cast off all restraint and did not weary.

The general of the armies was there, extremely happy, with his aides and his diplomats and his experts all politely amused. The admiral was augustly diverted; the captain and the commander let joy be unconfined. Even the first lieutenant viewed with good nature the grease and corruption that fouled his fine white decks. The Neptune party, warmed up, functioned like a machine. Quivering neophyte was haled before the court: Davy Jones, scribe, read his name, rate, and sin; the royal electrician shocked him; the royal oiler lubricated him; the royal doctor dosed him; the royal barber lathered him from head to foot with deck-swabs of paint, tar, and goo, and the polywogs held him in the chair while nameless horrors cut his hair. Then he went backward into the tank and the wet embraces of the royal bears. And on the side of the tank was an evil sprite, much shrouded about the head, armed with a rag-tipped rod. Few saw the wire that ran from the rod to the royal electrician

Davy Jones, scribe, read his name, rate, and sin.

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above. Poor devils, released at the last gasp by the bears, clawing feebly up the sea-ladder, received this rod—three hundred volts at the end of it—on their sterns. When that happens you turn loose all holds and drop back. You don't know where it comes from—but you know it's there. There was the darky mess-attendant, a St. Thomas boy, fiercely modest, who came right out of his garments when it hit him. . . .

All hands grew weak with laughter and hoarse with yelling. Marines and bluejackets embraced each other and bayed like hounds. When an official wearied, there were a dozen eager volunteers from the ranks of the new-born sons of Neptune, still damp and sticky, but burning to take out their own indignities on the next chap's hide— All day it ran—a day of the honest Anglo-Saxon joy that, quaintly enough, rises to its highest on the amusing discomforts of the other fellow. Even so, the last of the crew's sadness, and all its vague repinings swept off in gales of searching laughter, leaving the feeling that things are not nearly so bad in this best of possible navies. . . .

The royal police failed at length to smell out new material. The last man, an artful quartermaster, was lingeringly, lovingly dealt with, to the extent that his mother wouldn't have known him. Davy Jones girded himself and reported to the Commander: "Sir: Davy Jones, scribe, has the honor to report for His Majesty Neptunus Rex that you now haven't any landlubbers on board. They are all shellbacks, sir. And His Majesty is ready to leave the ship."

With ceremony the thing was done. Neptune, in winged words, took leave of his children. The sun dipped seaward; the sea, now all shimmering, was plated with bright silver; and the ruler of the raging main, with his retinue smoking wardroom cigars, disappeared forward.

"Here," said the Commander in a great voice; "bo's'n, pipe all hands. Turn to. Clean up this hell's delight, and let me have a clean ship by seven bells, or—" And aside, to the chief engineer, as the deck divisions swarmed out like little ants, well-disposed and heedful—"This'll give them something to talk about now, until the end of the cruise—fine thing for everybody——"

Which is perhaps the reason that Neptune will come over the side at latitude 0° so long as our men-of-war go down to the sea.

Wealth

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Before the rich man's palace, day by day,
I saw strong guards move up and down—a band,
Watching the marble entrance and the grand,
Majestic gardens filled with hawthorn spray.
Silent, they paced the sidewalk. In dismay
I pictured one within, whose feeble hand
Fingered his treasures from an alien land,
Afraid to whisper, to his fears a prey.

Then I remembered kings who on their thrones
Shuddered from hour to hour, and in the night
Wakened from dreadful dreams of shots and stones,
Crying in terror and a dazed affright;
And I rejoiced for my life's monotones,
My simple hearth, and simpler candlelight.

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The Salt of the Earth

BY THOMAS BOYD
Author of "An Ohio Fable," "Good Roads," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

AS the wheels of the long transcontinental railway pounded the spidery rails toward the setting sun, Harry Ralston sat hunched up in a corner of one of the day coaches, staring out through the window at the illimitably rolling plains which, with the glow of evening light upon them, were like some vast, golden carpet stretched for the passage of noble kings.

The day had been hot; twilight was bringing no surcease, and, though the sweat dripped from his blunt, solemn features and splashed on a shirt-front which the smoke of the engine had begrimed, he stared ahead toward the west, the direction in which, for the past two months, he had been persistently moving.

Beside him on the worn plush seat Fred Romeisz twisted uneasily, already wearied by the thought of spending the night in such restricted and uncomfortable quarters. Not the whole night either, for the train was due in Frisco at three in the morning, and Frisco was to mark their point of separation. Fred was to stay there while Harry went on up into Washington and Oregon. Harry's heart was set on going up there.

Fred Romeisz was tall, gray-eyed, and had a mop of stiff black hair. His shoulders were broad, but had sunk forward. Harry believed that this hollow chest was caused by the heavy work which Fred had been forced to do before he had attained his full growth. Fred coughed frequently, could not stand so much work as Harry, and continually fretted about the heat.

"Lord," Fred said, "I feel like I was fried." He plucked at his shirt, loosening it at the chest where the heat had sealed it to his skin. "Feel like I can hardly get my breath."

Continuing to stare ahead out of the car-window, Harry answered: "I guess we can stick the night out. They say it's cool on the coast. When the old man was out there he said the nights were so cold you had to sleep under a blanket."

Harry looked almost dreamily for a while. "The old man said the people you see out there ain't like the people you see anywhere else. They're sorta open-handed, split up anything they've got with you—that is if you're on the square. When he lumberjacked out in Washington they jist had two words to describe a man. If one man asked another one 'How's So-and-so?' and the other one said 'he's white,' why, that guy could have anything that was in camp; but if he said 'he's a stinker,' then look out! They hadn't any room for stinkers out there, but if you were on the square, there was nothing too good for you."

"Didn't even know your old man was out West."

"Sure," said Harry. "Clear up in the Klondike."

"How come he didn't stay? Didn't he like it?"

"Liked it fine. But granddad was pretty old to work the farm alone and they kept writing the old man letters to come home. Ain't you ever heard him tell about it out there?"

"Never did," said Fred.

"Never even heard him talk about Clarence Rockway?"

"Not a word. Who was he?"

"Well, that's funny! The old man talks about him every once in a while. They bunked together, kinda pardners. They used to play the Louisiana Lottery together too. They never won anything playin' together, so Clarence said the old man was a Joner. Clarence always won by himself. So the first time he played it alone he won a big prize. Damned if he

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didn't split the money with the old man jist the same as if both of them had bought the ticket. Fifty-fifty, see?"

"That's what I call white," said Fred.

"Sure was," agreed Harry, "but it wasn't nothin' to what the old man and Clarence would do for each other. I guess he 'bout saved Clarence's life one time up in the Klondike when he got the fever and had to be carried I don't know how far into town in the dead of winter."

Darkness fell, and the train surged on through the night. With almost a smile Harry thought of the end of his journey, of the joyous days he would spend on the West coast. The great forests, the swift rivers, the good-fellowship among the lumberjacks, freedom of action, nights in a bunkhouse or wrapped in a blanket beside a leaping fire. Jovial curses, hearty slaps on the back. Exciting ground, all of it. Hadn't his father told him time after time?

There were so many things he wanted to see and do; he would have to hurry or he would not have time for them all. A year at the most was all he had allowed himself to be away from the farm. When he and Fred had decided to go, after long months of discussion and heightened expectation, he had promised his father that he would be back home in time for ploughing the following spring.

Harry Ralston and Fred Romeisz came from adjoining farms in Ohio, farms of comparatively small acreage, where diversification of crops was necessary if the planter was to keep free of debt. They were accustomed to a routine that lasted from the moment the eastern sun obscured the brilliance of the stars and moon until the skies again had darkened in the evening. Ploughing those sixty acres in Richland township, planting, hoeing, harvesting, threshing with the aid of Bill Fletcher's machine, milking the cows each evening in the stalls of the red barn, gathering the eggs, finding all the obscure places where the hens had laid them—in the hay-loft, the mangers, the old buggy-seat—feeding the cattle and old Calamity, the twenty-five-year-old mare, and the team of black colts—these things were finished on one day only to be renewed again on the next.

The Ralstons had owned their own land as far back as their history went in this country, a little more than two centuries. Harry's great-grandfather, arriving from York State in a pirogue, had bought and cleared the land; and never had there been a mortgage on it. But it had given the family no more than they had put into it, and sometimes not nearly so much. And while the farm brought security to the family, it was not sufficient to enable them to think much about leisure. Harry's short, strong arms were needed on the farm, had been needed ever since his youth, but particularly were they needed now. His father was a few years short of sixty and had not been so capable since an accident with a team of colts had smashed up his side.

But a year's absence was no more than Harry's due, and his father had said it would be good for the boy to get out and see a little of the world. He scratched his heavy black beard and stared hard at the wooded landscape (where the sun went down each evening) as he said good-by, remained in the position for a long while after the last puff of smoke from the train which was carrying Harry and Fred had merged with the darkening sky. "Go right on, Harry," he had said; "a man's only young once, and it's a great country you're going to. You've got plenty of time to work on the farm—all your life, I expect, and you better go now while I can still manage the team or you won't be able to go at all."

So Harry and Fred were on their way to the fabled West. Neither had any money above a few dollars when they started out. They had worked their way. Arriving in Chicago they had taken the job most readily to be had; in a steel-mill of a distant suburb they toiled in the glare of a brilliant, flame-gold heat and half suffocated under the continuous smoke which rolled like thunder-clouds from the furnaces. There they discovered the contrast between labor on the farm and in the factory. Fred was cursed roundly by a dark-faced foreman, and a few hours afterward, when he and Harry had drawn their pay and taken a train for the city, he was willing to go back home, "where one man didn't talk like that to another unless he was looking for a fight." But Harry shook his head. "No, sir, we're

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started now, and I guess there's nothing in the world that could keep me from spending that year out on the coast. Like the old man said, it's a chance in a lifetime. We're lucky to be able to get away."

"Lord," Fred said, "I feel like I was fried."—Page 125.

In St. Louis they spent a week looking for a job, and departed from that city with scarcely enough money to pay for their ticket to Omaha. In Omaha Harry worked in a restaurant and carried food to Fred, who couldn't find a job. Fred's cheeks were an unhealthy pink and he was coughing with a hacking regularity. In western Nebraska they worked in the grain-fields. At the last place they were employed Fred had decided he would stay in California, see what San Francisco was like. "You go up north and let me know how it is. If you like it better there than I like Frisco, I'll come up. I'll let you know how I like Frisco."

They were asleep when the conductor removed from their hat-bands the colored bits of pasteboard. The train slowed up and stopped, and under the pale light of the San Francisco station, while the brakeman swung a parti-colored signal lantern from the steps, the two men talked.

"I'll find a boarding-house," said Fred. "Lord, I'm tired."

"I'll wait around the station until my train comes," said Harry. "Seattle tomorrow! Gosh!"

He could scarcely wait. Mystery, adventure, and the romance of living stretched ahead of him. There was no telling what piece of good fortune might happen to him he thought as the train carried him to Seattle. Only one day did he remain in the city. Then he was off to a logging-camp.

The logging-camp was in the upper corner of the State. Harry saw a few

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rough bunkhouses, long and unpainted, in a clearing of the pines. Smoke was twisting upward from the chimney in the cook-shack. Except for that sign the camp seemed deserted. He didn't care whether it was or not. This was enough, just as it was. The great pines gave him a sense of vastness, so different from the small, picturesque country scenes of Ohio to which he had been accustomed. The air seemed freer, and he filled his lungs until they hurt. This was the place for him, the place to do the work of a man.

After a while he got up and found the office. A clerk sat writing at a rude table. Harry handed him the slip of paper he had received from the employment bureau in Seattle.

"All right," said the clerk. "Might as well wait around camp till the crew comes in. They'll be back in a couple of hours."

"If it's just the same to you I'll go out and find them," said Harry. He set out on the path which the clerk had indicated, striding through the big woods where the huge-based trees grew tall and straight. He wanted to get right into things, wanted to meet the men and shake hands with them. Yes, he was already beginning to feel the spell of the great Northwest which his father had told him about so many times. Perhaps his father had worked near this very camp—his father and Clarence Rockway. He would have to write him about it!

The pine-needles were crisp underfoot, and fragrant. There was pleasure to be had in walking over them. Harry squared his shoulders unconsciously; his chin thrust itself forward. It was great to be on your own among a bunch of men, free of the constant worry and grind of the farm.

Ahead, he heard the quashing whirr of a tractor. A man in a plaid shirt sat in the driver's seat. Behind the tractor, fastened with a chain, a great log, shorn of its branches, was dragging as the caterpillar tread moved onward.

"Where's the boss?" shouted Harry.

"Folly the road," said the man on the tractor.

The boss was easy to distinguish. Harry found him standing with some sawyers, marking trees. He was the only man to wear a mustache; he had great cheekbones and small, sharp eyes. Harry told him he wanted to go to work, and felt the other men critically eyeing him as he spoke. They wore heavy flannel shirts, corduroy trousers, and thick boots. Harry had no boots, and his shirt was not like theirs. He should have bought some boots he thought ruefully. Then he could have more carelessly withstood the ugly stare from one of the sawyers.

"Ever use an axe?" asked the boss.

"Some," said Harry modestly.

"Try you out on skinnin' trees," the boss informed him, handing him an axe which he had picked up from the ground.

Harry grinned as he hefted the implement. It was a good one. He set to work trimming the limbs from a felled tree, the blade smoothly severing the branches at the trunk.

There was just enough sharpness in the morning to make a pleasure of swift working. And Harry was not a bungling woodsman. Near the farm he had chopped down many a tree and had cut up countless cords of wood. This kind of employment was not new to him; he used the resilient hickory handle and the shining blade with neatness.

Some time later, when the boss had gone down the path, Harry heard a voice from one of the sawyers. It was a chuckling and malicious voice, and it came from the man who had stared so viciously at him.

"That lad's cuttin' hisself right out of a job. Look at him work, will ya!" The sawyer whistled and made a mock appeal to the man who was working with him.

Harry looked up and answered with a levelly directed glance. The sawyer was his better in height and weight he judged. He had irregular teeth, a shock of black, unkempt hair, a bulging forehead, and deep-set eyes. You could break your knuckles on that forehead and never make a mark Harry thought as he went on about his work. He determined to think no more about the sawyer. Life then was too rich and glowing for him to be annoyed.

In the evening, when sunset came, he shouldered his axe and followed the men down the path through the woods to the bunkhouse. When he reached the clearing the smell of pork and beans was un-

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

They were accustomed to a routine that lasted from the moment the eastern sun obscured the brilliance of the stars and moon until the skies again had darkened in the evening.—Page 126.

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mistakably in the air. Harry whetted his lips and looked cavernously at the cook-shack.

He washed, dried his face on the communal towel, and went briskly into the cook-shack, from the door of which the cook was bawling: "Come an' get it! Come an' get it!"

It was a simple but none the less delightful pleasure to be sitting at the long, rough table, among these broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced woodsmen, eating pork and beans from a tin plate and drinking strong and steaming coffee from a cup of the same material.

And at night he would sit with the older hands, leaning against the bunkhouse wall, listening to interminable stories, reminiscences of how each man had spent his year's pay, of how this one had gone on a wild jamboree in Butte and got a great deal of action for his six hundred dollars before the police of the city snapped a pair of handcuffs on his brawny wrists and led him off to the hoosegow. This was the life! He could scarcely keep away from these men long enough to write letters to Fred and to his father.

To Fred he simply said: "Old boy, I bet you'd like it up here. I got a job right away, and they certainly are a fine bunch. I guess the boss would just as soon take on another hand. When you get tired of fooling around Frisco, let me know and I'll ask him. I hope your cough is better. You sure would like it up here."

He wrote more fully to his father. "Well, here I am, and I like it fine. The camp is a good way north of Seattle. Maybe you and Clarence were up here over this same ground. I don't see how you ever left it, blamed if I do. These boys are the salt of the earth and they treat me fine. But there's one guy that thinks he can walk over me because I've never been in a logging-camp before. He's got another think coming. I'll up and bust him in the nose one of these days."

That chance came earlier than Harry had expected. It came in the evening, just as the men were gathering to walk back to camp for their supper. Jess Lewis, his antagonist of the first day, was leaning against a great pine, unoccupied except for smoking a cigarette. As Harry approached, Lewis stared at him contemptuously and said: "Boy, go git my coat."

Harry laughed.

"Reckon he didn't hear you?" one of the older men ingenuously asked Jess Lewis.

"Heard me! I guess the —— better hear me!" jeered Lewis.

Harry stopped and confronted Lewis. "Maybe I'll hear you too well some of these days."

"Hell!" said Lewis. He flipped his cigarette away from him and walked toward Harry. His shoulders were down and his head thrust forward. "You better run, boy, 'cause I'm acomin' at you."

Harry stood his ground. Well, well! he thought; so there was to be a fight. He had counted on something like this: not that he was a good fighter, not because he liked to fight, but because he had always heard that a new man in a Western camp had to be initiated with fisticuffs. That proved one's mettle.

But Harry was experienced enough to know that the first blow counted considerably in the final reckoning. He grinned. "Lewis, if you were twice as big you'd fall jist twice as hard," and after this nonchalant expression he leaped with his right arm swinging. Lewis staggered and tried to cover his face with his arms as Harry followed up his attack.

The older men made a ring. "Give him a swift one!" "Bloody his nose!" "Crack him in the jaw!" Harry heard them bloodthirstily shouting. He had no knowing whether he was being encouraged or discouraged. All he knew was that Jess Lewis was the heavier man, and if he ever got Harry down the fight would be over. So he bore in, and his fists shot out like inspired plummets, smacking against the skin of his opponent. Lewis threshed out wildly, landing a random blow now and again, but realizing more and more firmly that it was punishment for him to remove his arms from across his face.

"Blood!" yelled Mike Fletcher. Blood it was. Streaming from Jess Lewis's flaring nostrils.

Harry danced back, away from those powerful arms which swung like a windmill in a heavy gale. Then he bore in once

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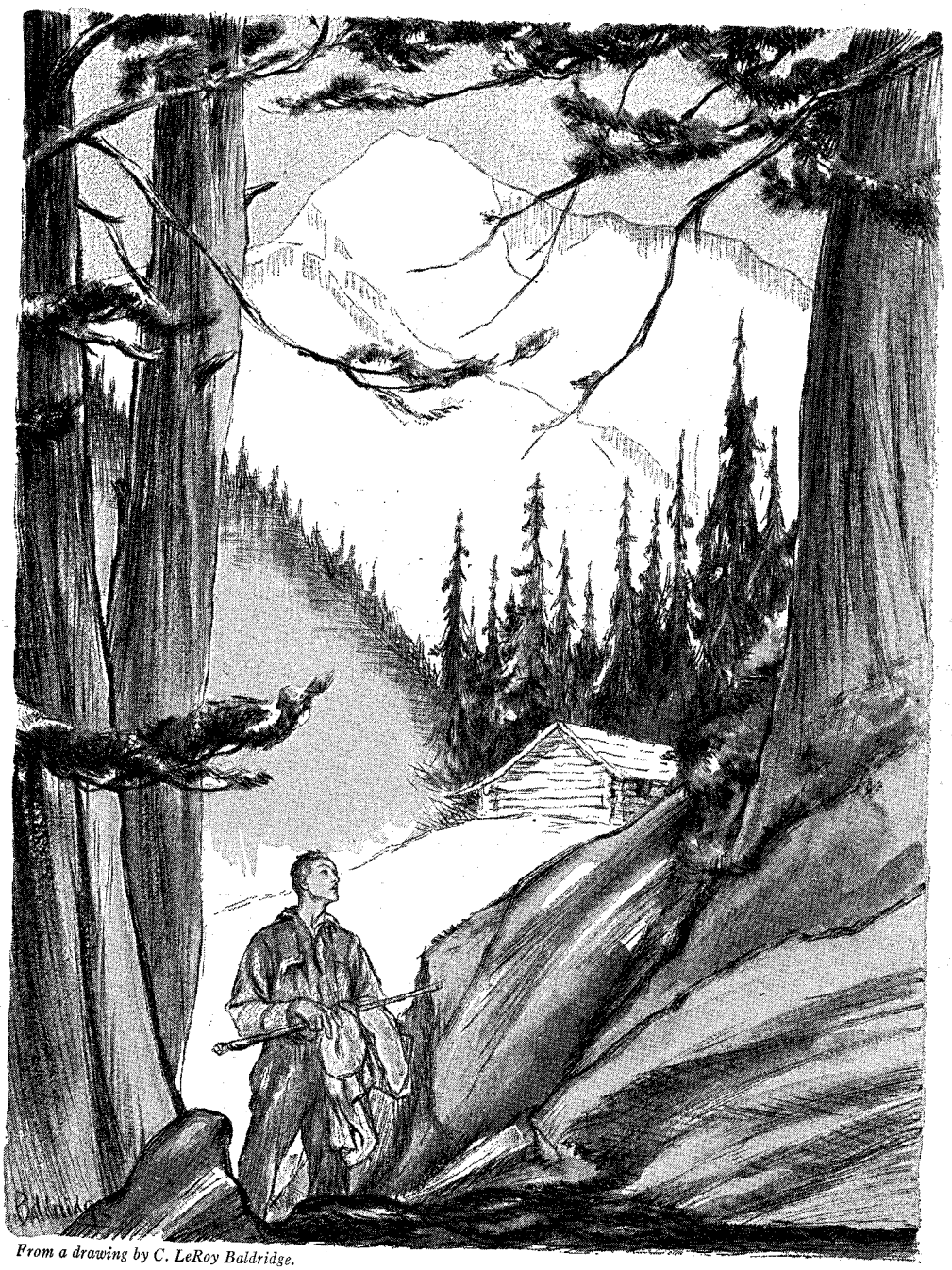

From a drawing by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

He was already beginning to feel the spell of the great Northwest.—Page 128.

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Harry stopped and confronted Lewis.—Page 130.

more; his fist struck Lewis squarely on the chin; there was a moment of suspense, and then Lewis went down upon the red pine-needles.

"A clean blow," said one of the oldsters in appreciation.

"A mighty good clip," said another.

Harry rushed upon his fallen adversary and demanded menacingly: "Lewis, you think you had enough?"

"Hit 'im ag'in!" came a shrill voice.

"No," said Harry. "Me and Lewis are friends. Ain't we, Lewis?" He leaned over and extended his hand. And not to his surprise the surly face of Lewis broke painfully into a smile.

"It's all right with me," agreed his late antagonist.

They walked back to the bunkhouse together. Behind them, Harry could hear the other lumberjacks comparing critical notes. He was happy, had never been happier in his life. Now, for certain, he was one of the boys.

This was the most gratifying period of his existence, the time that he always looked back on with regret for its passing. It was the sort of existence that had thrilled his father in earlier days, a care-free, adventurous wandering, a life of gusto, of doing a good job and living close to luxuriant but treacherous nature. If Fred were only with him instead of in Frisco. What had become of Fred he wondered; he had not heard from him since he left him that night at the station.

He found out one afternoon. It was in late October and there was wine in the hazy atmosphere. He saw the pay-clerk coming down the path and wondered what he could want. There was a yellow envelope in his hand, and when he reached Harry he gave it to him.

"A telegram for you, Ralston," he said; "didn't know but what it might be important."

Harry said, "I'm much obliged," and tore open the flap. He stared at the message much longer than it took him to read the words. It was from Fred's mother. Fred was dead and the body in San Francisco. Would Harry bring it home at once! At once! For a moment he may have thought of what it meant to him, that once back on the farm he would never be able to get away again, he may have felt his resentment against years of incessant toil on the same spot, going over the same ground, doing the same chores—the end of youth and adventure just as his father's had been cut short years before.

He looked up from the yellow slip of paper. "I've got to leave right away. Can you pay me off to-night? This is from the mother of the fellow I came out West with. He's lying dead in Frisco."

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The Riviera Road

BY BERNICE KENYON
Author of "A Florentine Face," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

THEY were escaping.

The man, notorious for his cleverness at cards and for his hard, lean jaw and perfect manner of a fighting Frenchman, had the wheel. Beside him sat the woman he loved. Her body was taut with cold, even in the comfortable car and wrapped in a dark fur coat that concealed completely the well-known beauty of her figure, the voluptuous charm that had graced, in season, all the smart places of Europe.

Their former life was behind them now. Their flight from Paris to the Riviera marked its end. When the man spoke, for the first time in an hour, he seemed in thoughtful mood.

"There's many a thief and many a courtesan have taken this road down from Paris before us, seeking the border or a seaport or a gay town in which to spend their money, travelling in the old days on foot, in fine coaches, or on horseback; and now, like ourselves, in a Rolls-Royce car."

"Yes," mused the woman, catching the gist of his long speech, and turning her head a trifle toward him, where he looked grimly ahead over the wheel of the swiftly moving roadster. His eyes were bent upon the dusty highway. The words he said seemed to trail from the corners of his narrow lips and slip off between them into the chilly air they were leaving behind. "Yes, and this appears to be your day for calling a spade a spade."

"Possibly it is. One grows honest as one grows weary. I shall be glad to get to Cannes, you may believe."

It must have been nearly noon, and they had been on the road since eight that morning. To-morrow would bring them to Cannes for a week's stop, and then——

The highroad ran through vast gold and gray country, stark at this winter season. At times the rock slopes of the ranges seemed to hem them in hopelessly, showing them nothing but the short strip of road, peasant villages, small tilled fields, and gray-blue air that, though spicy, seemed filled with desolation. It felt as if a frost must be working among the rocks and along the fenced edges of the fields with their flimsy cut-cane wind-breaks. The car, noiseless, passed along at a stealthy speed, with the creeping run of a wary cat. Raoul never drove very fast. He was a cautious man and a nervous one, except in dangerous places. As he drove, his mind shot off on a road by itself. He could play at the largest gambling-tables in Cannes this year—this last time. In his pocket, besides his own money, was the great roll of thousand-franc notes they had stolen together. Surely with all that money they could win a fortune—buy themselves a villa overhanging the Mediterranean, or one of those wisteria-and-jasmine-drowned places on the Italian lakes. He wanted it as much as she did, its perfection and its peace. And, of course, if they lost the money they would be no worse off than before. They could, with reasonable caution, raise more on the jewels which Madeleine had hidden in a chamois packet inside her dress. The jewels, too, were stolen along with the roll of money. He had never really needed either for himself. He had always enough for a season of gambling at the small tables. It was for her that he had this time overstepped the lines of the law; he wanted to play for enormous stakes—win or lose on a grand scale. The pettiness of his former playing wouldn't do any more, with their future happiness at stake. He must win for her now. And he was lucky at baccarat. With Madeleine to lean over his shoulder and watch him lift his cards, they would win enough to last their life-

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He could play at the largest gambling-tables . . .—Page 133.

time together—she had brought him luck last year, and only a week ago in Paris at that other affair. . . .

He smiled to himself. Some of the bills in the vast roll that they had stolen might be marked, but tossed about on the Casino tables they could never be traced.

Madeleine turned toward him, a sudden softness in her eyes. "You look pleased about something," she said.

"I am. I've never travelled with you before, Madeleine."

"How sweet of you to say such things!"

"Why was it, do you suppose," he continued, "that we never knew each other before? God knows we must have knocked elbows in every capital in Europe!"

"I know. It is strange. Why, your face has been familiar to me for years."

"And yours to me. You've always brought me luck."

"Have I?"

"Yes, and now you've brought me—don't smile, Madeleine—now you've brought me love as well."

"Oh, Raoul, you *are* a darling! Imagine your saying that to me! Me of all people!" His face clouded, and still, without looking at her, but divining quite well her thoughts, he said gruffly:

"I don't care what you've been. That's past now!"

The noon sun did not warm the cold air, and a bright mockery of golden light was flung back from every wall turning past them, from every pale blotch on the unending lines of leafless plane-trees shedding their bark in coin-shaped spots. The man's thin face wore a strained expression. There were tense lines drawn about the eyes and mouth.

The woman sighed, and drew her coat closer around her.

"I thought we might have luncheon at St. Maximin and rest there," suggested her companion. "Then go on to Hyères for the night. That's far enough for today."

"Oh, could we do that? I've always wanted to stop in St. Maximin."

In another hour they came in sight of the houses of St. Maximin, with the old Gothic church in their midst, which for all its years looked unfinished, uncouth—a monstrous crouched mass of masonry painted thin gold by the weak sunlight. As they bore down upon it from their roadway it revealed at new angles the immense strength and age that are its pride, the primitive solidity of its lines. For it seems the very root of the Gothic style, and in its incompleteness after centuries it has the look of roots—the buttresses braced deep in the earth for the upholding of some soaring structure—some fabulous tower—that remains unbuilt to this day, but that stands conceived in the

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imagination, suggested by so powerful a beginning.

They turned into the narrow streets, along to a public square full of market-stalls, and down to the front of an inn. The man drew the car to a stop beside its wide doorway, and helped the woman out. She stood for a second stiffly, seeming to find it hard to get her balance. Then she went in with him.

The stout, middle-aged *patron* showed them the way in past the kitchen through a veil of savory food smells to a small salon, where a fire burned briskly in the wide fireplace. The woman bent toward the flames, and the man, unfastening the muffler from about his neck, turned to the *patron*.

"Bring us some brandy quickly," he said. "Madame is very cold." And he drew up a bench for her close to the fire.

The brandy was poured out for them. Over the top of their lifted glasses the man and woman caught each other's glance, and between them passed a look like a faint, sweet clash of cymbals.

They had luncheon in the bare dining-room that was furnished with wooden benches for tables, and heated by a glowing coal-stove in the centre of the wide, low-ceiled room. But for them a table was placed near the stove, and with it two stuffy chairs, with tattered red brocade coverings indicating the last of a faded grandeur. A young Provençal maid brought them in hot bricks wrapped in newspapers, to serve as footstools. And with the wine and food they gradually grew warm.

"It's like being on a wedding-trip," said Madeleine. "Did you notice the maid's eyes on us? She thinks we're almost as happy as we are!"

"She knows! These peasants are wise people. She can read us, because we're both quite simple for once."

"And quite—quite free!"

"Almost!" His voice held a mixture of joy and anxiety in it. There was no one in the long room but themselves, save when the maid came to bring them food and to lay the fresh plates which stood in a rack against the coal-stove to heat.

"Almost, Madeleine. But I shall not rest until we are in Cannes—or really, my dear, until we are out of it again and have found some spacious place where we can be together, away from pursuits and questionings."

"That will not be long." She smiled up at him sweetly, thinking ahead. But it was the immediate present, as always, that claimed his real attention. For the future he could only arrange simple and practical plans, bound to the present by a chain of fortune and circumstance. But she had faith. She could see ahead. She could believe in what had not, and even might not, come to pass.

He poured out more wine for her. Though it was no later than three, daylight had begun to ebb in the room. By four-thirty it would be nearly dark. She looked out through the windows to the street.

"How much time have we here, Raoul?" she asked.

"As much as you wish. It's only two hours to Hyères. Why?"

"I'd like to go to the church."

"You shall." He was pleased at her request, for, though gambling had long been his profession, art was, and always would be, as important to him as bread or wine.

"I've always wanted to see it. There is a relic there—of—of Mary Magdalen. She's my patron saint—in more senses than one!"

"Oh, no," he corrected her hastily. "In one sense only now, Madeleine. Why will you never put certain things out of your mind?"

"There is a skull in the church which is supposed to be her skull. I can't tell you the story exactly, for I don't really know quite how the relic got there. It's something about the Magdalen's having sailed to the coast here somewhere, after the Crucifixion, and founded a religious order. The last of her life was very holy. And there is this skull—I should like to see it."

"You shall, my dear." They had finished with their fruit now, and were tasting of liqueurs from the small thick peasant glasses. Raoul lighted a cigarette and passed it across the table to the woman. Then he lighted one for himself.

"It would be a pity," he continued, "not to see the inside of the church, since we are here. You have something before

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you if you've never seen it. It's both famous and ancient, as of course you know—the sort of place architects all come to visit. But it is not exactly for the multitude—more, I should say, for those of esoteric taste, lovers of the pure Gothic—the purest; and then, it is for those who feel."

"Let us go out, then, before the light leaves us. Although—" she looked down at the table and shook her cigarette ash into a plate—"although I hate to have this luncheon over, Raoul. I'm sentimental, I know, but when you think of all the gay places in which we've lunched and dined—every single Ritz hotel—and then look at this! My dear, it's so simple, so wholesome! It's good—I don't know what else to say of it. And consider the food. Have you ever tasted better?"

They left the car by the curb, and walked the short distance up a narrow street to the open square in which the church is set. Through wide stone doorways they had glimpses of peasants and their crude housekeeping—shops and cellars below, dwellings above, all the walls old, with their tight piled masonry shutting out light and air, leaning in picturesque unevenness from the grooved pavement of cobbles smoothed by centuries of footsteps.

And inside the church door, in the half light, they stood for a moment of silence.

There is no colored splendor in this church. From the tall windows a silvery radiance falls through the old, nearly white glass. It touches along every surface of that rising, breath-taking symmetry—that ecstatic purity of line. High above, the air is moulded by distant arches closing in shadow. The columns, the heights, roar upward with a far, unearthly music; you can hear it, as you hear your own breath or the beating of your heart.

For a time the pure passion that is not limited by human desire held them both. Their hands were at their sides, and their faces, lifted into the waning light of the nave, were carved by that uncolored gleaming into a monotone of rapture like that on the stone faces of saints.

And when they were themselves again, and just two people standing in a church, the man said softly:

"You see—it is the soul. They understood it; they shaped it out of the air that any one may shape as he chooses. They drew its outlines here, and so well, so truly, that it forever transcends their work, yet it does not elude them."

For he knew too much to be naïve about it. Sooner or later his analytic sense would invade his instinctive delight in art, and words would be formed.

The woman paid no attention to his words. While Raoul walked about slowly, she found the guide, a little old woman, who offered to direct her to the Roman chapel under the church, where are the tombs and sarcophagi of saints, and the skull of Mary Magdalen. The guide preceded her down several stone steps into a small vaulted chamber, dank and cold. Then she stood aside. Two lighted candle-ends which she held in her gnarled hands dripped their wax audibly onto the floor.

Madeleine saw, before her, above a bench where many had kneeled to pray, a golden face gleaming serenely in the wavering candle-light. Features of perfect calm, framed in eternal beaten gold tresses, looked steadily down at her. And as Madeleine fell on her knees the guide came up beside her and, leaning forward, unclasped the golden face and swung it aside like an opened door. The hair now framed an oval of blackness, and in the blackness glimmered a skull.

Madeleine closed her eyes. She tried to pray, but neither her mind nor her lips would shape words. Instead, a choking feeling bore up through her body and filled her throat until she could scarcely breathe. She clasped her hands to her breast, and for a long time remained motionless, tears stinging her eyes, a dizziness swaying through her. After a while she grew calmer and began a prayer.

When at length she rose, the old guide was standing near her, the candles almost burned out in her shaking hands.

On the rail above the bench stood a contribution cup. Madeleine saw it, and a sudden sharp happiness went through her. For only a second she hesitated; then, putting her hand inside her dress, she drew out the chamois-skin packet of jewels, and dropped it, just as it was, into the cup.

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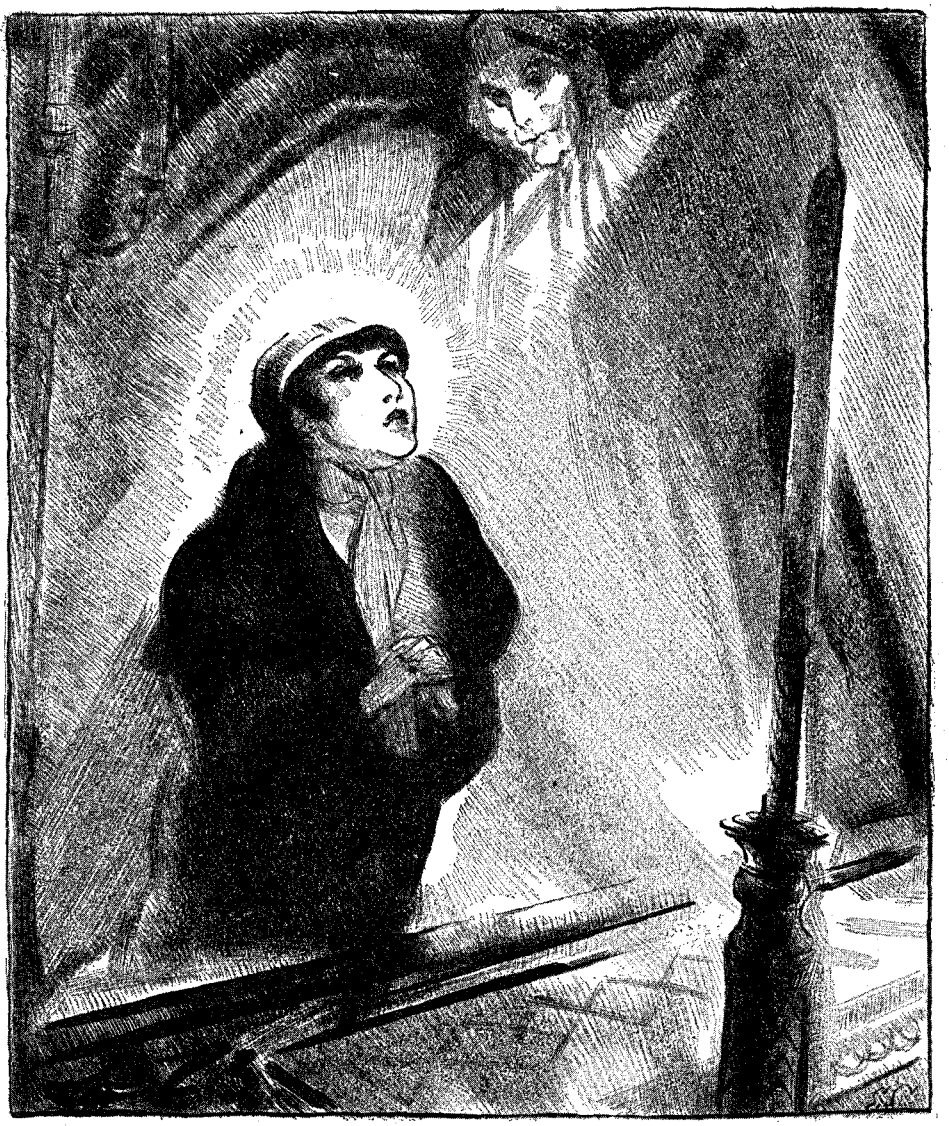

She tried to pray, but neither her mind nor her lips would shape words.—Page 136.

"We'll never need them," she reasoned. "I don't want jewels any more. That life is all past now. She needs them more than we do."

In the church above, Raoul walked about restlessly. He was not impatient with waiting; they had plenty of time; but fear kept invading his mind. He knew that nobody had followed them; that they were perfectly safe. But suppose something went wrong, and they were found out—traced—and Madeleine borne down with him under all that might result? There wouldn't be any peace for either of them again. They'd never get free of the things they'd done.

And suppose the bills were marked, after all? He hadn't examined them carefully to see. . . .

Without a lot of money you couldn't play high; without playing high he and Madeleine would be almost poor. He hated to admit it to himself. His own

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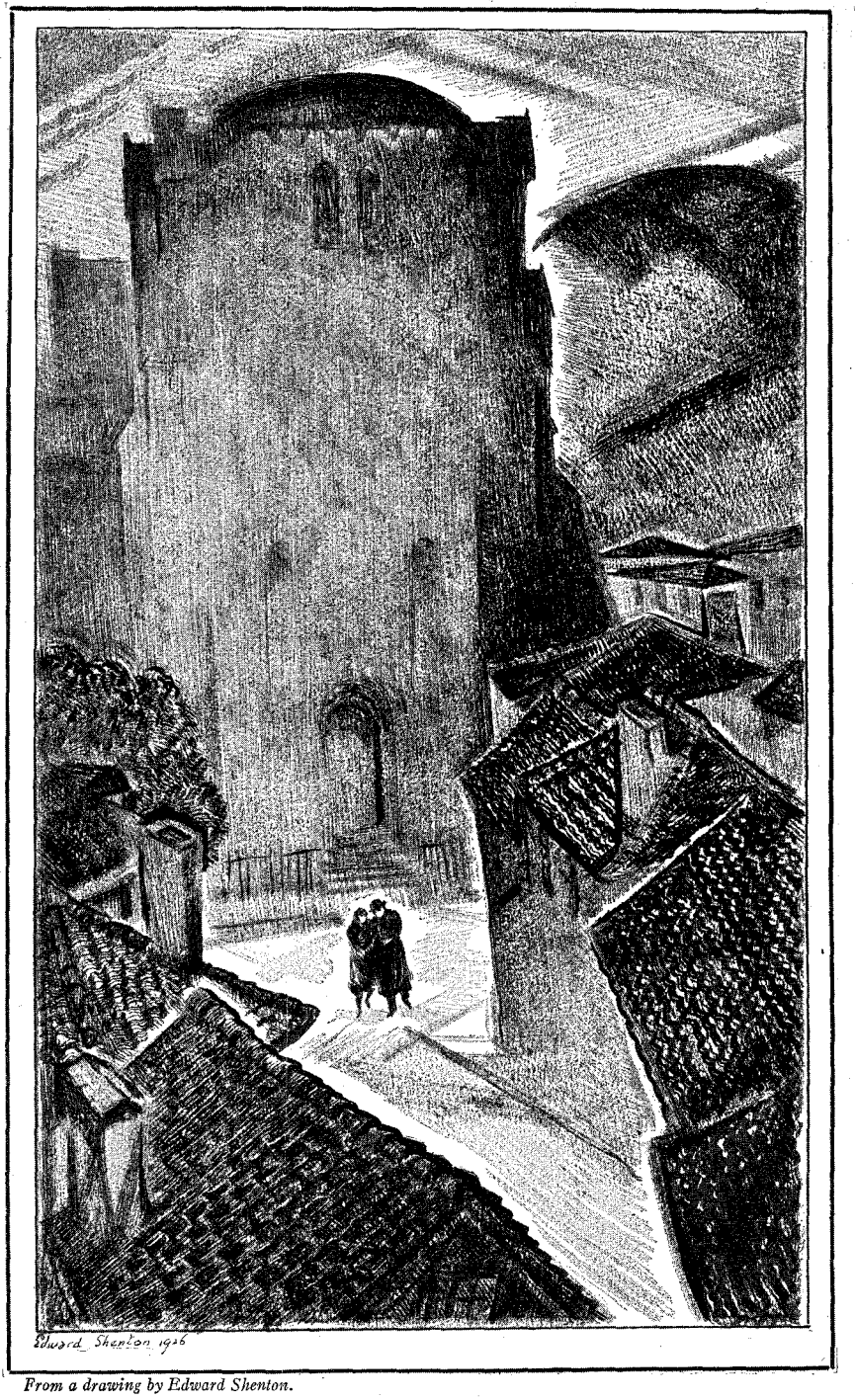

From a drawing by Edward Shenton.

Together they went out into the dusk.—Page 139.

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money didn't amount to much, though he could count on it regularly. But then there were the jewels. Madeleine had said she wouldn't wear them, even reset. With care they could dispose of them at a fair price. . . .

Then he made up his mind. People didn't look for marked money in church poor-boxes.

He drew the roll of stolen bills from an inner pocket and commenced stripping them off in handfuls, and stuffing them into every box he found. He worked quickly, going about the church looking for more and more boxes—boxes for masses, for the sick, for the support of the church itself. Soon there were no bills left. He stood against a pillar and considered what he'd done.

Madeleine found him there. The light had almost faded from the windows. She could not see the expression of his face, nor could he see hers.

Together they went out into the dusk, through the narrow street toward the car. Raoul had taken Madeleine's arm, and was helping her over the rough cobblestones. He leaned close to her protectingly, and asked her how she felt. She did not speak, but pressed his arm for answer.

Raoul switched on the car's lights, and got the robes ready. Before helping Madeleine in he could not keep from questioning her.

"Have you—everything all right? You're sure the jewels are—pinned safely into your dress?"

She stood in the street in the gathering darkness and faced him.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I'll have to tell you. You mustn't be so very angry. And I wished to—I couldn't help it. I left them. They're in the church. We'll never want them, with all the money——"

Then she saw that he was standing stiffly before her, not moving at all and not saying a word; and she was afraid.

"Raoul—you're angry—you do mind!" she cried. "Say something! What is the matter, my dear?"

Then he reached out and put his hands on her shoulders.

"There's nothing the matter." He spoke in a very low voice. "There's nothing at all the matter. Only—don't you see—we're free! We're absolutely free. We don't have to be afraid of anything now!"

"But I don't understand——"

"The money—it might have been marked, you know—and I left it in the church poor-boxes." He sighed. "It's a great relief——"

She lifted her face, trying to see his through the dark.

"I'm so happy!" she whispered.

Kings' Color

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

KINGS and grapes and dreams, these three
Wear their purple recklessly:
Are all great souls unafraid
Their magnificence will fade?

Only burning centuries past
Hold kings' color high and fast;
Purple joy in sweetness slips
For a sigh's length on sad lips;

Dreams in proudest amethyst
Blaze and beckon through the mist:
Kings and grapes and dreams, these three
Wear their purple recklessly.

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Stevenson's Only Bust from Life

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SITTINGS AT WAIKIKI

BY ALLEN HUTCHINSON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE BUST BY MR. HUTCHINSON

EXTRACT FROM STEVENSON'S LETTER TO SIDNEY COLVIN

WAIKIKI, HONOLULU, H. I.,
October 23d, 1893.

I am being busted here by party named Hutchinson. Seems good.—R. L. S.

IT was in one of the rambling bungalows of Sans Souci, facing the surf, that Stevenson gave me sittings. He had come from Samoa for a change and seemed to enjoy it immensely in spite of chronic ill health. I never met a man who could extract so much out of the commonplace. He had a faculty of endowing the most prosy individual with interest, drawing out unsuspected qualities humorously, till we all began to think ourselves rather clever people. He had the gift of listening. His humor took the form of amiable raillery with just sufficient caustic wit to cause a laugh.

In 1893 Sans Souci was a rambling hostelry, nestled among the cocoanut and palm trees of Waikiki Beach. It was kept by an Englishman named Simpson and was truly Bohemian, with no pretense at modern luxury; the only beach hotel I can remember. The main building was a ramshackle wooden structure, a huge room which served as lounge and dining-room combined, called "lanai," to which the kitchen and offices were attached. The guests occupied small bungalows, thatched-roof affairs about ten by twelve, the bed being the principal article of furniture. It was in one of these bungalows that Stevenson had established himself, propped up with pillows on the bed in his shirt-sleeves. His Samoan servant, Sosimo, whose principal occupation was to light his master's cigarettes and keep the flies moving, squatted on a mat beside him.

It was here that I established my turntable and bucket of clay while my subject entertained his visitors. I cannot say that he was a good sitter, as he was never still. On the whole this may have been as well, for it did away with the inevitable self-consciousness that posing induces, and I was better able to enter into the psychology of the man. Though Stevenson did not pose, he paid great attention to the work as it developed, and his constant criticisms as he got up from the bed to inspect it became disconcerting; I had to remonstrate vigorously, requesting him to return to the bed—in fact, to mind his own business, which consisted in entertaining his guests. This amused him greatly, but he obeyed.

Naturally these visitors took an interest in my model and here is an instance of his form of raillery. He would allow no remarks. He said: "Look you must of course—'a cat can look at a king'—but don't say a word; Hutchinson is a terrible fellow and if you utter a syllable he will throw you out; I am not even allowed to look."

The visitors were various, and I was amused at the way he entered into their idiosyncrasies. To stoical Scots with a rich brogue, there to visit their illustrious countryman, he spoke with a brogue, though his usual accent had no Scotch inflection; but he dearly loved a Scot, there is no doubt about that.

A judge of the supreme court arrived with a rather formal manner. Stevenson, having obtained a fresh light, became a lawyer. He acquired his legal knowledge as a young man in Edinburgh and he appeared to outshine the judge. I remember a naval officer who came with great curiosity to interview the author, but there was no literary exercise. Ste-

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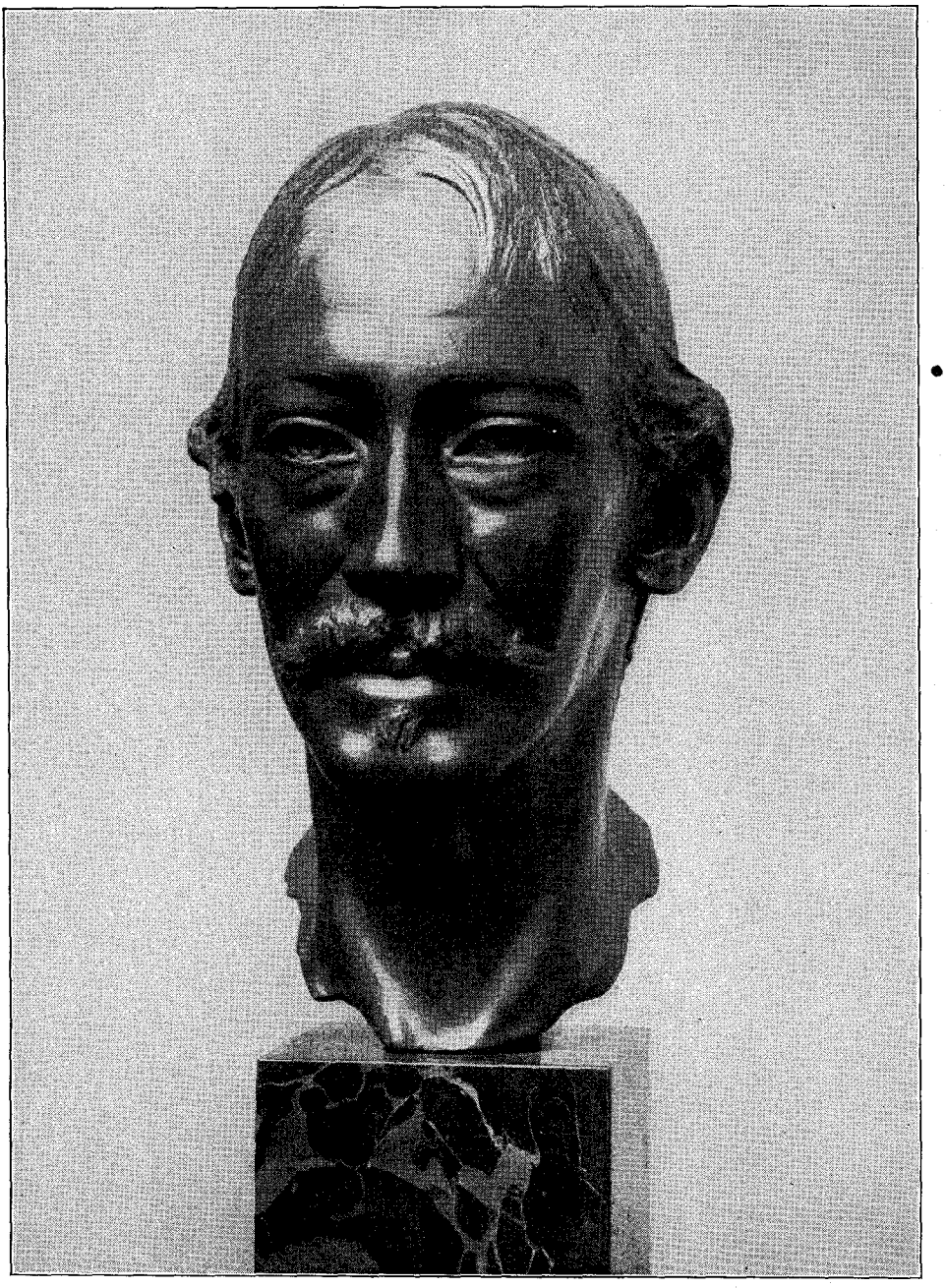

Robert Louis Stevenson.
By Allen Hutchinson, Waikiki, 1893.

venson took him at once to sea, becoming, I thought, as much a sailor as the officer. There could be no suspicion of patronage in these conversations, his dominant note being without the personal equation. I had not imagined Stevenson in the rôle of a theologian, but it appears he was one, as he discussed John Knox and the covenanters with a Scotch divine.

Stevenson possessed a very distinctive individuality, marked with incongruities. One of these traits was a certain vein of

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Robert Louis Stevenson.
By Allen Hutchinson, Waikiki, 1893.

cynical humor. The searching analysis which he applied to others he used equally on himself. In harmony with this vein, I remember asking him what estimate strangers generally put upon him. He replied at once: "They take me either for a prince or a barber." He was alluding, of course, to specimens generally prevailing in Europe forty years ago. This was not my view, but if he affected either of these types it was the latter. I am, however, convinced there was noth-

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ing more in all this raillery than allowing his imaginative humor to run riot, as much for his own entertainment as for that of others.

His appearance was always striking. While at Sans Souci I do not remember him in anything but his shirt-sleeves, except at dinner, when he donned a velvet coat, collar, and tie.

Though now thirty-three years have passed, the impression Stevenson left on me is still vivid. He impressed me as a man of vivacious personality and a brilliant talker. He was certainly a man of wide sympathies and generous instincts.

He returned to Samoa almost immediately and I had my last sitting the day before he left.

The head which illustrates this article I sent to the New Gallery, London, six months after his death, in the spring of 1895. I believe it is the only sculptured head in the round, and with the relief by Augustus St. Gaudens is all that has been preserved in plastic art of the great author.

During a recent visit to England I exhumed it from a storeroom in my brother's house, where it had remained packed as it was returned after the closing of the exhibition just thirty-one years ago. I can offer no reason why it has remained all these years stored away, further than that, though I have always intended to bring it into the light, I have procrastinated.

A Wilful Andromeda

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

THE famous old Spanish playwright Calderon gives his judgment of woman—that topic about which men say so much and know so little—in a sharp couplet.

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

I am not sure that the Don is right. At least it seems to me that his judgment is too absolute and dogmatical.

The trouble with men is that they seek either to break down a woman's will by bullying, or else to outwit it by craft and guile, deceiving her a little and flattering her a good deal. Resenting the first method, and seeing through the second, no wonder she refuses to submit. She either declares her independence by an outbreak which might almost be called an act of violence, or else she hides it by a counter-camouflage which makes you think she has yielded when in fact she has not changed her mind a bit.

But there is a third way of turning a woman's will, a *via media*, which partakes of force only in the sense that reason is forceful, and of skill only in the sense that it skilfully lets in a new light of facts on a subject that has already been too much debated in vain. The conviction that this third way often proves good, leads me to tell a story that I know about a girl who once was in danger of making a mess of her life.

Of all the lovely damsels who have illuminated the fame of Baltimore, Nancy Lang was one of the prettiest, gayest, simplest, most romantic and obstinate. A fashionable finishing school had polished but by no means finished her. She knew everything about the newest dance-steps, and a little, very little, about other subjects. Her mind, lively in its motions, was in that state where she believed all that she read in the "*Sun* paper," (the journal which for so many years has moulded the matutinal opinions of Baltimore). Novels of the modern Ouida type gave form and color to her secret dreams.

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On the surface she was a delightful flirt, but under the bosom of her filmy dress she carried "a heart as soft, a heart as kind" as that of the lover in Herrick's song. Her flirtations were trifles. She had a half-dozen a year. But her sentimental ideals were sacred to her, and she was as religious as a good child.

This singular combination of frivolity, innocence, and devotion made her very likable; but it also exposed her to perils from designing and undesirable young men who danced in the fortnightly German at Lehman's Hall. Her father, Archibald Lang, Esq., was a strict Presbyterian elder, passing rich. His gentle Virginian wife had persuaded him to bear with Nancy's harmless frivolity; but the thought that she might be carried off by some impecunious fortune-hunter was a torment to his Scots mind. His other children were comfortably married. Nancy was his unsolved problem.

"What shall we do about her?" he asked his wife in bed one night. "It worries me; especially since that fat congressman from Louisiana has been hanging around."

"Really," she answered sleepily, "I don't know, Mr. Lang," (for she called him thus even in their most intimate moments). "You know how hard it is to change her when she takes a notion. Perhaps you might ask Sedgwick Van Allen to come down here and give us his advice."

Van Allen was the Lang's nephew, the young bachelor rector of a high-church parish in New York, strictly Anglo-catholic in his views, broad in his charities, and genial in his social relations among smart people. In fact the Langs called him, half in derision, "the worldly clergyman." But they liked his company and had confidence in his judgment on affairs of the world. For his part, he was very fond of his aunt and uncle, and still more fond of his cousins, particularly Nancy. Also he had a weakness for canvasback ducks, and terrapins, and pre-war claret. He was always a willing visitor at the Charles Street mansion.

"Now tell me, Sir," said Van Allen to his uncle, as they were smoking after dinner before the marble mantelpiece in the room called by courtesy the library, "what is it that you want my advice about? Is it Nancy?"

"It is," said Mr. Lang, irritably. "That girl fair fashes me. She's soft as a kitten and stubborn as a mule. I don't know what to do with her."

"But where is the particular necessity of doing anything? She seems to me a very good girl. I can't believe she has been naughty."

"Naughty, indeed! I'd like to see a child of mine dare to be naughty! But I'll tell ye the way of it. There's a congressman from New Orleans come up here. He calls himself General Earl," (Ur-rul, Lang pronounced it,) "but where he got the General nobody knows. He's been making up to Nancy,—old enough to be her father,—but I'm sure the girl is taken with him. He comes here two nights in the week and talks with her in the parlor till I put the lights out in the hall. He sits on the stairs at the German and talks to her,—poetry and religion and ideels,—oh yes, he can talk like a gramophone when ye put the disk on. But none of my friends in New Orleans or Washington can tell me anything deefinite about him. All I'm sure of is that the girl thinks she loves him."

"How did you find that out?"

"She confessed it. I told her that he had never asked me permission to pay his addresses, and that he was too old for her, and that he was not able to support her, and that he was a gas-bag. Then she began to cry and said he was her ideel. Then I told her I'd forbid him the house, and she cried more."

"But, my dear uncle, they could meet in Druid Hill Park, where Nancy walks or rides every day. You can't have a detective to follow her around and keep this invading general off."

"Perhaps not. But I can make the girl understand what I told her, that he shall not hang up his hat in my house."

"What did she say?"

"She only cried more. Then she went up to bed, and as she went out she said something about 'going to him.' Now what do you think of that?"

"It looks a bit dangerous, but I don't believe it's final. You see I have never met this general."

"No, and ye don't need to,—the crafty

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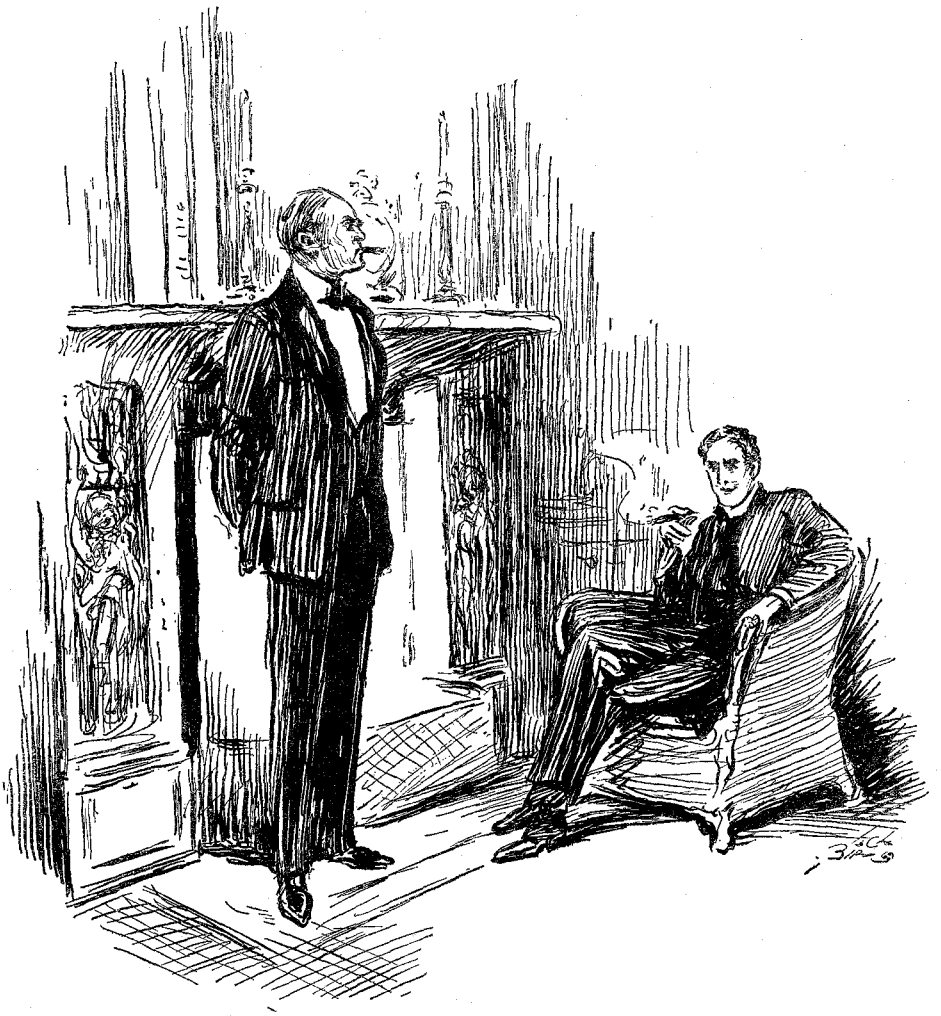

"That girl fair fashes me. I don't know what to do with her."—Page 144.

gold-digger, the swaggering reaver of other men's lambs. But tell me, you that are so wise in the world, how will I get rid of him? How will I break the girl's will?"

"That would be a hard job, I'm afraid. You see she's *your* daughter."

"That she is. And for that reason she must mind what I say. This man must be dropped. She's fair silly about him,—a man of no standing and no business except politics! She must be daft to think of him. I'll break it off short. I'll disinherit her."

"But that mignt lead to something very unpleasant, an elopement, a family quarrel. You know how you would hate to see it all in the newspapers,—with snap-shots of the principal parties. You remember what happened to Cabot Winslow last summer,—two daughters most carefully brought up,—one ran off with the electrician, the other with the chauffeur. The old gentleman was so shocked and mortified that he couldn't go to his club for three months. And in the end he will have to surrender. The only advice I can give for the present is not to do anything hasty or harsh. After all Nancy loves you. Let me have time to think

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over the affair, and meet this general, and get some lines on him. There must be a way out, though I can't see now what it will be. Meantime let's sleep on it. *La nuit porte conseil.*"

The next morning Van Allen came down rather late to breakfast, and Nancy was there most charmingly to pour coffee for him. She looked at him with demure eyes.

"You and Father were up late last night."

"Yes, we had a lot to talk about,—politics, and society, and the church,—all sorts of things."

"And me?"

"Well, yes, your name was mentioned several times, if I remember rightly."

"You bet it was. You know you can't fool me. That was the point of the whole play."

The girl's eyes flashed, and her lips took on that *mutine* curl which made them so fascinating. Then she pulled a chair over beside him and put her arm over his shoulder, greatly to the hindrance of his business of eating an egg, English fashion, out of the shell. She pulled out the flute-stop in her voice.

"Dearest Sedgy, you're not going to be against your fond little cousin in this thing, are you? It's breaking my heart. General Earl is so fine, so noble,—just the greatest man I ever knew well. But Father is so unreasonable, so hard, almost cruel sometimes,—though I love him as much as ever. But he can't expect me to give up my ideal just because he orders me, can he? You're *not* going to be against me, *are* you? I'm so unhappy."

No man can be expected to blurt out the entire truth under conditions like that. So Van Allen took her left hand in his and squeezed it and told part of the truth.

"Nan darling, you know I never could be against you. I'm really *for* you all the time. Your father must put up a better reason than 'orders' if he wants you to give up your ideal. It isn't done nowadays,—indeed, it never was truly done that way. But look here,—I have an idea! Why not come to New York with me on the ten o'clock? You have never seen my rectory yet. Aunt Sabrina Sedgwick is keeping house for me. She'd be delighted to have you and so would I. Come along. Run up like a blue streak and pack your bag. You'll only need one dinner dress."

The girl jumped up and clapped her hands.

"Old thing," she cried, "you're absolutely great! How did you ever think of it? But—" (here she hesitated, looking at him shyly)—"but could I,—could I,—well, could I see my friends there? Suppose, f'rinstance, General Earl should come to New York. Could he,—could he,—well, you know,—could he call on me?"

Van Allen suppressed a smile.

"Sure," he said, "not only call, but be asked to dinner. Don't forget to put that in your telegram. I'll make this visit all right with your mother. Speed up now on that bag or we shall be late."

The telegram was sent, the easy journey made, the rectory reached in time for a late luncheon. Aunt Sabrina,—a Sedgwick of Stockbridge, if you please, representative of New England's blue blood, wise, witty, and full of Victorian formalities which she called principles,—was instantly captivated by Nancy and received her warmly. General Earl called at five o'clock, saw Nancy alone, (having forgotten to send up a card for her aunt), and was invited to dinner at eight o'clock.

When he appeared Van Allen's fears were confirmed. The general was a dark pudgy man, with a fat upper lip adorned by a short bristling mustache, and a bald place on top of his head which he partly concealed by letting his hair grow long on one side and brushing it over to the other side. He wore a dinner-coat, gray waistcoat with white mother-of-pearl buttons, and a white satin necktie. His manner was that of a colored head waiter in a Saratoga hotel,—florid. But he could talk,—and he did, to an excruciating degree.

"Will you have a glass of wine with me?" asked Van Allen as the *entrée* was served. "My father brought it over long before the war,—Château La Rose 1904,—so Mr. Volstead's ban does not affect it."

"Sir," said the general, "I never drink wine. I regard it as a reprehensible and dangerous habit. Wine, Sir, in any form

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"It's breaking my heart. General Earl is so fine, so noble,—just the greatest man I ever knew well."
—Page 146.

is a virulent poison. You recall what Shakespeare said about it." (Then he declaimed the well-known speech of Cassio.) "It is a treacherous friend and a subtle foe. It is the main cause of all the misery in the world. The greatest thing a man can do to relieve the sufferings of humanity is to abandon, nay to prohibit the use of wine absolutely. Mahomet was wise and humane when he forbade his followers to partake of the fomented juice of the grape. I hope you agree with me, Sir."

The host could not say anything; Nancy listened with adoring eyes; Miss Sabrina, whose face expressed first astonishment, and then one of her Victorian formalities, put an icy question to the speaker.

"Do you regard the Turks as especially noble and humane, and Mahomet as wiser than our Lord?"

"Madam," said the general, "you will pardon me for saying that your interrogatory is without application or pertinence to the question we are now discussing. It is not a question bearing on or appertaining to the grea-a-at crusade by which the human race is to be led into the Golden Age. Yes, Sir,—yes, ladies,—the

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grea-a-at New Era so long foretold by prophet and bard is now upon us. The suffering race of mankind,—I mean, of course, the noble white race, divinely chosen to rule and govern the world,—under the leadership of men of vision and courage, will shake off the timid trammels which have been imposed upon it by leaders falsely so-called,—I mean, of course, churchmen, and physicians, and financiers,—and leaping responsively to the call of that eloquence which speaks directly to the heart of the mass of mankind,—I mean, of course, the mass of the heart of mankind,—will press forward to an era of universal health, wealth, and happiness."

Nancy's face shone with admiration; Miss Sabrina's eyes sparkled with restrained Yankee common sense; Van Allen trifled with his salad and put a polite question.

"How do you intend to accomplish this great result?"

"By legislation, Sir," replied the general, "by courageous, forward-looking, all-embracing legislation which shall regulate every detail of human life from birth to burial. A Congress freely chosen by the noble white race of America shall mark out the path wherein all the people must walk. No babe shall enter the world without congressional license; no defunct citizen shall be laid in the tomb otherwise than as Congress may decree. Everything,—food, beverages, medicine, education, marriage, every human function,—shall be congressionally controlled. Thus shall America very wonderfully become the home of the free and the land of the brave. Thus shall she, this grea-a-at democracy, standing aloof in gorgeous isolation from the old world with its rivalries and prejudices, shaking off the trammels of history, which is bunk, and the fallacies of economics, which were invented by bankers, set a glorious pace of progress for all humanity and deliver the world from the cancers which are now fanning the whirlwinds which are at present digging our graves."

Here the general, slightly out of breath, paused for a moment, and wiped his fat upper lip with his handkerchief, while Nancy gazed on him in a trance of fascination, Miss Sabrina's head shook so that her tiny lace cap trembled, and Van Allen concentrated his attention on cracking a walnut.

"Do not imagine, Sir," continued the general, having caught his second wind as if from one of the whirlwinds he had mentioned, "do not hypothecate that I am opposed to everything that is old,—churches, universities, learned societies. But these things must be regulated and controlled by Congress, the *fontanus et origens* of the people's wisdom and power. Nothing must be taught without congressional sanction. Nothing must be held sacred without its *imponentur*. This will give uniformity to liberty, and clothe the action of the individual with the ægis of legislative authority. We must make a new world for the new era. Take that ancient institution which you, Sir, represent so well. The church,—what is it now but a dusty congeries of moth-eaten rites and cerements, a voice telling fairy-tales in the wilderness? I do not say it must be abolished, for we can still use it for our purposes,—to elect uplifters to Congress and to compliment their legislation with the sanctums of religion. But I say without hesitation that if the church is to be worth what it costs in exemption from taxes, we must have a brand-new Christianity, something big and buoyant and belligerently pacifist. It must get rid of all this stuff about penitence, and cross-bearing, and humility, and brotherly love. Brotherly justice is what we want. What happened down in Judea makes no difference. One hundred per cent American legislation is what the world needs today to bring in the Age of Gold."

By this time Van Allen had succeeded in catching his aunt's eye, which was growing rather wild. She rose and nodded to Nancy, who was still entranced by the general's eloquence. The rector stood up and opened the door for them; the two ladies went to the drawing-room, the elder marching like an indignant little grenadier, the younger glancing back with soft reluctance. The men remained to smoke that fragrant Indian weed which is supposed to soothe the nerves and promote digestion with good humor. At least that was Van Allen's intention as he offered the General a mild, well-seasoned Corona.

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"Tobacco, Sir," said the irrepressible one, tipping back in his chair and waving his pudgy forefinger to enforce his remarks, "tobacco next to alcohol is one of the greatest curses of the human race. The man who uses it in any form is committing suicide. I never use it."

a deadly and persuasive poison. It penetrates all the tissues of the body, the nerves, the muscles, the sinews, the flesh, even the bones. Yes, Sir, post-morbid examination has revealed the relaxing presence of nicotine in the bones of confirmed smokers. Think of that, Sir!"

"It is a pity," said Van Allen, "because your friends the Turks seem to be rather fond of it."

"It is a pity," said Van Allen slowly as he lit his cigar with care,—pausing slightly between the puffs,—"because your friends the Turks seem to be rather fond of it."

"That, Sir, is a defect of ignorance. They have not yet attained to that degree of scientific knowledge which is common among the plain people of America. We know, Sir, that the juice of tobacco, which I may tell you is called nicotine, is

"Do you happen to know whether this relaxing presence has been observed in the bones of the skull?"

"Certainly, beyond a doubt it has. It must have been. You have probably noticed that smokers are loose thinkers, vague, incoherent. That is because the bones of the head are relaxed. Only those who abstain from tobacco have perfectly solid heads."

"That is a very, very serious thought,"

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said Van Allen tossing the remainder of his cigar into the open fire. "I believe it will come back to me after many, many days. Then I shall thank you for bringing it to my attention. And now shall we join the ladies?"

Miss Sabrina was in the back drawing-room softly playing over some of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" on an old-fashioned grand piano. Nancy was in the front drawing-room seated in an S-shaped tête-à-tête chair built for two. Evidently she awaited the general, who promptly sat down opposite her, and dived plump into the depths of a profound conversation. Van Allen lingered for a moment by the piano, and then excused himself on the plea of having some work to do for the coming Sunday.

But when he got into his den, where a pleasant fire of logs was burning on the hearth, he did not turn to his books or his pen. He lit a big pipe and gave himself up to thoughts which were apparently not altogether happy. After a while Miss Sabrina knocked lightly at the door and came in without waiting for an answer. She perched on the edge of the sofa.

"My dear boy," she cried, "did you ever see such a—really I can't describe him,—such a flamboyant bumpkin, such an embroidered gunny-bag? Really an insufferable person, quite beyond words. How can that lovely cousin of yours be taken with him? Every word he said trod on your toes. How can Nancy stand him?"

"Love, my dearest aunt, laughs at manners, as well as at locksmiths."

"But you must do something to stop this infatuation. She is like a pretty little bird fascinated by a fat boa constrictor. You must save her, do something to break it off."

"But how?"

"You can find out something discreditable about him, I'm sure. I don't believe he is such a paragon of all the virtues as he pretends to be. You can uncover some dark places in his record if you look it up."

"Even so, Nancy might not believe in them. She might say his enemies invented them. And if she did believe, she might cling to him all the closer on that account. Ministering angel, you know,—help him to redeem his past in the glorious future to which he is dedicated. A girl revels in that rôle. It sets her up."

"You're too cynical, Sedgwick. It's a bad fault in a clergyman. Nancy is such a darling. I'm certain the man is an adventurer, too—a fortune-hunter. He probably has no property and no business to speak of. Show him up to Nancy."

"If I did she would probably think I was showing him off. Noble adventurer, despises money! Poverty shared with him would be bliss."

"You take this thing too lightly, nephew. If she marries him she'll be wretched. He won't wear well,—shoddy stuff! If she quarrels with her father there will be a great misery, a broken heart, perhaps two. His will is hard as nails, and hers, under all her pretty softness, is hard as—well, as tacks. Something must be done, and very soon, before this silly affair goes too far."

"I know it, Auntie; and the affair is not really silly, it's terribly serious. There is probably only one way out of it, and I don't know whether I can find that. But I will do my best, my very best, I promise you. You must be satisfied with that."

So they said good night. Half an hour later Nancy tapped lightly at the study door, and came in with radiant face.

"Oh," she cried, "I've had the most wonderful talk—simply thrilling! He's gone now, had to take the midnight train for Washington, congressional duties. He has the strongest sense of duty, you know. Don't you admire him, cousin Sedgy? I knew you would. Isn't he simply wonderful?"

"He is certainly a remarkable man," said Van Allen, gravely smiling.

"I was sure you would see it, you are so clever. Do you wonder I l-like him more than any man I ever met? He has such great, noble ideas. How long am I to stay here, Sedgy dearest?"

"As long as you like, little Nancy. Certainly over Sunday, that is four days. Perhaps I may have to go to Washington on Monday, then I can take you with me in my new car and leave you at Baltimore."

So the girl went to bed contented, but wondering about the reason for her

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cousin's possible trip to Washington. It was connected, in fact, with some letters of discreet inquiry that he had written to friends of his at the capital in regard to General Earl. The letters suggested, without definitely saying so, that the at New Orleans some years ago, but a friendly judge had cleared him. He had changed his party twice, and was not on any committee of the House. His seat was not regarded as very secure. His habits, so far as known, were regular.

"My dear boy, did you ever see such a—really I can't describe him—such a flamboyant bumpkin, such an embroidered gunny-bag?"—Page 150.

eminent statesman had approached the influential clergyman with reference to certain schemes of benevolence. These he was not at liberty to describe at present, but of course he wished to know as much as possible about the promoter.

The answers were prompt but not very illuminating. The General was an undistinguished congressman of copious oratorical gifts. He was supposed to be a lawyer, but had no business except politics. He had been involved in a scandal about the harbor improvements Men did not like him much, but he seemed very popular with the ladies. One old-fashioned letter called him "a bald-headed beau"; another, more modern, called him "a fat old philanderer."

"Nothing here," said Van Allen, "that would have the slightest effect on that darling little idiot Nancy. She would say it was all envious gossip."

But on Saturday a note came from Mrs. Schuyler Wendell, a parishioner and great friend of his, who was spending the spring with her daughter Cristina in her

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apartment on Connecticut Avenue. Yes, she knew General Earl quite well, through her Cristina; and she wished very much that her dear rector would come down and make them a visit as soon as convenient.

At this point the worldly clergyman thought he saw a ray of light on the way of deliverance. "I knew it," he said to himself in honest glee, "that fat upper lip made me sure of it."

On the Monday he made the southward journey in his swift shining roadster with Nancy, left her at her father's door in Charles Street, and went on to Washington, where he was welcomed with evident pleasure by Mrs. Wendell, and with friendly raillery by the handsome, clear-eyed Cristina; a tall, shapely young woman of about twenty-five.

"What brings your reverence here?" she asked. "Lobbying?"

"Not exactly," he answered. "It is a combination of business and pleasure. My first purpose was to see your mother. I knew you would not let me do that without seeing you,—an added pleasure. My second purpose has a slight connection with Congress, I admit."

"Well then," she said, "since you are so stuck on Mother you shall have her all the evening to yourself. I am going to a dinner-dance."

"With the nobility, no doubt," he mocked. "But will you promise to go out with me to-morrow in my little car? It is a beauty. You shall drive,—though I hear you break speed-laws as recklessly as hearts."

"Righto," she laughed, "they were made for that. I'll drive you, since you won't be led. But if you fancy I don't know already that you have a pastoral lecture in store for me, you've got another guess coming to you, that's all. Till to-morrow, reverend sir!"

The little dinner for two in the apartment was delightful: soft lights, no music, suave air coming in at the open windows laden with the delicate fragrance of spring flowers, and conversation which ranged far on light wings, and was alive with that quick mutual understanding which can leave many things unspoken. Mrs. Wendell was an "elect lady" like the one described in the New Testament, (see II John,) and her interest in the church was unfeigned and practical. She wanted to know all about the Sunday-School, and the Poor Fund, and the Summer Camp for Working Girls, (to which she promised a generous subscription,) and the Evening Classes for Men, and the Seaside Rest for Tired Mothers, and all the working functions of a modern city parish. The rector told her all the news concisely, and she commented on it with wit and sympathy. Then, after the table was cleared and the chairs were moved to the window where the smoke of Van Allen's cigar floated out into the blue, she came to the point,—like a woman,—very directly, after fetching a long compass round.

"I sent for you, my dear rector, to consult you about Cristina. I'm rather worried in regard to her."

"Nothing serious, I hope. She's looking splendid. There can't be anything wrong, I'm sure."

"No, I don't believe there is anything serious, but it's very annoying. There is a man named Earl,—a congressman of the garden type,—a quite undesirable person from my point of view, but an eloquent talker,—he has been devoted to her for three months. He is what we used to call in Victorian days, her 'follower.' In old times one could have suppressed him, simply forbidden him the house. But nowadays that doesn't go. You know what modern girls are, and I don't object to it at all, if they will only use discretion. But this Earl person is rather impossible. He seems to be absolutely infatuated. He makes himself conspicuous, and Cristina,—well, I can't believe she is in love with him, but she lets him go on. When I speak about it she laughs. He writes to her and even telegraphs to her constantly. He walks with her two or three times a week, and sits out dances with her in the conservatory. The affair is being talked about, I was afraid you might have heard of it in New York. This man has certainly made an impression on her, though it may not be deep. I don't like him. I don't trust him. He looks to me like a designing person. What shall I do about him?"

"Nothing, dear lady, absolutely nothing, provided you will trust me and persuade Cristina to do the same. The Lord

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has delivered this Philistine general into our hands."

Then he told her about Nancy Lang in Baltimore,—her prettiness, her young innocence, her gaiety, her idealism, her stubborn will, her charmed devotion to the fat-lipped one.

"And this, you see," he added, "is really a serious affair. Cristina's is only an episode in the education of a princess. But my little cousin Nancy is caught, and can't get out. There is only one way to deliver her from this fellow's spell. Will you ask Cristina to let me see all the general's letters and telegrams to her?"

"I will indeed," Mrs. Wendell answered, "and I'm sure Crissie will do it. She has always liked and trusted you, though she sometimes speaks to you so disrespectfully. I hope you don't mind."

"I simply love it," said the rector, with emphasis.

Next morning Miss Wendell carried a neat gray leather despatch-case as she got into the two-seater with Van Allen and took the wheel. She looked beautifully efficient as she steered the car among the blooming squares and circles which make the streets of Washington seem like an intermittent park. The soft gray of her dress, her hat, her gloves, the veil over her ears and round her neck, gave the fine rose of her face a perfect setting and deepened the color of her eyes to amethyst. Her companion talked to her a little, just to excuse his looking at her so much. But she kept her eyes on the road and her hands on the wheel.

When they came to the Baltimore highway and saw it clear before them, she let the car out to the limit. It was almost like flying,—a smooth, breathless, gently purring rush through a world of tasselled and embroidered green, flooded with clear joy of sunshine. Every cottage garden was aglow with tulips and daffodils, and the hedges of forsythia seemed woven of warm gold. At last the girl was satiated with speed. She relaxed the pressure of her foot on the pedal, and leaned back in her seat.

"Some car!" she said, smiling. "Oh, by the way, I brought those foreign despatches Mother said you wanted to see."

She passed the small gray satchel over to him with her left hand.

"Thank you, Cristina," he said as he took it. "You are fine to do this; it means a great deal. I suppose your mother told you the whole story?"

"Yes, she did, and I don't care to hear it again. Poor little cousin Nancy! I'm sorry for her. What are you going to do with this rubbish? Show it to her, I suppose."

"That is what I intended, with your permission."

"Isn't it rather treacherous to show private letters?"

"Usually, but you know you can't be treacherous to a traitor."

"Right. The man is a stupid old beast. I should hate him if I didn't despise him. I never want to see him or hear his name again. Do what you like with that stuff. But do you know you are going to break your pretty cousin's heart?"

"I think not. She has too much pride for that. I mean to save her from a dragon, even against her will. You remember that verse in the Psalms about 'deliver my darling from the power of the dog'? That is what I mean to do, and this is the only way that I can see to do it."

"Gallant chevalier!" said Cristina, (but there was no mockery in her eyes now). "I guess you would dare anything for her sake, wouldn't you? Perhaps she will reward you some day later, when she gets over her hurt,—a wreath of grateful love to her deliverer?"

"Please don't talk nonsense," answered Van Allen, looking straight into the amethystine eyes. "I want nothing at all but to get that wilful Nancy out of the dog's power, and to keep your,—your friendship,—whatever you can give me!"

"Your chances seem to me good," laughed the girl, "that is if you behave nicely,—I don't mean what you call nicely,—I mean what I call nicely. Now we must hurry home to lunch. You can drive going back if you like. Step on the gas, or we'll be late and Mother will scold."

It was half past three in the afternoon when the roadster drew up at the marble steps of the Charles Street mansion. Van Allen asked to see "Miss Nancy, alone, in the drawing-room, please, and if any one else calls, Stephen, you can say she is

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not receiving to-day." The white-haired black butler bowed and smiled. He understood perfectly, or thought he did, which amounted to the same thing.

When the girl came down she looked pale and worn. There had been a sharp scene at dinner the night before. Her father had made fun of her "ideal"; she had replied stubbornly: he had stated his commands emphatically: she had left the table in tears, and spent a sleepless night,—at least she thought it was sleepless, and that amounted to the same thing. The chevalier approached his difficult task with reluctance.

"Nancy, I have just been in Washington."

"I know that, stupid. What did you go for?"

"To see some old friends of mine: Mrs. Wendell and her daughter Cristina."

"Is she pretty?"

"Some people think so. General Earl, for one, must think so, because he has been making love to her desperately for the last three months. I hate to have to tell you this, but it is a thing you ought to know."

"I don't believe you. You are just lying about him."

"That is a hard word, cousin, but never mind it. I don't expect you to believe me. I have brought you the proofs."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Miss Wendell has kindly let me have the letters and messages that the general sent to her. Here they are for you to read."

"She is a mean old cat. I don't want to see them."

"Whatever she may be, she is not that, I assure you. She is a fine girl, just as proud and honorable as you are. You may say that you do not want to see the letters, but in your heart I know you do. In fact it is your duty to see them, and to read them carefully."

"Did you tell that girl about me?"

"I did not," he answered, hedging a little, "for some one else had already told her. So she thought you ought to know about the letters."

"She wants to get him for herself, that's it."

"On the contrary, she despises him and naturally, too. She will never speak to him again,—said so in very strong language. She has a lot of pride. He would not dare to face her."

"Well, then," said Nancy, rather pitifully, "what do you tell me to do, Mr. Inquisitor?"

"I don't tell you to do anything, dear, except what your heart tells you to do. If you want my advice, it is very simple. Take these letters and telegrams with you where you will not be disturbed. Read them side by side with those which you undoubtedly have locked up in your bureau. Then make up your mind whether you think the writer is worthy of such a precious thing as your love. No one can force you to give him up. I will stand by you through everything. Please do not try to come down to dinner to-night. You will have a headache, and you can ask to have something sent up to your room. When you want to see me, after you have made up your mind, let me know. Will you, Nancy?"

She nodded, with wet eyes, and went off carrying the fateful, (and hateful,) gray satchel. Van Allen stood looking after her. Though it was not the custom of his church, he murmured an extempore prayer. "Lord, help this dear child to a proud spirit!"

The dinner that night was dull and awkward. Not even the diamond-back terrapin and the vintage of the *Côte d'Or* in 1898 could enliven it. Mr. Lang was inquisitive about the visit to Washington; but Van Allen sidestepped the inquiries by declaring that, really, he had no news to tell,—it was only a visit to old friends and parishioners. Later in the evening, finding that the marble mantelpiece got on his nerves, and the postprandial cigar was too strong, he went out with his pipe in the moonlight, to walk around Mt. Vernon Square, where Barye's bronze lion sits on its haunches hungrily waiting for G. Washington, Esq., to come down from his tall white monument. When the rector got back to the house in Charles Street the snowy-haired butler welcomed him with a confidential whisper.

"Miss Nancy, Suh, she say please infawm reverend she waitin' faw him in her boodore, yes Suh. Please rest yo' hat, Suh."

When he entered the friendly room he

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found his cousin somewhat dishevelled in a Japanese kimono. Her eyelids were slightly swollen, her hair in disorder, but there was a bright red spot in each cheek, and a dancing light in her eyes. She sat

"I'll do it, sure. Anything else?"—Page 156.

at her table, which was covered with papers.

"Oh, Sedgy," she cried, "do come here and look! This is perfectly horrible and ridiculous. That old fraud has been writing and telegraphing to her from Baltimore and to me from Washington,—on alternate days, mind you! See here."

There were the *pièces justificatives* of the general's bold perfidy and plentiful lack of originality. Those on yellow paper were restrained as telegrams must be. They spoke in symbolic language. For example, "Washington, March 12. To Miss Nancy Lang. Detained by business. Dull weather here. Hope sun will shine tomorrow on Eutaw Place by four o'clock. Leander." "Baltimore, March 13. To Miss Cristina Wendell. Kept here by business. Weather dreary. Hope sun will be bright in Dupont Circle tomorrow by five o'clock. Leander."

The letters, on pink paper, scented, and surmounted with an earl's coronet, were frankly and floridly amorous. They

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bubbled with protestations, endearments, fond petitions, usually quite varied. But sometimes invention seemed to flag, and a letter to the Washington address looked like the twin of one that had been sent to Baltimore. Here is a condensed example.

"Most lovely and adored Nancy (Cristina):

"In this desert of Washington, (Baltimore,) the thought of you is the oasis of my soul. The light of your brown (blue,) eyes, brighter than topaz, (sapphire,) is the starry jewel of my sad, strong heart. I have never seen a woman so resplendent, so fairy-like, (queenly,) as you. You control me as the stars guide destiny, (moon rules the tide). The only hope of my existence is to make thee mine, as I am

Thine Adoring Earl."

As Nancy read this astonishing two-faced revelation of a single soul, she laughed a little and wept a little.

"O pig!" she cried, "fat, deceiving, double-dyed pig! How did you ever get me to believe in you? Sedgy dear, I've m—m—made," (sobs here,) "a d—d—darned little fool of myself. What shall I do now?"

He put his arm around her shoulder and patted her gently.

"Cry it out, old girl, and then forget it. You're young and full of courage. Many a girl makes a fool of herself and doesn't know it till too late. Anyhow, making a fool of yourself is much better than if God had spared you the trouble by making you one at the start."

"But what shall I do now? I'd like to box that old wretch's ears and give him a piece of my mind!"

"Why waste good material? All you need to do is to make a bundle of this silly stuff, both sections, and send it by post to Mr. Earl, without note or comment. He'll recognize his own effusions and know that the game is up."

"Don't I need to do anything more? Oh! I feel so happy, just as Andromeda must have felt when Perseus cut her loose from that horrid rock. Can't I show it some way?"

"Well, to-morrow morning when the sun is bright on Dupont Circle and Eutaw Place and Charles Street too, you might tell your father that you're sorry you made such a d—d—darned fool of yourself, and that it's all right now, and that you are anxious to embrace him if properly invited."

"I'll do it, sure. Anything else?"

"Only one thing. In cases like this it is customary for Andromeda, if not too angry, to kiss her unworthy rescuer good night."

Here the curtain-raiser ends and the play begins. You can guess for yourself how it continues.

No, Nancy does not marry her cousin, but a brilliant young surgeon of Johns Hopkins Hospital, to whom she makes an admirable wife. It requires two bishops and an archdeacon fitly to perform the nuptials of Cristina Wendell and the Reverend Sedgwick Van Allen in St. John's Cathedral, despite which pomp and circumstance they are absolutely happy. The doughty general Earl is retired from public service without a pension or a wealthy wife. When last seen he is in Montana, ardently pursuing a Miss Miranda Clutch, red-haired and only daughter of a Copper Senator. *Sic transit.*

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The Sense of Law

BY STRUTHERS BURT
Author of "The Interpreter's House," etc.

ON the far-off and perfect day when human values are reassessed properly, some one will write a book showing the reverse side of aphorisms, and one of the first aphorisms to be turned inside out in this fashion will be the one which states that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." They do, and the air is nervous with the winds of their rushing, but one forgets that more than half the time the angels are responsible and that, much as the fools hamper and confuse certain issues, where other issues are concerned their rushing is inevitable and necessary. Fools, after all, are frequently no more than laymen, amateurs, that is to say—the audience, the victims, the public—while angels are experts, and nothing is more certain than that experts are constantly in need of lay opinion, sometimes even of lay revolution.

In his essay on the jury system Chesterton has shown how that apparently cumbersome and often stupid method of determining guilt is not only the symbol of a racial sense of fairness, but essential as well to the continuance of that fairness. The consensus of opinion of twelve good men and true may often be wrong-headed, but it is always human, and although one would prefer opinion to be both clear-headed and human, if it cannot be both it had better, at least in matters of life and death, be the latter. The present partly sophisticated age is cherishing, to the contrary, a belief, growing rapidly into a superstition, that what the world needs is more expert advice and less unthinking compassion. That is only a half-truth, no better than the half-truths it seeks to eliminate. The world does need more expert advice, but the expert, on the other hand, needs more lay opinion. In short, what really is needed is intelligent compassion and compassionate intelligence. Nothing is more terrible than a meeting of experts, save, possibly, a meeting of fools.

Angels know more about heaven than fools—they ought to, they live there—but the trouble is that, seeing mostly only other angels, they talk an angelic patter of their own and, what between this and that, come eventually to have a great contempt for their constituents, or clients, or patients, or public, or what you will. Not only a contempt but also a conviction that celestial details are the only things that matter. They completely forget that heaven's sole and original purpose was to afford a final abiding-place for fools, and that the stuff of which their jobs are made is the stuff of human folly. If there weren't fools there wouldn't be angels, although, if there weren't angels there would most certainly still be fools. If the fool waited at heaven's gate while the expert angel—expert, or minor official—put on swank and hemmed and hawed over tickets and raised supercilious angelic eyebrows, he would never get in at all.

For example, one does not like, even in a humble way, to encourage ignorance and prejudice and violent wrong thinking, and the common sense of the theory of evolution, also its spiritual beauty, need not be discussed; but the biologists should be reminded that if they hadn't insisted upon playing angel there would have been considerably less opportunity for the rushing in of fools—real fools this time.

Once the biologists descended from the lofty and hidden heights of experiment and step-by-step reasoning and, entering the dark valley of theology, leaped a stream in the shadows and attempted to formulate a religion, they ceased to be scientists and became poets and preachers; and, since poetry and preaching are very human affairs, the fools rushed in—two kinds of fools: the fools who find evolution profane and the fools who vaguely and mistily really do think

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we are descended from monkeys. Meanwhile, the biologists have not yet admitted that no science can build a religion and that no religion is unassailable, whether it be materialism or transcendentalism. Mystery remains, and God, if there be one, must regard with equal sardonicism the fundamentalist and the adherent of salt and water.

But what the scientist does, or the artist, immensely important as it is in the long run, is by no means as pressingly important as what is done by those three curious professions, or arts—there is always a discussion there—that touch continuously and immediately human nature: the professions or arts of medicine, theology, and the law, and under the last, its subsidiary branches, the lawmakers and, in the widest sense, the police. You have time to consider the biologist and reject or assimilate his teaching, but when you are sick you want a good doctor, when you are troubled about your soul, a good clergyman, and, when the body politic is ill, good lawyers, good judges, good policemen, and, above all, sensible framers of law; and you want all these without delay. The cure cannot be put off; it is a question, one way or another, of life and death. No wonder fools have to rush in, and no wonder that at present, especially in America, lay opinion, where one of these fundamental professions, or arts, is concerned, is steadily rising to a crisis in its bitter contempt.

The doctors are wise men; they have to be; their wares are too much in the open. Even the clergy have set about to some extent the cleaning of their house, but, blindly and blithely and insolently, the bar and the legislators and the police continue increasingly to place themselves amongst the greatest criminals of a somewhat distracted era.

I say criminals and I use the word advisedly.

Now law is a curious thing, for, although it is exceedingly susceptible to chicanery and complexity, in its essence it is exceedingly simple and homespun. You can fool the average man for a while on most questions, but on this question you cannot fool him for long, for the average man, especially the man born under the Anglo-Saxon tradition, has, ingrained in him deeper than any other feeling, save the feelings of sex and self-preservation, the sense of law. Therefore, upon no other question has the fool, or layman, more right to utter an opinion; and to outrage and thwart the sense of law is one of the most dangerous pursuits possible, even in such a sprawled and slow-moving democracy as America, even if this sense of law is usually undefined and, for a while, timidly subservient.

You not only cannot fool the average man about the law, you cannot even tell him much about it intrinsically, once he sits down to think it over. You can confuse him with legal language, you can get the better of him by trickery, you can hand him hundreds of volumes of precedent; but what the law actually is he knows because, unless he is born an idiot, he realizes that he was born into a world of law, dies according to law, and watches every night and every day things that move by law, among them the sun, the clouds, the stars. And this was true even in the days when man thought nature was the whim of gods. The basic idea of cause and effect is the same, whether you believe rain comes from certain natural laws or because you have pleased a deity.

Law is man's admission that if you hurt another man you have to do something about it, even if the reaction is no more than running away; it is man's perception of three dimensions; that is, that objects possess length, breadth, and thickness, and that you cannot walk through them. It is his discovery that there are other people in the world besides himself. That is all it is, save the further discovery that some people are weak and others strong; the discovery, in other words, of the rights of the majority and the rights of the minority. You can hide theology under a veil of special and divine knowledge, you can hide medicine beneath admitted special training, but you cannot hide the basic principle of law.

Strange that, all through history, lawyers and judges and policemen and statesmen have had to be reminded by "fools" of such an obvious truth.

Law, therefore, is man's sense of fair play and his agreement to live with other men peaceably, conditioned, of course, by the innate perversity of circumstances

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and human nature. It is the most intimate thing man possesses, save, as said before, his instinct for sex and for self-preservation, and, as a matter of fact, it is a corollary of the latter, for it is an acknowledgment that the best way to preserve yourself is to preserve good sense and justice in your manners and habits and decrees where others are concerned. Law was invented, or rather it evolved itself, in the minds of ordinary people; it is a common thing, an ordinary thing, a daily thing; it is not even preserved for Sundays or illnesses, and it was only because we—the ordinary people, the fools—did not have the time, going about our usual occupations, to keep track of this discovery that it was ever turned over to trustees. When these trustees forget that they are trustees and regard themselves as inventors, then it is time to remind them of their honorable but by no means lofty position.

Furthermore, since the law is such an elemental business, you can no more fabricate it than you can make a baby. There are plenty of synthetic laws, but they bear no relation to the real thing. A real law is at hand when needed, never before and seldom long afterward, and all the pronunciamentos possible to the folly of the human mind cannot make a so-called law the law unless it is the law to begin with. There is nothing that so exposes the blocked intelligence as the statement that such and such a thing "is the law and so must be obeyed." To the lay mind, which conceived law and which must live by law, a law is not a law if it offends the sense of law, and millions of misguided experts cannot prove otherwise. The sense of law stands above all law and all laws are subject to it and refer back to it.

The English common law represents the slow evolvement of the ordinary man's desire to be at peace, as said before; not only that, but pleasantly at peace as well. Sir Edward Coke says: "Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing but reason." But so is all law, even statutory law, and when, as is so often the case, statutory law is passed without any sense of law—without reason as its life—it is bound for death, as is all law that is not law.

So far so good, but to such an argument supporters of all laws as such answer of course: "Quite so, but suppose every man felt himself at liberty to pick what laws he should obey and what laws he shouldn't? Where would we be then? There are a number of people who feel that they have the right to commit murder and a still larger number of men and women who feel that the marriage laws can be twisted according to their own fancies. Even there, however, your sense of law, although perverted, is present; self-justification is the commonest of human traits."

It is—self-justification, that is—but, save in the case of abnormal people, it is born after an event, or immediately before, and is not there in the beginning, as is the sense of law. It is doubtful if the majority even of those who commit murder or abuse their wives, or husbands, once they get through with their self-justifications, mostly personal, will uphold murder or cruelty as a theory. The free-loverists, for all their noise, have always been in a small minority, perhaps not in actual practice but in their philosophy at least. Man's sense of law is involved when he involves himself with a woman, and, no matter how much he may flout this sense of law, he does not delude himself into the belief that he is practising perfect justice. The whole question, of course, comes down to one of the majority and the minority, of the normal and abnormal, and although this would seem a topic too ancient and too well known to discuss, unfortunately it has become in America the most pressing of questions. We seem to be losing our sense of the rights of the minority; that is, a large element among us seems to be losing this sense, and in this element are most legislators, most administrators of the law, and not a few judges and lawyers.

Perfect balance, of course, would be where each man could do exactly what he wanted, provided he did not interfere with the rights or comfort of any one else, but since this is impossible, the rights of the minority increase in direct proportion to their numbers and their approach to what is considered normal; their approach, in other words, to the average

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man's sense of law. The witty French statement that insanity is merely a question of being in the minority is quite true, but we need not think about that for a while, not anyway until modern conditions—as they very well may do—accelerate even more than at present the production of a moron population. What we should think about is that the rights of the majority have never been, and never will be, the imposing of the majority's implicit will upon the minority; it has always been a sixty-forty proceeding. There is no other way of doing it, otherwise you so offend the sense of law of numerous people that sooner or later you have trouble on your hands. There is no other way, that is, save by persecution or war, and even then you are only temporarily successful.

Force majeure has been tried again and again in the world and has always failed. You can massacre or exile your opponents, but you cannot massacre or exile the idea that made them oppose you.

Louis the Fourteenth was a rationalistic monarch, so when he considered the Huguenots sufficiently dangerous he drove them out. He realized that statutory laws aimed at a man's conscience would not do, for the simple reason that such laws are not laws and cannot be made such. The Spanish kings followed the same logical method, but in the end both they and Louis the Magnificent failed. Protestantism is not dead in France, and France was greatly hurt by the expulsion of the Huguenots; Spain killed herself for all time by the Inquisition and her treatment of the Moors and the dissenters.

The sense of law, therefore, is elemental, the sense of law is perpetual, and the sense of law, more than anything else, is based upon the rights of the weaker, or the minority. But more than this, it is so much an entity that, although it cannot be utterly killed, it can be wounded and grievously sinned against.

It can be sinned against by affronting its perception of common sense as well as affronting its perception of fair play. It knows that in all things there are degrees of right and wrong.

Statutory laws may at times be necessary, although always dangerous, but to say because the sense of law has called forth one statutory law the door is open to every form of statutory law is to perform a feat of reasoning called, if I am not mistaken, chop logic. It is to say that because one egg is good for you at breakfast, twelve eggs must be twelve times better; it is also to say because in Occidental countries actual polygamy is forbidden that spiritual and celestial marriages of the Mormon church should be forbidden also. Narcotics, for instance, are clearly and dramatically unsocial and every one knows it, but to say that because there is a law against narcotics there should be one against chocolate sundaes, although perfectly logical, is, none the less, perfectly insane. We forget too much the *reductio ad absurdum;* we forget that most over-earnest logicians, at least those who insist upon practising their logic, are locked up in institutions.

Chocolate sundaes do undoubtedly in many instances cause slow death, and there is no question that indigestion is an antisocial disease producing immense loss and misery, but since the victims of chocolate sundaes are not immediately vicious and the process of their decay spreads itself delicately over a long period, the question enters that vague field of compromise, where, until recently, humanity has agreed to mind its own business. You are at liberty to eat all the chocolate sundaes you want until you begin to throw glasses at the soda clerk's head and then, quite properly, you are arrested. The sense of law has always recognized this distinction. There were, for instance, laws against drunkenness; there were not, before war with its false legal values blurred the sense of all civilian law, laws against drinking, for drinking is not in itself antisocial; to the contrary, it may frequently be social. As a matter of fact, the act itself is neither social nor antisocial, but is in a realm outside the law, like brushing your teeth, going to bed, or taking your daily dozen.

Since the sense of law is an entity and can be sinned against, those who sin against it must be criminals in the same way as all men who sin against law, although unfortunately this has not yet been recognized formally. To pass or to promote the passage of a bad law is as

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criminal an act as to break a good law, to permit without protest a bad law is as foolish and as conducive to crime as to permit without protest murder, highway robbery, or arson. Worse, for whereas the latter three are obviously antisocial, the former, although equally antisocial, go so deeply to the foundations of living, and are so hidden that they may undermine the state if allowed to proceed. From a purely moral standpoint, where bad laws are concerned, unless they can be repealed, nullification is the only attitude consistent with integrity, also with common sense.

We are witnessing to-day, more obviously in America than elsewhere, but none the less throughout the world, the curious spectacle of the law being punished by the sense of law, and this punishment will continue, with all its disastrous consequences, until the law reforms itself —the law and its administration. Authority stands responsible before the bar of real justice; and it is more guilty than recognized criminality, for it is supposed to be less hampered and better informed. Through slow centuries of warfare and revolution monarchy has at last learned what the sense of law implanted in the minds of even its humblest citizens is, and to-day the few remaining constitutional monarchies—England, Holland, the Scandinavian countries—are the only partially law-respecting countries in the world; the only countries, that is to say, where authority considers itself responsible to the people and the people consider themselves responsible to authority. Indeed, some of the Scandinavian governments have evolved even to the point where they realize that one of the functions of government is to promote such little considered necessities as the desire for gayety, the love of beauty, and the rational happiness of their citizens. A bizarre idea when one considers the present sullen dislike of most governments for their peoples and of most peoples for their governments. It is rumored that in certain Scandinavian countries officialdom even goes to the length of insisting that minor servants and the police be courteous to the ordinary man, let alone being just.

Democracies, drunk with the lawlessness of majorities, have yet to learn their lesson.

And, indeed, this insistence upon the necessity for courtesy is not fine drawn, it lies at the very root of the sense of law, besides being infinitely wise on the part of officials. As law represents not only man's desire to live at peace but to live at peace pleasantly, the insolent customs official, the brutal policeman, the hectoring judge, the insulting cross-examiner, the "bawling-out" traffic officer, the impertinent fanatic, the democrat who so little understands democracy that he thinks it an opportunity for universal hoggishness, the hypocritical lawmakers, all these in their minor ways are as serious offenders against the law as the thief, the murderer, the forger, and the framers and supporters of vicious legislation. What is authority—the rich, the governments—doing to prove to those born below a certain economic level that they should be kind toward those born above? The percentage of goodness that exists under modern conditions, small as it may be, is a tribute to the inherent decency of the human race. Some day governments will learn to present themselves to their citizens as something else than a lowering menace, legal or financial; a constant insolent rebuke. If the commissions now investigating crime will indict criminal authority as well as the admitted criminal, they will do lasting service.

But even if they don't, the world—the fools—will not forever continue to watch the liar frame laws for the comparatively honest man, the authorized thug beat the unauthorized thug, the mental prostitute sentence the far less guilty and unfortunate bodily prostitute.

The sense of law, which is man's notion that there can be pretty nearly an honest, approximately gay, and largely constructive world, has survived many vicissitudes; it will survive even the early, perhaps necessary, experiments of democracy. It not only will survive; it must, for it is the essential idea that separates man from the rest of creation; the clear break between him and the beast. It is, furthermore, the keystone of the democratic ideal. If it cracks, the arch falls. It is a holy idea and a beautiful one.

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The Director's Brother

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "A Woman of No Imagination," "Enter Eve," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE professor had pedalled up with urgency, but he now halted at the edge of the crowd in a sudden compassionate reluctance to get through to his brother with the alarming news. The setting was the entrance to the dignified old Griswold mansion; the scene which was being shot showed the home-coming of the erring son to the sorrowing judgment of his father. Backed by his little flock of camera men and assistants and by the whole fascinated town of Sweetwater for audience, Adolph Burrows stood, with one leg slung over the back of a canvas chair and with the rolled script pointing, and issued instructions to his puppets: "You're not a sad old b— of a hound—you're the boy's father, and you're torn between your love of him and your sense of duty. Get that struggle, Clifford!" The director was perhaps not unaware of the impression which he made upon Sweetwater—perhaps, indeed, some lurking thought of making such an impression had prompted him to choose Sweetwater as the location of this story. The scenario had called for a rural town, and no more rural town than Sweetwater could be found; but also Sweetwater was Adolph's home town, and he had not been back to it since he had become such a success.

Abruptly the business was over, the director was dismissing them with instructions for the following morning. And, regaining his own gentle authority, which he had lost in the contemplation of his brother's spectacular sovereignty, the professor pressed through the crowd. "Adolph, I must talk with you privately, at once. Will you come over to my house?"

"But I've correspondence back at the Inn, John—those scenes to go over with McKinnon— Oh well. . . ."

The two brothers stood for a moment together. They were alike in contour, in general outline of face, but the meanings which they expressed with this similar physical equipment were utterly dissimilar. Though they were both full figures of men, John's was the fulness of benevolence, while Adolph's was the fulness of affluence. "My bicycle—I'll follow you," murmured the professor.

Adolph turned impatiently from his gorgeous custom-built touring car—gray with red cushions, the wonder of Sweetwater—to discover his brother's wheel. His desire was anticipated. The liveried chauffeur, with a bow for Mr. Burrows and a certain gingerly condescension for the plebeian vehicle, gathered the professor's bicycle on to the running-board, and gathered in a dumbly delighted small boy to hold it there. The door was swept open for the two brothers. The audience was dusted down by their departure.

"Ought to oil these roads, John. Well, shoot!"

"When we reach my study. The guilty son in your screen story—what is the particular crime for which he begs forgiveness?"

"Forgery."

"And does the father forgive him?"

"He forgives him, but his sense of justice won't allow him to save his son, and the kid would have to pay the penalty but for the lucky accident of . . . Clifford's flat, huh?—I'll punch it into him yet!"

"But would a father?"

"Umph, how do you know how a father might act?"

"Would you?"

"Turn over Luke to the law if he'd committed a crime? I've got a healthy sense of justice, and I probably would. Didn't mean to dig you on your lack of a son."

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The professor failed to answer; specializing in youth as he had, and loving boys as he did, the fact that he had been given no children of his own seemed one of life's little ironies. "Have you ever thought of sending Luke here, to your own *Alma Mater?*" he asked, as the car swerved into the campus, that green, summer-deserted pocket of peace in the little dusty, traffic-riddled village.

"No, one of your big Eastern universities—if he ever settles down and gets ready for college!"

"How old is he?"

"Eighteen. It's one scrape after another; harmless, but——"

"You are accustomed to getting him out of scrapes."

"I always manage it; Luke always comes to me, that's one thing. Look here, John, this isn't something to do with Luke!"

"As a matter of fact, it is. I'm afraid this time it's serious, Adolph."

"But why, in God's name, don't you spill——?"

"Wait."

They drew up before a brown shingle house at the edge of the campus, which, picketed about as it was by stiff, bright hollyhocks and fairly dripping vines, improvising in a sudden fantastically pointed roof and dreaming out through small-paned dormer windows, looked more like a poet's cottage than the abode of a prosaic professor. Nancy Burrows rose from the sagging porch hammock to greet them: "Your secretary 'phoned from the Inn, Adolph; he said he must get in touch with you at once."

"Huh? Crocker can wait—business can wait——"

"And I've made iced tea for you boys in case you should——"

But Adolph strode past her; John made a little signal of negation to Nancy, and followed his brother to the study. "I had a long distance call from your son this afternoon. He said he was driving through from New York, and would arrive here sometime to-night. He asked me to tell no one that he was coming except you, and he asked you to wait for him here at my house, where he could talk to you alone. He said it was—urgent."

"Now what in blazes——?"

"I—I found the explanation in the Rochester *Herald* when I stopped at the post-office, on my way to intercept you. But here," producing the paper from his sacklike pocket, "you'll have to read it, Adolph."

"Wanted for killing Harvey Royce—husband of that Royce girl he's been running with—at my place on the Hudson—But good Lord, it's murder, Luke's wanted for murder!"

There ensued an interval of hours while they waited for Luke himself. Adolph conquered the pedestrian possibilities of the room, and swore that he would turn over the press, the police, the entire legal procedure of the country to save his son.

"I'd talk to the boy first; there must be a chance he's not guilty."

"He's guilty all right. Comes of mixing up with that Royce woman; I warned Luke. Only favorable thing is he's heading straight for me—he'll do as I say—if only he gets through without being taken!"

He appropriated John's desk, fought an imaginary battle with those small, carved and brightly painted wood figures which one of the professor's boys had sent him, as a gift, from Switzerland. The figures were all exaggerated studies of energy—a wind-blown, red-nosed peasant, a fat-bellied, scurrying priest, etc.—and John had liked to sit in scholarly leisure before them, vaguely smiling at their comic attitudes of agility. . . .

Suddenly the professor rested in Adolph's competence and power. Amazing the distance his brother had come in a dozen years: private studio suite, with stained-glass windows; ranch featuring a pipe organ with a mechanical player attachment; huge stucco Hollywood home with tiled swimming-pool. John smiled whimsically at his own immediate layout of shabby leather furniture and worn books.

He recalled his conversation of yesterday with Adolph:

"Have you finished your book on—what was it, John?"

"'*The Psychology of Adolescence.*' No."

"When will you?"

"God knows."

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"You ought to map your days. Do you know my schedule? The studio at prompt 8.30. Do a day's office work in an hour, reading telegrams and answering 'em. Go to the stage and shoot till 1. Lunch and do business at the same time from 1 to 2. Back to the stage till 6. Then an hour in my private projection room——"

"It sounds presidential," the professor twinkled.

"I've no patience with this psychology bug, but if I'd set out to write a book on psychology, I'd do it! I've no patience with this little one-horse college job, either—where does it get you?"

"I don't admit," John smiled, "that even your pictures are more important than my subject; but I do admit I've fallen short of my job."

"But can you name me one definite thing you've accomplished?"

"Well, I—I know the boys, more or less; I've been able to do small services for some of them."

"Do you call it 'small services,'" Nancy scoffed, "to put Luther McCollister through college on your salary, and to give up your spare time for a winter to tutor James Hawkins for nothing; to keep that Hoyt boy out of jail, and the Bates youngster out of love, and——?"

They had drifted later to talk on the subject of discipline.

"I see: you first assemble your actors and explain to them the entire film story——"

"No! I give them just the scenes as I have to. I find the less they know about the story as a whole, the less apt they are to introduce their own interpretations and the more apt to follow my directions. Discipline!—as a director, I'm a disciplinarian, John."

"As a young instructor," the professor grinned, "I was a stern disciplinarian."

But recollections of yesterday's argument were dispersed by Nancy's rap upon the door and her intrusion into the darkening study with the announcements that Mr. Crocker waited to see Adolph and that supper waited for both of them. Adolph dismissed the insistent secretary, and Nancy, too, with such finality that the professor followed his wife into the hallway and explained to her the message which had come through, in her absence that afternoon. He consoled Nancy for his brother's brusqueness by accepting the supper on a tray; scolded her for the tired droop of that telltale left eyelid of hers and exacted her promise that she would go direct to bed.

"But what . . . kind of a boy?"

"I've been wondering that, too."

"You'll whistle up to me, Johnny, if——?"

"On my honor, sweetheart, I'll call you if we need you."

Unobtrusively the professor lit the study lamp and unobtrusively he took up the vigil with his brother. Adolph sat tensely quiet now, his face one aggressive frown, and John's sensitiveness tried to imagine what his brother was enduring; he tried to suffer vicariously what the real father of the boy was suffering. But imaginary parenthood was a far cry from the genuine article, John must admit, for he felt his usual warm sympathy failing him in the case of this unknown nephew. What brand of Burrows was this who at eighteen became involved with a married woman, shot a man, and then ran away from his act?—A species new to the professor, who, in his twenty years as adviser to college boys, had dealt with every variety of youthful delinquency, but never with—murder. It argued some degree of paternal success for Adolph that the son, in a tight place, should rest his case in his father. John himself could see no possible way out of the situation. If this boy had been *his* boy. . . . Ah, perhaps fate was wise after all—had denied him the son, because he was not competent to cope with sons. But Adolph *was* competent! John could not doubt that somehow his successful brother would successfully handle even this affair.

Night grew on the quiet green beyond the open study window: elm-trees threw deep velvet shadows; the first college father, preserved in an iron eternity of black gown and stiff mortar-board, threw his silhouette against the lighted front of old Henderson Hall. Dozing, John was again a boy, on this same campus—again younger brother to Adolph's elder brother, background to Adolph's foreground. He awoke once to the other's savage assertion that it was past two o'clock, and

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"But how—how did you know—?" The two stared at each other, the boy wondering, the man awed. —Page 168.

Luke wasn't coming; he awoke later to the startling bright green of that lilac bush under powerful headlights.

The strange lights were switched off. "He's here," snapped Adolph.

"Oh, Dad! Wasn't sure I had the right place, but I saw the lamp and chanced—There's a fellow hanging 'round out there who tried to stop me; looks like your Crocker."

"Crocker? — I wouldn't have had Crocker see you! Shut those windows!" (Quietly John obeyed.) "Now! This is a hell of a mess, Luke."

"Yes."

The professor, as he moved to leave, gathered an impression of a young giant, taller by two heads than his father; at his brother's gesture for him to stay, John again relapsed into the background. Adolph then turned and charged into his son as he had charged into the actor that afternoon: "Well, come alive! Why did you do it? Why did you shoot the

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man? Open up, and let's hear your story!"

The boy sank into a chair, rested his head against its wing back as though he was dead beat; the green-lidded student's lamp illuminated his face as he stared up at his father. John leaned peeringly forward, his feet rocked once and held it on the toes; the miracle that happened to the professor that night was not anything that came after, but just the boy's face. It was a face of such beautiful young seriousness: an incredibly sensitive, incredibly serious mouth above a firm chin; eyes very blue, very direct, and again beautifully, steadily serious. In years of dealing with some splendid specimens of young manhood, the professor had never met a young face of greater promise. But the face meant more—more even than this to John. Those other boys he had loved, had yearned over, but this boy . . . pierced his heart. It was no definite resemblance to the Burrowses that touched him—though Luke was, intangibly, a compound of Burrowses at their best—but it was a definite resemblance to—some one . . . Nancy! That drooped left eyelid was Nancy's own; the boy might have inherited the peculiar mark of weariness from Nancy herself. Inexplicable, but true. The professor had married for love some twenty years before, and he was still deeply, if unobtrusively, in love with his wife. "Luke—Burrows": the very name struck, like a true chord, through John.

"Why? The paper says—" (The tone, John shuddered, was wrong for this boy.)

"It was just like the paper says," corroborated Luke, still watching his father. "Royce had been acting a beast to Zelda—She told me about it— It was blazing in New York, and I thought I might get her rested, for the day anyhow, if I ran her out to Stonycroft; I knew it would be all right, with Schultz, the caretaker, there. It was coolest in the shooting gallery, and I was showing her how that automatic works. I fired one shot, then went rummaging in the den for more shells. When I came back Royce was there—he must have followed us, walked in through the open side door. He was drunk, and he was pommelling Zelda. She screamed, and I picked up the automatic and fired at him. Schultz arrived three seconds after; Schultz'll testify I fired the shot that killed him. Zelda and I cleared out—said we were going for the police. But I decided to come straight to you and tell you the whole darned story, before the police got at me. I—trusted you more than I trusted the police," Luke grimaced.

"Thanks. It's your one sane act, to cut loose and run—but my God, Luke, can't you grasp how serious——?"

"But I didn't 'cut loose and run'; I only came to you first."

"That damned Royce woman! I told you not to——"

"Don't you talk about Zelda to me!"

"Make a fine story for the papers, won't it? Well, there's only one thing for you to do— There's no one on your trail?"

"No."

"No one saw you enter here but Crocker, and I can manage him; besides, you'll not linger here." The director gathered up all the threads of his plot, and outlined just the action Luke would immediately perform, with his absolute authority: "You'll lie low here in your uncle's house to-morrow——"

John stirred his uneasiness, and Luke noted him for the first time.

"By evening I'll have everything lined up, and you'll clear out—escape from this country——"

"You mean—run?"

"Of course I mean 'run'! What else can you do? Tully—an old friend of mine, in the rum-running game now—will get you over the line into Canada; from there, a passage to some out-of-the-way tropical place—how does East Africa strike you? You'll change your name—I'll buy you a plantation— This affair will eventually die down——"

"I can't— I didn't think you'd tell me to—cut for it."

"You'll do as I say!"

"I won't!"

"You mean you'll sit down and let the police find you?"

"But of course," painfully, "I counted on giving myself up to the authorities."

"Then why did you come to me?"

"I thought you would figure some line of defense for me."

"Defense?— There's no loop for you

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in the story you tell me. Royce's jealousy was natural. No amount of drunkenness or brutality will justify your murder of the man. You could have defended the woman short of shooting him. There's Schultz to testify that you did shoot him, and that there was no time for a struggle which might have required you to shoot in self-defense. If Royce had been holding a pistol to his wife's head when you entered, you might have been justified; but the automatic which you handled was the only weapon that featured in the scene, I take it. The only thing in your favor is your own youth, and that won't save you from the pen. You'll have to clear out, Luke."

"I won't do it."

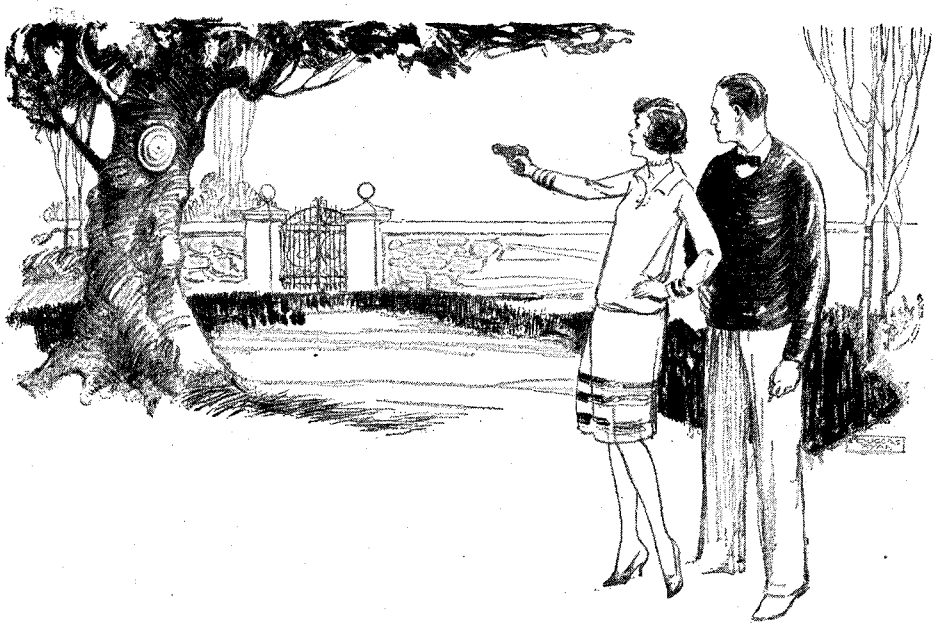
There ensued a sharp clash, but for once the director's discipline failed; his son remained wearily, scornfully firm. "At least," Adolph perspired, "we can agree upon a story." "Agree upon a lie?" Luke shot back at him. "There's Schultz—I could buy off Schultz."

"No!" Luke rose with purpose: "I'll give myself up now, before——!"

"Luke, wait!" Adolph put himself between his son and the door, held Luke off by a fierce grip of his forearms.

Visibly the overgrown boy collected his own passions of resistance. "Father—get back!"

But now the professor moved, in his quiet, rather puddling way, to intervene in the pitched battle that threatened. "Adolph, I beg of you, take your hands from him, and Luke, wait," he commanded with his own less violent authority; curiously, both overwrought men obeyed him.



"I took her up to Stonycroft for a little target practice."—Page 168.

John's face, as he perused his brother for some inner sign, seemed to borrow, in its lines of understanding and rare humanity, from an accumulated heritage of centuries of teachers; Adolph's face was a balked child's face beside it, as unseasoned as his own motion-picture industry. Yet his son was more to Adolph than just an added gesture of his own importance; the limitations of his methods with Luke were not limitations of his love but of himself—Adolph's helpless attempt to solve his son by the only technic he knew. This John grasped, as he now said: "If I can find a way out of this, Adolph, will

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you let me have Luke for four years here at Baxter College—providing I can persuade him?"

"A way out! What way——?"

"I don't know, but—I've had some experience with boys."

"Take him—if you can do anything with him, you're welcome to him!"

"Won't be detained!" Luke rebelled. "You're just stalling for time, you two; nothing you can say to me will keep me from——"

"Will you grant me an interview?" the professor let him down, with his twinkling half-smile.

He preceded the boy, down the three steps, to his tiny office, his sanctum sanctorum, where he wrote, dreamed his dearest dreams, and interviewed the most serious cases. The professor sat at his desk, behind him the globe of the world on which he had travelled imaginary tours and the pictures of cathedrals which he had never seen, before him this youth with the sullen, earnest face and the childishly drooping eyelid. As John studied the boy, he seemed to see the ghosts of other boys— Given, who had appropriated football funds, Bates, who had betrayed the honor system—boys whom he had salvaged, boys whom he had been forced to relinquish as half or total losses. This lad was the culmination of all those lads, his problem the climax of all the juvenile problems the professor had sat in upon. And if John had sometimes been discouraged and doubted the value of his efforts, he now saw all those efforts as mere training for this moment. Though he had failed before, he could not fail now!

Luke's face was shut to him; the problem appeared insoluble—yet the professor must solve it! He must not make a wrong move; there seemed no move he could make.

He offered the boy a chair and a cigarette, lit another for himself, and let it burn out in his fingers while he still considered.

The boy stirred, muttered, "You look like my father, only not . . ."

"So successful," John smiled. "And you look—like the son I would have wished to have." He let that sink in.

"Certainly wouldn't have wanted a son like me," Luke half-laughed. "I suppose you're going to back up dad's advice to cut and run."

"No—no; though I don't blame your father for that."

"Then—then what *is* your contribution?"

"Why, I don't know." The professor was still searching the sensitive, arrogant face before him; the inspiration came. He said quietly, "I am not going to advise you to run, because—I'm convinced that *you* didn't shoot the man."

"But how—how did you know——?"

The two stared at each other, the boy wondering, the man awed. Luke's abrupt relief brought him very close to collapse: "Funny that my own father should believe . . . while you, an uncle I've never seen before, should know straight off. How——?"

John's relief surged in on a tidal wave of strength. "Your face— And to shoot an intoxicated man, who is himself unarmed, wouldn't be very sporting, would it?"

"Rotten. I could have walloped the life out of him with my two fists, but I couldn't——"

"No. But why, then—? The woman—you are shielding her."

"But you couldn't blame Zelda for doing it! He'd threatened to kill her the night before, that was why Zelda had come to me. I wanted her to leave him, but she wouldn't; she—didn't feel she quite could, for reasons. I thought the next best thing was to arm her, and I took her up to Stonycroft for a little target practice. When Royce attacked her, she screamed for help, but I didn't hear her. She couldn't have him threshing her about, because—because she couldn't, and anyway, she was sure he meant to carry out his threat. She still had the revolver in her hand, but she doesn't know about automatics, and she thought it had been emptied by that one shot. She tried to hold him off with it, but he was too drunk to realize danger—and then, in a sort of hopeless desperation, she pressed the trigger—and—well, you know the rest. I had sense enough to snatch the thing from her before Schultz arrived on the scene. I got her home, and made her swear to tell them *I'd* done it; I told her dad would get me out of the scrape. Then I came here."

"But the shooting by her, in view of his threat and his attack upon her, is a clear

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"Struggle!" drove Adolph. "My God, it's a struggle!"—Page 171.

case of self-defense. Don't you see, Luke, that she has a case against him, while you have no case?"

"I won't," declared Luke, "have Zelda dragged into it; you may as well get that clear from the first."

"Why won't you? Are you—in love with her?"

The boy's face shut again: "Yes."

The professor probed him. "No, you are . . . not in love with her. Then why? Is it a case of general chivalry, or is it some special——?"

"I owe her a lot, and I'm going to stand by her!"

A debt, John digested that, determined

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to probe still farther. "What do you owe her?— Don't mind telling me, Luke."

"Well, she—it was Zelda who saved Ruffles's life, if you must know; that's how I met her, to begin with. Ruffles is my setter, and I'd raised him from a pup. I've had a lot of dogs in my life, Uncle——"

"John."

"—Uncle John, but never another like Ruffles. He got out onto the state road, and got hit by an auto. Zelda was in the car just behind, and she stopped, and helped me carry him back, and waited till the vet came. She's had dogs, too, mostly chows and poodles, but she knows all about them. The vet said he could only put Ruffles out of his misery; I was ready to kick off with Ruffles, when Zelda chipped in and said the doctor was a fool, and she'd take over the dog herself. She carted him home with her—I had to go back to school that night—and she pulled him through. Sat with him on her lap for most of a week, and just naturally flirted him back to life. You can see," Luke appealed, "how I feel I never can do enough for Zelda."

Adolescence! The professor focussed all of his knowledge of that laughable, pathetic, whimsical, extravagant, tender age, with its wild chivalries, its curious loyalties, its enthusiastic humiliations, and its vehement self-sacrifices; that age of idealism and egotism, when youth would burst all bonds to pay for some small favor with a lifetime of devotion, when he is held by the most rigid small codes of herd opinion. He endeavored to see how the saving of the life of one Ruffles, a wholly lovable and even matchless setter pup, now called for the sacrifice of his master. Striving for deeper understanding of this so serious boy, he ventured: "But why, since you didn't kill the man, are you so averse to escaping the consequences of the crime? You wouldn't be saving her any more completely by staying and making her suffer qualms of conscience in seeing you pay the penalty."

"But I can't have it look as though I'm running away from a crime which I did do. You've got the truth out of me—I never would have breathed it, but you guessed. You won't tell?"

"I can't promise that," said John gravely.

"Then I'll have to make you see it as I do!" Luke's color surged painfully, but he met his uncle's gaze with that beautiful, young seriousness: "Zelda is—she's going to have a baby; she told me herself—said that was one of the reasons she didn't want to leave him, if she could manage to get on with him. It's the reason she couldn't have him beating her. It's the reason we can't have her mixed up in this affair—it would be too horrible for her!"

"But that," said the professor, "is the final link in her defense; no jury would convict her under such circumstances. My dear boy——"

But Luke, shattered with exhaustion, now became so fiercely hysterical in his determination to shield Zelda, that John had to concede him the point—temporarily at least.

"And this Zelda—what sort of woman is she?"

"I've told you, she's one of the best. Oh, dad will give you some wild tales about her—most people will—but they're not true! She's reckless, but she's square, and——"

"How old?"

"Twenty-one."

"Oh, good Lord," the professor collapsed. "Is she the kind of girl to let you——?"

There he struck Luke's own doubt. "She promised! She's just got to see that——!"

"Never mind now. To-morrow," John pledged him, "if you still insist, you shall give yourself over to the sheriff; to-night, you're in my custody, and I insist that you catch up on sleep. All right, Luke?"

Steadily, breathlessly, he let the boy's steady blue eyes sound the depths of his own sincerity; only a tear-splash on his glasses betrayed his emotion when Luke finally agreed, "All right."

The professor stood, for an instant, just over his nephew, smiling down at him while Luke smiled drowsily back. Then he called his wife: "Nancy, this is Luke. He's staying the night—won't you put him to bed in our 'dormitory annex,' dear?"

The professor returned to his study and

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to Adolph. "He's stopping here, but just for the night."

"He's still determined——?"

"Yes."

"But we can't let him, John! What under heaven are we going to do to keep him from——?"

"We're going to allow him to go through with that part of it."

"Then you didn't accomplish anything!"

"A little. I learned that Luke didn't shoot the man."

"Eh?" Adolph collapsed. . . .

"But then why does he *say*——*?*"

"He's shielding this girl."

"So!—there's the nasty twist!"

"No nasty twist; Luke's not involved with her in that way."

"Then why, by all that's——?"

"No adult reason; just quixotic youth—a serious case of adolescence."

"You and your psychology! Will you give me the facts?"

John gave them, together with his own foot-notes.

Now all of Adolph's executive control came sweeping back: he spoke of "squeezing a confession from the woman," of Luke's "printed denial," of "the best criminal lawyer." John matched his quiet authority against Adolph's larger authority: "I've given Luke my word."

"Then you're as damn quixotic as Luke is!"

"This girl—if I know character, Adolph, she's not the type——"

"And if *I* know character, she *is* the type!"

"I prefer," said John firmly, "to take Luke's estimate of her rather than yours. I think we'll allow Luke his extravagant chivalry, and we'll allow the girl her conscience. . . . Both splendid gestures."

The professor's faith in the girl was, at that moment, justified. The conscientious, patient ghost of Adolph's secretary appeared at a window; the man, with blurred apologies for his persistence and with the desperation of one expecting annihilation, forced upon his chief the telegram which he had been attempting to deliver all that evening. "Mrs. Royce has confessed. . . . Can you tell us where to get in touch with your son for corroboration of her story. . . ."

"But why in —— ——," demanded Adolph of the poor secretary, "didn't you deliver this to me at once?"

"I tried, even against your own instructions, sir; but knowing what weight you place upon exact obedience to your word, sir——"

On the following afternoon the professor pedalled by the old Griswold house, where Adolph was again in full sway. Against a garden setting, the boy and his village sweetheart were pleading with the old father, who remained sadly adamant. "Struggle!" drove Adolph. "My God, it's a struggle! You're his *father*, man, and you love him, but you've got to give him up—!" The director tripped on his brother; he colored, either from embarrassment or from a sudden sensitiveness of his skin to the broiling summer sun. But immediately he hailed the professor, over the crowd, with his normal flourish: "Heigh there, John! Wait a bit and I'll run you up in the car."

In the Anteroom

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

THIS is the final flicker;
  Now ends his long suspense;
Life will no longer dicker,
  Barring his progress hence.

Curious vistas brighten,
  Though he can see no more;
Spurious burdens lighten . . .
  Death opens wide the door.

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The Morals of College Journalism

BY E. C. HOPWOOD
Editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

AMERICAN undergraduate college life is the subject of much scrutiny and no little unfavorable comment. Charges are made and denied of a distinct decline in the morals of the college student. An older generation shakes its head and predicts disaster. Others see the manifestations of the "new freedom."

Among the phases of college activity now under observation, the college press ought to aid in composing these differences. Groups generally may be pretty well appraised by their journalism. Moreover, the rapid increase in number and nature of college publications in recent years affords an ample field for study. The investigator need not now limit his observation to such extreme types as *The Purple Cow* of Williams College or the *Cornell Daily Sun*, any more than the student of newspapers need base his conclusions on what he learns from *The Times* on one hand or Mr. Hearst on the other.

The student publication touches college life at perhaps more points than any other agency. Granting certain necessary corrections for change in editorial personnel, and hence policy, faculty influence, vacation interruptions, and the like, it remains one of the best mediums through which the peculiar phenomenon of the undergraduate mind at work may be observed.

College journalism may be roughly classed under four general heads: the college bulletin, the literary magazine, the humorous publication, and the college newspaper proper. The first may be dismissed from this discussion because it is almost always the product of the faculty and not of the student body and concerns itself with scholarly studies and discussions rather than with the life of the college itself.

The literary magazine is disappearing. Twenty years or more ago it was in its heyday. It was the receptacle of those creatures of the undergraduate intellect which clamor for utterance—the divine afflatus of the college mind in the making. As a safety-valve it was excellent; as a literary production it left much, if not everything, to be desired. Still, there are many able writers to-day who first felt the thrill of seeing their verse and singing prose in print when with beating heart they seized the latest issue of the college literary magazine redolent with the myriad odors of the job-printing office.

If the college press of to-day has few traditions, the literary magazine had none. Its editors were in turn idealists, romanticists, realists, naturalists. They veered from prose to poetry and from poetry to prose. They had weird conceptions of the possibilities of type and read William Morris. They drove the job-printers mad with "dingbats," borders, and decorations. They ran to deckle-edges and hand-laid paper when they could afford it. The product was fearsome, not only as to content but as to style, composition, and make-up. But it did for the time, Roycroftie and rococo though it was.

The college annual, a once-a-year event still quite generally extant, used to be a sort of compromise between the literary magazine, with an added touch of humor, and the college news publication. The present dominant types of college publication, the newspaper and the humorous magazine, probably could trace their origin to the old college annual and the literary magazine. In the process of evolution they have pretty well liquidated the opportunity for the undergraduate genius with burning thoughts to utter or martial songs to sing. Nowadays he must either write news, editorials, "funny stuff," or quit.

It is, therefore, necessary to look to the college newspaper and to the college hu-

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morous publication for whatever journalism can do in the way of interpreting the undergraduate mind. And here we find what seems to be a surprising paradox. In his college newspaper the student is a highly moral, law-abiding, God-fearing young man. As interpreted by his humorous publication he would have made a sensation at the profligate court of Charles II. There are exceptions, to be sure, but they rather prove the rule. In one he proclaims:

"Did you ever glance around a classroom and see the expressions on the faces of the class? Did you ever stand before a class and notice the actions of its members? If you have not, do so the next time you have an opportunity. It will be a revelation. Four-fifths of the members will be sprawled out in their chairs half-asleep, talking to neighbors, gazing out of the window, and doing everything but paying attention to what the professor is saying. It is not an inspiration to a professor to face such a group. To stand before such a demonstration of disinterest and inattention would be discouraging to any one."

In the other he announces with gusto:

"Hey diddle, diddle,
The sax and the fiddle;
They're going to dance here 'til noon.
I'm tired as the dickens
With tossing the chickens,
And I'm going home pretty soon."

It is, perhaps, an encouraging fact that college newspapers greatly outnumber those devoted to what the editors conceive to be the lighter side of college life. As has been pointed out, practically every collegiate institution has its newspaper. Some of them are extremely circumscribed in their field and service. They are hardly more than bulletins of college announcements and the more conspicuous undergraduate events. Others are newspapers in the broader sense of the word and a few even encroach upon the field of the general newspaper and touch off-campus, national, and international events.

Judged by standards of good newspaper-making in any field, the best of these publications are surprisingly well done. Where they are issued in conjunction with courses in journalism, they have the benefit of the direction of the head of that department, who generally is a man of practical experience in the field of newspaper work. They command the services of some of the brightest and most alert students in the college, and the contributing staff is a large one.

These students are taught the fundamentals of good news writing, and their efforts, as a rule, are compelled to follow the book moves. Most editors of important newspapers know these same fundamentals, but often their time is so limited that they find it impossible to give their reporters and minor subordinates the benefit of their knowledge. As a result most reporters get their journalistic education in the school of hard knocks, and in the rush and hurry of making the paper a considerable amount of rough work gets into print.

Your teacher of journalism has a different problem. The first charge on his time is the teaching of fundamentals and good writing. Campus news is not likely to be handled under the pressure of the railway wreck, the crime mystery, or the political convention. There are no trains to catch and little competition. Consequently, as far as form is concerned, one gets the impression that the better college newspapers are as well written as perhaps the average of general newspapers. But because they adhere more rigidly to the set forms, they show less originality and the news is less interestingly presented.

It is perhaps natural, with the limitations of their field, that college newspapers avoid the high degree of departmentalization which has marked the development of the general newspaper press in recent years. There is no insistent demand from their clientele for a radio department when radio becomes a craze, for a movie department, a heart-throb department, a domestic-science department, and all the legion of departments which have arisen to plague the editor of the general newspaper. College newspapers generally confine themselves to the presentation of the general news of their colleges, an editorial page, and occasionally a "funny" column.

A few college newspapers have a limited Associated Press service from which they select the more important news of national and international significance.

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They also print local off-campus news. These publications may commonly be found in communities where the college is the leading interest and where local activities are likely to be related to the welfare of the institution. Under these circumstances the college newspaper may expect to look to the community as a whole for a part of its circulation and support. As a rule, however, it must depend upon the student body.

As might be expected, college sporting news receives a large amount of space and is not infrequently distinguished by departmental recognition. Important service is done the college by the publication of bulletins and faculty announcements. Recognition of religion as a factor in college life is shown by the inclusion of notices of church services in many of the college newspapers. Society items are sometimes given emphasis, and the activities of dramatic clubs and musical organizations are supported. The great mass of the news, however, has to do with general campus activities.

The editorial expression of college newspapers deals almost entirely with campus affairs. Of forty editorials in various publications, thirty-six related directly to college activities and only four could properly be classified as treating of off-campus events. Apparently the editors do not feel that world affairs come within the scope of their publications and look to other news mediums to present reports and discussions of what is going on outside the college walls. One editor, at least, expects his readers to depend upon other sources of information. The following editorial from the *Iowa State Student* states the case and was copied in other college publications:

"A common comment upon the college man is that he knows only what is going on within a radius of a few miles of the campus, and it is a criticism which is often somewhat warranted.

"Give a quiz on current news to a class of twenty average college students and a Supreme Court judge will usually be said to be everything from a bolshevist to the president of the American Legion.

"Most all college students read *The Student*, which carries campus news, but only a small number really read a metropolitan daily. The sport page, society, and comics get due consideration and the rest of the paper may or may not be hurriedly scanned. College men will soon be business men and a knowledge of current and recent events will be essential. Why wait until important present-day happenings are put in a volume of history to know about them? The sooner we learn what is going on in a world larger than the campus the better off we will be. Daily reading of daily newspapers, which are textbooks for the world, is one habit that should be acquired.

"In the meantime, Mr. Edison, please don't send out any questionnaires on current events."

To one studying the college newspaper press without any preconceived notions about it and without any theories to prove or disprove, it leaves several things to be desired. It has been said that as far as form in the handling of news is concerned, the college newspaper is often as well or better done than the general newspaper. But no matter how well done as to form, college newspapers give the impression of lack of inspiration. Here are publications which are issued by staffs of young men at the most emotional, enthusiastic, and impressionable time of their lives, and still the divine fire is not in them. The work of the editors and reporters reminds one of the tricks of trained animals in a circus who go through a number of complicated evolutions with surprising fidelity and accuracy, but apparently without having the vaguest conception of what it is all about. The greatest things in the world go on in the college campus—most wonderful and beautiful things—but they go on unseen, like Conan Doyle's fairies, for all the editors tell the readers about them in the college newspapers.

The college press reflects, too, an amazing lack of outside interest on the part of college men. One would not gather by reading it that by any possibility the great, wicked, throbbing, vital world lay just beyond the college gate. One would not guess that Apollyon was in wait around the corner from the college chapel. One would never know that some day the boss would register surprise when his newly acquired college assistant informed him

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that an *ad valorem* duty was a part of the Episcopal ritual. But as everybody knows —except possibly the undergraduate—all these things are true. It is no use blinking the fact that the world and the boss and the devil are just around the corner and that one can't keep sanctuary behind the college walls forever. The college press ought to keep these simple facts before the student mind. Then, perhaps, Mr. Edison would have less trouble with his questionnaires.

It may further be said that the college newspapers show too many evidences of the dead hand of the faculty. It has tended to make the newspaper editors a class of Round Heads, while the editors of the so-called humorous publications have been permitted to become the gay Cavaliers of college journalism. If the college newspapers have suffered from too much restraint, the humorous publications have, as it will appear, suffered from too little. An equalization of faculty effort might wisely be effected.

Thus we arrive at a consideration of the college "funny" publication, which can, no doubt, unless it is ashamed of its parenthood, trace its descent from the lighter aspects of the old college literary magazine. The old literary magazine was always respectable but not very smart. Its lineal heir is smart but not always respectable.

It would not be fair to the faculties to assume that they have not been trying to get the official thumb on this rollicking young newcomer in college life. The head of a Western university discouraged this type of publication altogether on the ground that "not enough funny things happen around a university to warrant it." In the Southwest the authorities of one of the State universities gave the staff of the university humorous publication the option of quitting the publication or the university. An issue on "Moral Reform" coming in rather close conjunction with one on "Free Love" was quite too much for the faculty to swallow. In the East several incipient Charles Danas and Lord Northcliffes returned to the privacy of their family firesides after the faculty had taken a good look at the burlesque edition of a very sedate and venerable newspaper of thereabouts. Not infrequently the news despatches tell of some new journalistic Armageddon of this sort. It is obviously no easy job for the faculties to determine where the liberties of this press leave off and where its license begins. Now and then one is cut down and withers, but others spring up. On the whole, their number is increasing.

There is a publication known as *College Humor* which is made up largely of reprints from college humorous publications and from undergraduate contributions. In one of its issues there appeared a short article on college humor by Carl Holliday, dean of the college of Arts and Sciences, University of Toledo, in which Dean Holliday concludes as follows:

"These, then, are some of the traits of college humor, as of American humor in general—incongruity, mutilated English, exaggeration, a demand for common sense standards of thought and action and morality. The joke-mill grinds busily on every university campus, and this is well; for when an individual, community, or nation ceases to be humorous, that nation, community, or individual is drifting toward the rocks of pessimism, hopelessness, and madness. Apparently American college students are in no present danger."

Probably there is no quarrel between Dean Holliday and his fellows in college faculties where the official thumb is down for the rollicking wits of the funny magazine. It isn't the humor they object to; it is the kind of humor.

College Humor lists more than sixty college humorous publications. The number varies from time to time. Many of them have quaint names such as *Frivol*, *Voo Doo*, *Royal Gaboon*, *The Purple Cow*, *Gargoyle*, *Maniac*, and the like. They are almost always attractively made up and printed. They look prosperous, affect well-calendered book paper and three and four color jobs on some of their illustrations. Advertisers seem to like them—or at least respect their potentialities against the non-space buyer.

Far more even than in the case of the college newspaper does the individuality of the editor determine the policies of these publications, though they, too, have a few traditions. Hence it happens that many of these publications go on in

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a reasonably staid course for years and make the deans of men no particular trouble. Then, of a sudden, there comes to the editorial chair some undergraduate of a Rabelaisian wit, and faculty action is required until a new régime swings the emphasis away from flesh, blood, and the devil. This condition needs to be recognized in an analysis of any particular magazine at any given time.

A study of the contents of several of the leading college humorous magazines supplies some data for comment and consideration. In the analysis the material has been roughly classified under the headings of items relating to girls, off-color items relating to girls, items relating to college and faculty, general items, frequency of the use of profanity and as to form of presentation. A summary follows:

Pitt Panther, University of Pittsburgh—Girl items: prose, 13; poetry, 9; illustrations, 1. Off-color girl items: prose, 5; illustrations, 2. College and faculty: prose, 2. General items: prose, 13; illustrations, 5. Profanity, 5 instances.

The Purple Cow, Williams College—Girl items: prose, 2; poems, 3; illustrations, 10. Off-color girl illustrations, 2. College and faculty: prose items, 1; poems, 1. General items: prose, 18; poems, 3; illustrations, 3. Profanity, 3 instances.

The Scalper (now *The Ranger*), University of Texas—Girl items: prose, 11; poetry, 1; illustrations, 3. Off-color girl items: prose, 4; illustrations, 6. Faculty and college: prose items, 4. General items: prose, 27; poetry, 1. Profanity, 4.

Yale Record, Yale University—Girl items: prose, 3; poetry, 3; illustrations, 3. Off-color girl items, none. College and faculty: prose, 10. General: prose, 17; poetry, 5; illustrations, 10. Profanity, 4.

Gargoyle, University of Michigan—Girl items: prose, 23; poetry, 7; illustrations, 8. College and faculty: prose, 18; illustrations, 5. General: prose, 27; poetry, 4; illustrations, 6.

The Lampoon, Harvard.—Girl items: prose, 3; poetry, 1; illustrations, 2. Off-color girl illustrations, 1. College and faculty: prose items, 4. General: prose, 9; poetry, 11; illustrations, 8. Profanity, 6 instances.

Voo Doo, Boston Tech.—Girl items: prose, 8; poetry, 3; illustrations, 6. Off-color girl illustrations, 1. College and faculty: prose items, 7; poetry, 4; illustrations, 2. General items: prose, 2; poetry, 1; illustrations, 5. Profanity, no instances.

Summarized, the result of the tabulation is as follows:

Girl items	123
Off-color girl items	21
College and faculty	63
General items	174

This investigation makes no pretense whatever of being a scientific study. It attempts only to indicate something of the trend of the undergraduate mind as indicated by 381 items taken from 7 fairly representative humorous magazines. The reader can take it for what it is worth.

A bard in *The Purple Cow* sings quite harmoniously of "Spring" after this manner:

> "The wood anemones are here.
> And have you seen the violets, dear?
> And dandelions in the grass?
> But surer signs are Spring St. benches,
> Where students sit to watch the wenches,
> And comment on them as they pass."

And so it seems from the reading of the college funny papers, that editors and contributors spend the greater part of their time in "watching wenches and commenting on them as they pass."

One makes no discussion whether or not this is as it ought to be. The fact alone is presented. The undergraduate mind finds a natural lack of material for the barbs of his wit. Not infrequently do the editors themselves complain of this limitation in their editorial leaders. It is hard to ring the changes on the seven original jokes within the limitation of campus experience. The college undergraduate is "in the world but not of it." Hence, it may be that he turns to girls as the topic of his wit where otherwise it might be the stock-market, iron and steel, golf, politics, foibles of the new preacher, the president of the chamber of commerce, or what not else. Beyond peradventure, and whatever the reason, he does turn to the girls.

In matters of observation and comment on current affairs, the editor or contributor to the college humorous publication does rather better than his brother of the college newspaper. Reference to general topics was found 174 times in the tabulation referred to out of 381. Not a few of the references show a keen insight into the sham and pretense of off-campus life. "The year has been one of pleasant tickling of the college funny-bone," remarks the editor of the Williams College *Purple Cow*, "yet we realize, too, that college life, especially in these modern days, cannot be made up of mere laughter and froth."

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"There comes a time," remarks the *Virginia Reel* of the University of Virginia, "when the college man has got to buck up against the world, and the more he knows about it the more chance he has to kick through. The college man of to-day is the man of affairs of to-morrow. It is his duty as well as his privilege to read newspapers intelligently."

All this is very trite and very true and is worth quoting only because it is a note so rarely struck in any type of college publication. The college humorous magazine usually does know that beyond the ivy-covered gate of the campus there is a world and he tells his readers something about it, even if the reports are only somewhat less reliable than the chronicles of the travels of Herodotus. Too often the college newspaper does not seem to know the world is out there at all.

There seems to be little definite policy and no very definite standards in the great majority of the humorous magazines. All is grist that comes to the mill. The advantage the newspaper receives from departments of English and journalism is lacking in the "funny" publication. One is encouraged, the other hardly tolerated.

Some of the verses in the humorous publications are excellent; most are very bad. The same is true of jokes and special articles. The average is low. Drawings are quite generally crude and often amazingly vulgar, even in a day when patrons of the legitimate stage applaud that which would have closed the burlesque houses a few years ago. Much of the material is openly plagiarized or thinly disguised. Decrepit jests that were apparently on their last legs a generation ago limp through the pages, and, one assumes, the undergraduates still laugh.

"'My curiosity is running away with me,' the farmer remarked as his two-headed calf dragged him across the field," is better than a passing jest, until, based on his experience with other jokes from college "funny" papers, the reader begins to wonder whether, after all, this is not also one known of old time.

From such a very good nonsense poem as "The Bunkum" he can get his chuckles with more safety. Who could plagiarize—

"'Upon his gold-incrusted throne
The Bunkum sat, the Bunkum sat,
And chewed his thumbs and shook his hair—
Just think, just think of that.

'Go saddle me my trusty Ford,'
The Bunkum cried, the Bunkum cried,
And every courtier and lord
Sha-shook, sha-shook inside."

And so on for many stanzas.

Critics ought to remember, however, that college humor is written by college undergraduates for college undergraduates. If they like it—and the tenacity and expectation of life of the humorous publications would seem to indicate that they do—that question is answered on the principle of the well-known hotel which advises its employees that the guest is always right. What the critic does have a right to inquire into is the moral tone of these publications.

It might be a possible thing to prove a case by concrete illustration, though where bounds of morality and propriety leave off and those of immorality and impropriety begin is a debatable subject in these days. Assuredly it is a shifting frontier. Whether sex is any more of a stimulus to certain social reactions than it ever was, it certainly is more frankly discussed. There are changing standards in the family relation, in religion, in the ethics of business. Not a few college presidents in their baccalaureates at the commencement season consider with alarm and concern the manifestations of a changing world. Old idols are pulled down overnight and new ones set up in their places. We are mid-channel with rapids or still water ahead. Who knows?

Despite its isolation from the world, the college feels this change and the undergraduates know it. The tendency of youth is to reflect and magnify like a convex mirror. Hence, it would not be surprising if the college humorous publications—more of a free agent always than the college newspaper—were to throw back to the world its own image, exaggerated and distorted, perhaps, but none the less its own image.

And that is about what happens. Is the college publication cynical? So is the world. Is it flippant? So is the world. Is it a little cheap and vulgar and rather offensively dull? So is the wit of

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the times. Does it overemphasize sex? Society can hardly put its tongue in its cheek. Do its editors believe the modern classics are typified by what the world classes as best sellers?

The college humorous press does many disheartening and regrettable things. It is hard for the mature mind to see much place for it. But in all fairness it ought to be considered in relation with the times. If it go to extremes, that is natural if not defensible. If the times change, it will change also. It reflects a phase of college life just as that phase of college life reflects a phase of general social conditions.

To judge college life at all intelligently by its journalism is a problem. Estimated by its newspapers, college morale is quite too good to be true. Estimated by its humorous publications, it is so extreme as to be disturbing. The truth is somewhere between the two.

Making the necessary corrections for these two positions and recognizing that the college generally lacks any intermediate types of journalism, the soundest conclusion seems to be that college journalism does not indicate any serious degeneration of standards in college men—certainly not that they are affected by the *Sturm und Drang* of the present social period to a greater degree than are those who are not college men. If the humorous publication goes to an extreme of unrestraint, the newspaper emphasizes a seriousness and sound thoughtfulness none too commonly found among those outside educational institutions these days.

All the world needs a bracing in morale. We are just beginning to swing up from the low point of the arc. As we go on, college journalism will have a different story to tell. To-day it is about what one would expect it to be in view of current social conditions. One may presume to say that it hardly becomes society to be too critical.

Boy Reading

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

Beside the curving level of a brook
A jealous maple spreads her thickest leaves
To shield a boy that pores upon a book,
As in a cloister whose low-hanging eaves
Protect the ruminations of a sage.
  Silent, absorbed, with moving eyes
  But moveless else, the urchin lies
  Imprisoned in his paradise,
    His elbow on the page.

The winds are sleeping in a noontide trance;
The robins warble in an undertone,
Like rivers in the kingdom of romance
Where the boy roams—alone yet not alone.
Let no voice break the magic of his mood;
  For Nature in that stolen hour
  Pours in his mind her richest dower,—
  Source of all wisdom, vision, power—
    The Gift of Solitude.

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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

IX

ROUT AT MRS. MAGUSSIE'S

THERE are routs social, political, propagandic; and routs like Mrs. Magussie's. In one, of Anglo-American birth, inexhaustible wealth, unimpeachable widowhood, and catholic taste, the word hostess had found its highest expression. People might die, marry, and be born with impunity so long as they met, preferably in her house, one of the largest in Mayfair. If she called in a doctor, it was to meet another doctor. If she went to church, it was to get Canon Forest to meet Dean Kemble at lunch afterward. Her cards of invitation had the words: "To meet" printed on them; and she never put "me." She was selfless. Once in a way she had a real rout, because once in a way a personality was available, whose name everybody, from poets to prelates, must know. In her intimate belief people loved to meet anybody sufficiently distinguished; and this was where she succeeded, because almost without exception they did. Her two husbands had 'passed on,' having met in their time nearly everybody. They had both been distinguished, and had first met in her house; and she would never have a third; Society was losing its landmarks, and she was too occupied. People were inclined to smile at mention of Bella Magussie, and yet, how do without one who performed the function of cement? Without her, bishops could not place their cheeks by the jowls of ballet girls, or those of Home Secretaries be fertilized by the minds of disorderly dramatists. Except in her house, the diggers-up of old civilizations in Beluchistan never encountered the levellers of modern civilization in London. Nor was there any chance for lights of the Palace to meet those lights of the Halls—Madame Nemesia and Top Nobby. Nowhere else could a Russian dancer go in to supper with Sir Walter Peddel, M.D.; F.R.S.T.R.; P.M.V.S.; R.I.P. Even he who had the finest collection of ducks' eggs in first-class cricket was not without a chance of wringing the hand of the great Indian economist Sir Banerjee Bath Babore. Mrs. Magussie's, in fine, was a house of chief consequence; and her long face, as of the guardian of some first principle, moving above the waters of celebrity, was wrinkled in a great cause. To meet or not to meet? She had answered the question for good and all.

The "met" or "meetee" for her opening rout in 1925 was the great Italian violinist Luigi Sporza, who had just completed his remarkable tour of the world, having in half the time played more often than any two previous musicians. The prodigious feat had been noted in the Press of all countries with every circumstance—the five violins he had tired out, the invitation he had received to preside over a South American Republic, the special steamer he had chartered to keep an engagement in North America, and his fainting fit in Moscow after the Beethoven and Brahms concertos, the Bach chaconne, and seventeen encores. During the lingering year of his great effort, his fame had been established. As an artist he had been known to a few, as an athlete he was now known to all.

Michael and Fleur, passing up the centre stairway, saw a man, 'not 'alf like a bull' as Michael muttered, whose hand people were seizing one after the other, to move away with a look of pain.

"Only Italy can produce men like that," said Michael in Fleur's ear. "Give him the go-by. He'll hurt you."

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But Fleur moved forward.

"Made of sterner stuff," murmured Michael. It was not the part of his beloved to miss the hand of celebrity, however horny! No portion of her charming face quivered as the great athlete's grip closed on hers, and his eyes, like those of a tired minotaur, traversed her supple body with a gleam of interest.

'Hulking brute!' thought Michael, disentangling his own grasp, and drifting with her over shining space. Since yesterday's ordeal and its subsequent spring-running, he had kept his unacceptable misgivings to himself; he did not even know whether, at this rout, she was deliberately putting their position to the test, or merely, without forethought, indulging her liking to be in the swim. And what a swim! In that great pillared *salon*, Members of Parliament, poets, musicians, very dry in the smile, as who should say: 'I could have done it better,' or 'Imagine doing that!' peers, physicians, dancers, painters, Labor Leaders, cricketers, lawyers, critics, ladies of fashion, and ladies who 'couldn't bear it' —every mortal person that Michael knew or didn't know, seemed present. He watched Fleur's eyes quartering them, busy as bees beneath the white lids he had kissed last night. He envied her that social curiosity; to live in London without it was like being at the sea without bathing. She was quietly—he could tell—making up her mind whom she wanted to speak to among those she knew, and whom, among those she didn't yet, she wanted to speak to her. 'I hope to God she's not in for a snubbing,' he thought, and as soon as she was engaged in talk, he slipped toward a pillar. A small voice behind him said: "Well, young Mont!" Mr. Blythe, looking like a Dover sole above Kew Bridge, was squeezed against the same pillar, his eyes goggling timorously above his beard.

"Stick to me!" he said: "These bees are too bee busy."

"Were you in Court yesterday?" asked Michael.

"No; one read about it. You did well."

"She did better."

"H'm!" said Mr. Blythe. "By the way, *The Evening Sun* was at us again this afternoon. They compared us to kittens playing with their tails. It's time for your second barrel, Mont."

"I thought—on the agricultural estimates."

"Good! Governmental purchase and control of wheat. Stress use of the present machinery. No more officials than are absolutely necessary."

"Blythe," said Michael suddenly, "where were you born?"

"Lincolnshire."

"You're English, then?"

"Pure," said Mr. Blythe.

"So am I; so's old Foggart—I looked him up in the Stud-book. It's lucky, because we shall certainly be assailed for lack of patriotism."

"We *are*," said Mr. Blythe. "'People who can see no good in their own country. . . . Birds who foul their own nest. . . . Gentry never happy unless running England down in the eyes of the world. . . . Calamity-mongers . . . pessimists . . .' You don't mind that sort of gap, I hope?"

"Unfortunately," said Michael, "I do; it hurts me inside. It's so damned unjust. I simply can't bear the idea of England's being in a fix."

Mr. Blythe's eyes rolled.

"She's bee well not going to be, if we can help it."

"If only I amounted to something," said Michael: "But I always feel as if I could creep into one of my back teeth."

"Have it crowned. What you want is brass, Mont. And talking of brass: there's your late adversary! *She's* got it all right. Look at her!"

Michael saw Marjorie Ferrar moving away from the great Italian, in not too much of a sea-green gown, with her red-gold head held high. She came to a stand a small room's length from Fleur, and swept her eyes this way and that. Evidently she had taken up that position in deliberate challenge.

"I must go to Fleur."

"So must I," said Mr. Blythe, and Michael gave him a grateful look.

And now it would have been so interesting to one less interested than Michael. The long, the tapering nose of Society could be seen to twitch, move delicately upward, and, like the trunk of some wild elephant scenting man, writhe and snout this way and that, catching the whiff of

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sensation. Lips were smiling and moving closer to ears; eyes turning from that standing figure to the other; little reflective frowns appeared on foreheads, as if, beneath cropped and scented scalps, brains were trying to make choice. And Marjorie Ferrar stood smiling and composed; and Fleur talked and twisted the flower in her hand; and both went on looking their best. So began a battle without sign of war declared, without even seeming recognition of each other's presence. Mr. Blythe, indeed, stood pat between the two of them. Bulky and tall, he was an effective screen. But Michael, on the other side of her, could see and grimly follow. The Nose was taking time to apprehend the full of the aroma; the Brain to make its choice. Tide seemed at balance, not moving in or out. And then, with the slow implacability of tides, the water moved away from Fleur and lapped round her rival. Michael chattered, Mr. Blythe goggled, using the impersonal pronoun with a sort of passion; Fleur smiled, talked, twisted the flower. And, over there, Marjorie Ferrar seemed to hold a little Court. Did people admire, commiserate, approve of, or sympathize with her? Or did they disapprove of himself and Fleur? Or was it just that the 'Pet of the Panjoys' was always the more sensational figure? Michael watched Fleur growing paler, her smile more nervous, the twitching of the flower spasmodic. And he dared not suggest going; for she would see in it an admission of defeat. But on the faces, turned their way, the expression became more and more informative. Sir James Foskisson had done his job too well; he had slavered his clients with his own self-righteousness. Better the confessed libertine than those who brought her to judgment! And Michael thought: 'Dashed natural, after all! Why didn't the fellow take my tip, and let us pay and look pleasant?'

And just then close to the great Italian he caught sight of a tall young man with his hair brushed back, who was looking at his fingers. By George! It was Bertie Curfew! And there, behind him, waiting for his turn 'to meet,' who but MacGown himself! The humor of the gods had run amuck! Head in air, soothing his mangled fingers, Bertie Curfew passed them, and strayed into the group around his former flame. Her greeting of him was elaborately casual. But up went the tapering Nose, for here came MacGown! How the fellow had changed—grim, grayish, bitter! He, too, stepped into that throng. Did he know? Did he realize Curfew?

A queer silence then was followed by a burst of speech and Michael watched the dissolution. By twos and threes they trickled off, and there were MacGown and his betrothed standing alone. Michael turned to Fleur.

"Let's go."

Silence reigned in their homeing cab. He had chattered himself out on the field of battle, and must wait for fresh supplies of camouflage. But he slipped his hand along till it found hers, which did not return his pressure. The card he used to play at times of stress—the eleventh baronet—had failed for the last three months; she seemed of late to resent his introduction as a remedy. He followed her into the dining-room, sore at heart, bewildered in mind. He had never seen her look so pretty as in that oyster-colored frock, very straight and simply made, with a swing out above the ankles. She sat down at the narrow dining-table, and he seated himself opposite, with the costive feeling of one who cannot find words that will ring true. For social discomfiture he didn't care a tinker's curse, himself; but she——!

And suddenly she said:

"And you don't mind a bit?"

"For myself—no, darling."

"Yes, you've still got your Foggartism and your Bethnal Green."

"If *you* care, Fleur, I care a lot."

"*If* I care!"

"How—exactly?"

"I'd rather not increase your feeling that I'm a snob."

"I never had any such feeling."

"Michael!"

"Hadn't you better say what you mean by the word?"

"You know perfectly well."

"I know that you appreciate having people about you, and like them to think well of you. That isn't being a snob."

"Yes; you're very kind, but you don't admire it."

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"I admire *you*."

"You mean, desire me. You admire Norah Curfew."

"Norah Curfew! For all I care, she might snuff out to-morrow."

And from her face he had the feeling that she believed him.

"If it isn't her, it's what she stands for —all that I'm not."

"I admire a lot in you," said Michael, fervently: "your intelligence, your *flair;* I admire you with Kit and your father; your pluck; and the way you put up with me."

"No, I admire you much more than you admire me. Only, you see, I'm not capable of devotion."

"What about Kit?"

"I'm devoted to myself—that's all."

He reached across the table and touched her hand.

"Morbid, darling."

"No. I see too clearly to be morbid."

She was leaning back, and her throat, very white and round, gleamed in the alabaster-shaded light; little choky movements were occurring there.

"Michael, I want you to take me round the world."

"And leave Kit?"

"He's too young to mind. Besides, my mother would look after him."

If she had got as far as that, this was a deliberate desire!

"But, your father——"

"He's not really old yet, and he'd have Kit."

"When we rise in August, perhaps ——"

"No, now."

"It's only five months to wait. We'd have time in the vacation to do a lot of travelling."

Fleur looked straight at him.

"I knew you cared more for Foggartism now than for me."

"Be reasonable, Fleur."

"For five months—with the feeling I've got here!" she put her hand to her breast. "I've had six months of it already. You don't realize, I suppose, that I'm down and out?"

"But, Fleur, it's all so——"

"Yes, it's always petty to mind being a dead failure, isn't it?"

"But, my child——"

"Oh! If you can't feel it——!"

"I can—I felt wild this evening. But all you've got to do is to let them see that you don't care; and they'll come buzzing round again like flies. It would be running away, Fleur."

"No," said Fleur, coldly, "it's not that —I don't try twice for the same prize. Very well, I'll stay and be laughed at."

Michael got up.

"I know you don't think there's anything to my job. But there is, Fleur, and I've put my hand to it. Oh! don't look like that. Dash it! This is dreadful!"

"I suppose I could go by myself. That would be more thrilling."

"Absurd! Of course you couldn't! You're seeing blue to-night, darling. It'll all seem different to-morrow."

"To-morrow and to-morrow! No, Michael, mortification has set in, my funeral can take place any day you like!"

Michael's hands went up. She meant what she was saying! To realize, he must remember how much store she had set on her powers as hostess; how she had worked for her collection and shone among it! Her house of cards all pulled about her ears! Cruel! But would going round the world help her? Yes! Her instinct was quite right. He had been round the world himself, nothing else would change her values in quite that way; nothing else would so guarantee oblivion in others and herself! Lippinghall, her father's, the sea for the five months till vacation came—they wouldn't meet her case! She needed what would give her back importance. And yet, how could he go, till the vacation? Foggartism—that lean and lonely plant—unwatered and without its only gardener, would wither to its roots, if, indeed, it had any. There was some movement in it now, interest here and there—this Member and that was pecking at it. Private efforts in the same direction were gathering way. And time was going on—Big Ben had called no truce; unemployment swelling, trade dawdling, industrial trouble brewing—brewing, hope losing patience! And what would old Blythe say to his desertion now?

"Give me a week," he muttered: "It's not easy. I must think it over."

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X

THE NEW LEAF

When MacGown came up to her, Marjorie Ferrar thought: 'Does he know about Bertie?' Fresh from her triumph over 'that little snob,' fluttered by the sudden appearance of her past, and confronted with her present, she was not in complete possession of her head. When they had moved away into an empty side room, she faced him.

"Well, Alec, nothing's changed. I still have a past as lurid as yesterday. I'm extremely sorry I ever kept it from you. But I did practically tell you, several times; only you wouldn't take it."

"Because it was hell to me. Tell me everything, Marjorie!"

"You want to revel in it?"

"Tell me everything, and I'll marry you still."

She shook her head. "Marry! Oh! no! I don't go out of my depth any more. It was absurd anyway. I never loved you, Alec."

"Then you loved that—you still——"

"My dear Alec, enough!"

He put his hands to his head. And she was touched by genuine compassion.

"I'm awfully sorry, I really am. You've got to cut me out; that's all."

She had turned to leave him, but the misery in his face stopped her. She had not quite realized. He was burnt up! He was—! And she said quickly:

"Marry you I won't; but I'd like to pay up, if I could——"

He looked at her.

Quivering all over from that look, she shrugged her shoulders, and walked away. Men of an old fashion! Her own fault for stepping outside the charmed circle that took nothing too seriously. She walked over the shining floor, conscious of many eyes, slipped past her hostess, and soon was in a cab.

She lay awake, thinking. Even without announcement the return of presents would set London by the ears and bring on her again an avalanche of bills. Five thousand pounds! She got up and rummaged out the list, duplicate of that which Alec had. He might still want to pay them! After all, it was he who had spilled the ink by making her go into Court! But then his eyes came haunting her. Out of the question! And, shivering a little, she got back into bed. Perhaps she would have a brain-wave in the morning. She had so many in the night, that she could not sleep. Moscow with Bertie Curfew? The stage? America and the 'movies'? All three. She slept at last, and woke languid and pale. With her letters was one from Shropshire House.

"Dear Marjorie,—If you've nothing better to do, I should like to see you this morning.—Affectionately,

Shropshire."

What now? She looked at herself in the glass, and decided that she must *make* up a little. At eleven o'clock she was at Shropshire House. The marquess was in his workroom at the top, among a small forest of contraptions. With coat off, he was peering through a magnifying-glass at what looked like nothing.

"Sit down, Marjorie," he said; "I'll have done in a minute."

Except the floor, there seemed nowhere to sit, so she remained standing.

"I thought so," said the marquess; "the Italians are wrong."

He put the spy-glass down, ran his hand through his silvery hair, and drew his ruffled beard into a peak. Then, taking an eyebrow between finger and thumb, he gave it an upward twist, and scratched himself behind one ear.

"They're wrong; there's no reaction whatever."

Turning toward his granddaughter, he screwed up his eyes till they were bright as pins. "You've never been up here before. Sit in the window."

She seated herself on a broad window-ledge covering some sort of battery, with her back to the light.

"So you brought that case, Marjorie?"

"I had to."

"Now, why?" He was standing with his head a little to one side, his cheeks very pink, and his eyes very shrewd. And she thought: 'After all, I'm his granddaughter. I'll plunge.'

"Common honesty, if you want to know."

The marquess pouted, as if trying to understand the words.

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"I read your evidence," he said, "if you mean that."

"No. I meant that I wanted to find out where I stood."

"And did you?"

"Very much so."

"Are you still going to be married?"

Really, he was a spry old boy!

"No."

"Whose doing? Yours or his?"

"He still says he'll marry me if I tell him everything. But I don't choose."

The marquess moved two steps, placed his foot on a box, and assumed his favorite attitude. He had a red silk tie this morning which floated loose; his tweed trousers were of a blue-green, his shirt of a green-blue. He looked wonderfully bright.

"Is there much to tell?"

"A good deal."

"Well, Marjorie, you know what I said to you."

"Yes, Grandfather, but I don't quite see it. *I* don't want to stand for anything."

"Ah! you're an exception in our class—luckily! But it's the exceptions that do the harm."

"If people took one as any better than themselves, perhaps. But they don't nowadays."

"Not quite honest, that," interrupted the marquess; "what about the feeling in your bones?"

She smiled.

"It's good to mortify oneself, Grandfather."

"By having a better time than you ought, um? So your marriage is off?"

"Very much so."

"Are you in debt?"

"Yes."

"How much do you owe?"

Marjorie Ferrar hesitated. Should she compromise, or blurt it out?

"No heel-taps, Marjorie."

"Well, then, five thousand about."

The old peer screwed up his lips, and a melancholy little whistle escaped.

"A good deal of it, of course, is due to my engagement."

"Your father won a race the other day, I see."

The old boy knew everything!

"Yes; but I believe it's all gone."

"It would be," said the marquess. "What are you going to do now?"

She had a strong desire to answer: "What are you?" but restrained it, and said:

"I thought of going on the stage."

"Well, I suppose that might be suitable. Can you act?"

"I'm not a Duse."

"Duse?" The marquess shook his head. "One must go back to Ristori for really great acting. Duse! Very talented, of course, but always the same. So you don't choose to marry him now?" He looked at her intently: "That, I think, is right. Have you a list of your debts?"

Marjorie Ferrar rummaged in her vanity bag. "Here it is."

She could see his nose wrinkling above it, but whether at its scent, or its contents, she could not tell.

"Your grandmother," he said, "spent about a fifth of what you seem to on about five times the acreage of clothes. You wear nothing nowadays, and yet it costs all this."

"The less there is, Grandfather, the better it has to be cut, you know."

"Have you sent your presents back?"

"I've packed them."

"They must all go," said the marquess: "Keep nothing he or any one else gave you."

"Of course not."

"To frank you," he said, suddenly, "I should have to sell the Gainsborough."

"Oh, no!"

Gainsborough's picture of his own grandmother as a little girl—that beautiful thing! She stretched out her hand for the list. Still holding it, he put his foot to the ground, and stood peering at her with his bright, intent old eyes.

"The question is, Marjorie, how far it's possible to strike a bargain with you. Have you a 'word' to keep?"

She felt the blood mounting in her cheeks.

"I think so. It depends on what I've got to promise. But, Grandfather, I don't *want* you to sell the Gainsborough."

"Unfortunately," said the marquess, "without doing your Uncle Dangerfield in the eye, I've nothing else. It's been my fault, I suppose, for having had expensive

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children. Other people don't seem to have had them to the same degree."

She stifled a smile.

"Times are hard," went on the marquess: "Land costs money, collieries cost money, Shropshire House costs money; and where's the money? I've got an invention here that ought to make my fortune, but nobody will look at it."

The poor old boy—at his age! She said with a sigh:

"I really didn't mean to bother you with this, Grandfather. I'll manage somehow."

The old peer took several somewhat hampered steps, and she noticed that his red slippers were heelless. He halted, a wonderfully bright spot among the contraptions.

"To come back to what we were saying, Marjorie. If your idea of life is simply to have a good time, how can you promise anything?"

"What do you want me to promise?"

He came and stood before her again, short and a little bent.

"You look as if you had stuff in you, too, with your hair. Do you really think you could earn your living?"

"I believe I can; I know a lot of people."

"If I clear you, will you give me your word to pay ready money in future? Now don't say 'Yes,' and go out and order yourself a lot of fallals. I want the word of a lady, if you understand what that implies."

She stood up.

"I suppose you've every right to say that. But I don't want you to clear me if you have to sell the Gainsborough."

"You must leave that to me. I might manage, perhaps, to scrape it up without. About that promise?"

"Yes; I promise that."

"Meaning to keep it?"

"Meaning to keep it."

"Well, that's something."

"Anything else, Grandfather?"

"I should have liked to ask you not to cheapen our name any more, but I suppose that would be putting the clock back. The spirit of the age is against me."

Turning from his face, she stood looking out of the window. The spirit of the age! It was all very well, but he didn't understand what it was. Cheapen? Why! she had *raised* the price of the family name; hoicked it out of a dusty cupboard, and made of it current coin. People sat up when they read of her. Did they sit up when they read of Grandfather? But he would never see it! And she murmured:

"All right, dear, I'll be careful. I think I shall go to America."

His eyes twinkled.

"And start a fashion of marrying American husbands? It's not yet been done, I believe. Get one who's interested in electricity and bring him over. There are great things for an American to do here. Well, I'll keep this list and work it off somehow. Just one thing, Marjorie, I'm eighty and you're—what are you?—twenty-five. Don't get through life so fast—you'll be dreadfully bored by the time you're fifty, and there's no greater bore than a bored person. Good-by!" He held out his hand.

She took a long breath. Free!

And, seizing his hand, she put it to her lips. Oh! He was gazing at it—oh! Had her lips come off? And she hurried out. The old boy! He was a darling to have kept that list! A new leaf! She would go at once to Bertie Curfew and get him to turn it over for her! The expression in his eye last night!

XI

OVER THE WINDMILL

DURING his period of indecision Michael struck no attitudes, and used practically no words; the thing was too serious. Perhaps Kit would change Fleur's mood, or she would see other disadvantages, such as her father. The complete cessation, however, of any social behavior on her part—no invitation issued, or received, no function attended, or even discussed, during that rather terrible week proved that the iron had really seared her spirit. She was not sulky, but she was mum and listless. And she was always watching him, with a wistful expression on her face, and now and then a resentful look, as if she had made up her mind that he was going to refuse. He could consult no one, too, for to any who had not lived through this long episode Fleur's attitude

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would seem incomprehensible, even ridiculous. He could not give her away; could not even go to old Blythe until he had decided. Complicating his mental conflict was the habitual doubt whether he was really essential to Foggartism. If only his head would swell! He had not even the comfort of feeling that a sturdy negative would impress Fleur; she thought his job a stunt, useful to make him conspicuous, but of no real importance to the country. She had the political cynicism of the woman in the street; only what threatened property or Kit would really ruffle her! He knew that his dilemma was comic. The future of England against the present of a young woman socially snubbed! But, after all, only Sir James Foggart and old Blythe so far seriously connected Foggartism with the future of England; and if, now, he went off round the world, even they would lose their faith.

On the last morning of that week, Michael, still in doubt, crossed Westminster Bridge and sought the heart of the Surrey side. It was unfamiliar, and he walked with interest. Here, he remembered, the Bickets had lived; the Bickets, who had failed, and apparently were failing in Australia, too. Street after mean street! Breeding-ground of Bickets! Catch them early, catch them often, catch them before they were Bickets, spoiled for the land; make them men and women of property, give them air and give them sun—the most decent folk in the world, give them a chance! Ugly houses, ugly shops, ugly pubs! No, that wouldn't do! Keep Beauty out of it; Beauty never went down in 'the House'! No sentiment went down! At least, only such as was understood—'British stock,' 'Patriotism,' 'Empire,' 'Moral Fibre.' Thews and productive power—stick to the clichés! He stood listening outside a school to the dull hum of education. The English breed, with its pluck and its sense of humor and its patience, all mewed up in mean streets!

He had a sudden longing for the country. His motor-cycle! Since taking his seat in Parliament he had not been on a machine so inclined to bump his dignity. But he would have it out now, and go for a run; it might shake him into a decision!

Fleur was not in, and no lunch ordered. So he ate some ham, and by two o'clock had started.

With spit and bluster he ran out along the road past Chiswick, Slough, and Maidenhead; crossed the river and sputtered toward Reading. At Caversham he crossed again, and ran on to Pangbourne. By the towing path he tipped his machine into some bushes and sat down to smoke a pipe. Quite windless! The river between the bare poplars had a gray, untroubled look; the catkins were forming on the willows. He plucked a twig, and stirred it round the bowl of his pipe before pressing in tobacco. The shaking had done him good; his mind was working freely. The war! One had no hesitations then; but then—one had no Fleur. That, too, was a clear, a simple issue. But now, beyond this 'to stay or not to stay,' Michael seemed seeing the future of his married life. The decision that he made would affect what might last another fifty years. To put your hand to the plough, and at the first request to take it off again! You might be ploughing crooked, and by twilight; but better plough by dim light than no light; a crooked furrow than none at all! Foggartism was the best course he could see, and he must stick to it! The future of England! A blackbird, close by, chuckled. Quite so! But, as old Blythe said, one must stand up to laughter! Oh! Surely Fleur would see in the long run that he couldn't play fast and loose; see that if she wanted him to remain in Parliament—and she did—he must hang on to the line he had taken up, however it amused the blackbirds. She wouldn't like him to sink to the nonentity of a turn-tail. For after all she was his wife, and with his self-respect her own was bound up.

He watched the smoke from his pipe, and the low gray clouds; the white-faced Herefords grazing beyond the river; he watched a man fishing with a worm. He took up the twig and twirled it, admiring the yellowish-gray velvet of its budding catkins. He felt quiet in the heart at last, but very sorry. How make up to Fleur? Beside this river, not two miles away, he had courted—queer word—if not won her! And now they had come to

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this snag. Well, it was up to her now, whether or no they should come to grief on it. And it seemed to him suddenly that he would like to tell "Old Forsyte." . . .

When he heard the sputter of Michael's motor-cycle, Soames was engaged in hanging the Fred Walker he had bought, at the emporium next to Messrs. Settle-white and Stark, memorializing his freedom from the worry of that case, and soothing his itch for the British School. Fred Walker! The fellow was old-fashioned; he and Mason had been succeeded by a dozen movements. But, like old fiddles, with the same agreeable glow—there they were, very good curiosities, such as would always command a price.

Having detached a Courbet, early and about ripe, he was standing in his shirt-sleeves, with a coil of wire in his hand, when Michael entered.

"Where have you sprung from?" he said, surprised.

"I happened to be passing, sir, on my old bike. I see you've kept your word about the English School."

Soames attached the wire.

"I shan't be happy," he said, "till I've got an old Crome—best of the English landscapists."

"Awfully rare, isn't he, old Crome?"

"Yes, that's why I want him."

The smile on Michael's face, as if he were thinking: 'You mean that's why you consider him the best,' was lost on Soames giving the wire a final twist.

"I haven't seen your pictures for a long time, sir. Can I look round?"

Observing him sidelong, Soames remembered his appearance there one summer Sunday, after he had first seen Fleur in that gallery off Cork Street. Only four years? It seemed an age! The young fellow had worn better than one had hoped; looked a good deal older, too, less flighty; an amiable chap, considering his upbringing, and that war! And suddenly he perceived that Michael was engaged in observing him. Wanted something, no doubt—wouldn't have come down for nothing! He tried to remember when anybody had come to see him without wanting something; but could not. It was natural!

"Are you looking for a picture to go with that Fragonard?" he said. "There's a Chardin in the corner."

"No, no, sir; you've been much too generous to us already."

Generous! How could one be generous to one's only daughter?

"How is Fleur?"

"I wanted to tell you. She's feeling awfully restless."

Soames looked out of the window. The spring was late!

"She oughtn't to be, with that case out of the way."

"That's just it, sir."

Soames gimleted the young man's face. "I don't follow you."

"We're being cold-shouldered."

"How? You won."

"Yes, but you see, people resent moral superiority."

"What's that? Who—?" Moral superiority—he resented it himself.

"Foskisson, you know; we're tarred with his brush. I told you I was afraid of it. It's the being laughed at Fleur feels so bitterly."

"Laughed at? Who has the impudence——?"

"To attack modern morality was a good stunt, sir, with the judge and the jury, and any one professionally pompous; but it makes one ridiculous nowadays in Society. You know, when everybody prides himself on lack of prejudice."

"Society!"

"Yes, sir; but it's what we live in. *I* don't mind, got used to it over Foggartism; but Fleur's miserable. It's natural, if you think of it—Society's her game."

"She ought to have more strength of mind," said Soames. But he was gravely perturbed. First she'd been looked on as a snob, and now there was this!

"What with the German actor hanging himself at Lippinghall," Michael went on, "and my Foggartism, and this Ferrar rumpus, our pitch is badly queered. We've had a wretched week of it since the case. Fleur feels so out of her plate that she wants me to take her round the world."

A bomb bursting on the dovecot down there could not have been more startling. Round the world! He heard Michael murmuring on:

"She's quite right, too. It might be

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the very best thing for her; but I simply can't leave my job until the long vacation. I've taken up this thing, and I must stick to it while Parliament's sitting."

Sitting! As if it were a hen, addling its precious eggs! Round the world!

But Michael ran on:

"It's only to-day I've quite decided. I should feel like a deserter and that wouldn't be good for either of us in the long run. But she doesn't know yet."

For Soames the dovecot was solidifying again, now that he knew Michael was not going to take her away for goodness knew how long!

"Round the world!" he said. "Why not—er—Pontresina?"

"I think," answered Michael, slowly, like a doctor diagnosing, "that she wants something dramatic. Round the world at twenty-three! She feels somehow that she's lost caste."

"How can she think of leaving that little chap?"

"Yes, that shows it's pretty desperate with her. I wish to goodness I *could* go."

Soames stared. The young fellow wasn't expecting him to do anything about it, was he? Round the world? A crazy notion!

"I must see her," he said. "Can you leave that thing of yours in the garage and come up with me in the car? I'll be ready in twenty minutes. You'll find tea going down-stairs."

Left alone with the Fred Walker still unhung, Soames gazed at his pictures. He saw them with an added clarity, a more penetrating glance, a sort of ache in his heart, as if— Well! A good lot they were, better than he had thought, of late! —*She* had gone in for collecting people! And now she'd lost her collection. Poor little thing! All nonsense, of course—as if there were any satisfaction in people. Suppose he took her up that Chardin? It was a good Chardin. Dumetrius had done him over the price, but not too much. And, before Chardin was finished with, he would do Dumetrius. Still—if it would give her any pleasure! He unhooked the picture, and, carrying it under his arm, went down-stairs.

Beyond certain allusions to the characteristics of the eleventh baronet, and the regrettable tendencies of the police to compel slow travelling over the new cut constructed to speed up traffic, little was said in the car. They arrived in South Square about six o'clock. Fleur had not been in since lunch, and they sat down uneasily to wait for her. The Dandie, having descended to look for strange legs, had almost immediately ascended again, and the house was very quiet. Michael was continually looking at his watch.

"Where do you think she's got to?" said Soames at last.

"Haven't an idea, sir; that's the worst of London, it swallows people up."

He had begun to fidget; Soames, who also wanted to fidget, was thinking of saying: "Don't!" when from the window Michael cried:

"Here she is!" and went quickly to the door.

Soames sat on, with the Chardin resting against the chair.

They were a long time out there. Minute after minute passed, and still they did not come.

At last Michael reappeared. He looked exceedingly grave.

"She's in her little room up-stairs, sir. I'm afraid it's upset her awfully. Perhaps you wouldn't mind going up."

Soames grasped the Chardin.

"Let's see, that's the first door on the left, isn't it?" He mounted slowly, his mind blank, and without waiting for her to answer his mild knock, went in.

Fleur was sitting at the satinwood bureau, with her face buried on her arms. Her hair, again in its more natural 'bob,' gleamed lustrously under the light. She seemed unconscious of his entry. This sight of private life affected Soames, unaccustomed to give or receive undefended glimpses of self, and he stood, uncertain. Had he the right to surprise her, with her ears muffled like that, and her feelings all upset? He would have gone out and come in again, but he was too concerned. And, moving to her side, he put his finger on her shoulder, and said:

"Tired, my child?"

Her face came round—queer, creased, not like her face. Soames spoke the phrase of childhood:

"See what I've brought you!" He raised the Chardin; she gave it just a glance, and he felt hurt. After all, it was

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worth some hundreds of pounds! Very pale, she had crossed her arms on her chest, as if shutting herself up. He recognized the symptom. A spiritual crisis! The sort of thing his whole life had been passed in regarding as extravagant; like a case of appendicitis that must be operated at once.

"Michael," he said, "tells me you want him to take you round the world."

"Well, he can't; so that ends it."

If she had said: 'Yes, and why can't he?' Soames would have joined the opposition automatically. But her words roused his natural perversity. Here she was, and here was her heart's desire—and she wasn't getting it! He put the Chardin down and took a walk over the soft carpet.

"Tell me," he said, coming to a halt, "where do you feel it exactly?"

Fleur laughed: "In my head, and my eyes, and my ears, and my heart."

"What business," muttered Soames, "have they to look down their noses—damn them!" And he set off again across the room. All the modern jackanapes whom from time to time he had been unable to avoid in her house, seemed to have come sniggering round him with lifted eyebrows, like a set of ghosts. The longing to put them in their places—a shallow lot—possessed him at that moment to the exclusion of a greater sanity.

"I—I don't see how *I* can take you," he said, and stopped short.

What was that he was saying? Who had asked him to take her? Her eyes, widely open, were fixed on him.

"But, of course not, Dad!"

Of course not! He didn't know about that!

"I shall get used to being laughed at in time."

Soames growled.

"I don't see why you should," he said. "I suppose people do go round the world?"

Fleur's pallor had gone, now.

"But not you, dear; why, it would bore you stiff! It's very sweet of you, even to think of it; but, of course, I couldn't let you—at your age!"

"At my age?" said Soames. "I'm not so very old."

"No, no, Dad; I'll just dree my weird."

Soames took another walk without a sound. Dree her weird, indeed!

"I won't have it," he ejaculated; "if people can't behave to you, I—I'll show them!"

She had got up, and was breathing deeply, with her lips parted, and her cheeks very flushed. So she had stood, before her first party, holding out her frock for him to see.

"We'll go," he said gruffly. "Don't make a fuss! That's settled."

Her arms were round his neck; his nose felt wet. What nonsense! As if——!

He stood unbuttoning his braces that night in the most peculiar state of mind. Going round the world was he? Preposterous! It had knocked that young fellow over anyway—he was to join them in August wherever they were by that time! Good Lord! It might be China! The thing was fantastic, and Fleur behaving like a kitten! The words of a comic ditty, sung by a clergyman, in his boyhood, kept up a tattoo within him:

"I see Jerusalem and Madagascar
And North and South Amerikee!"

Yes! Indeed! His affairs were in apple-pie order, luckily! There was nothing to do, in Timothy's or Winifred's Trusts—the only two he had on his hands now; but how things would get on without him he couldn't tell! As to Annette! She wouldn't be sorry, he supposed. There was no one else to care, except Winifred, a little. It was, rather, an intangible presence that troubled his thoughts, about to forsake it for months on end! Still, the cliffs of Dover would be standing, he supposed, and the river still running past his lawn when he came back, if he ever came back! You picked up all sorts of things out there—microbes, insects, snakes—never knew what you'd run into! Pretty business, steering Fleur clear of all that. And the sight-seeing he would have to do! For *she* wouldn't miss anything! Trust her! Going round among a lot of people with their mouths open—he couldn't stand that; but he would have to! H'm! A relief when that young fellow could join them. And yet—to have her to himself; he hadn't, for a long time now. But she would pick up with everybody, of course. He would

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have to make himself agreeable to Tom, Dick, and Harry. A look at Egypt, then to India, and across to China and Japan, and back through that great sprawling America—God's own country, didn't they call it? She had it all mapped out. Thank goodness, no question of Russia! She hadn't even proposed that—it was all to pieces now, they said! Communism! Who knew what would happen at home before they got back? It seemed to Soames as if England, too, must go all to pieces, if he left it. Well, he said he would take her! And she had cried over it. Phew! He threw the window up, and in the Jaeger dressing-gown, kept there for stray occasions, leaned into the mild air. No Westminster Square did he seem to see out there, but his own river and its poplars, with the full moon behind them, a bright witness—the quiet beauty he had never put into words, the green tranquillity he had felt for thirty years, and only permitted to seep into the back of his being. He would miss it—the scents, the sighs of the river under the wind, the chuckle down at the weir, the stars. They had stars out there, of course, but not English stars. And the grass—those great places had no grass he believed! The blossom, too, was late this year—no blossom before they left! Well, the milk was spilled! And that reminded him: The dairyman would be certain to let the cows go out of milk—he was a 'natural,' that chap! He would have to warn Annette. Women never seemed to understand that a cow didn't go on giving milk forever, without being attended to. If only he had a man to rely on in the country, like old Gradman in town! H'm! Old Gradman's eyes would drop out when he heard this news! Bit of old England there; and wouldn't be left long, now! It would be queer to come back and find old Gradman gone. One—two—three—eleven! That clock! It had kept him awake before now; still it was a fine old clock! That young fellow was to go on sitting under it. And was there anything in the notions that kept him sitting there, or were they just talk? Well, he was right to stick to his guns, anyway. But five months away from his young wife—great risk in that! 'Youth's a stuff'—old Shakespeare knew the world. Well! Risk, or no risk, there it was! After all, she had a good head; and he had a good heart. *She* had a good heart, too; he wouldn't have it said that she hadn't! She would feel leaving the baby when it came to the point. She didn't realize, yet. And Soames felt within him the stir of a curious conflict, between hope that, after all, she might give it up, and apprehension lest she should. Funny—that! His habits, his comfort, his possessions . . . and here he was, flinging them all over the windmill! Absurd! And yet——!

XII

ENVOI

AWAY from Fleur five months at least!

Soames' astounding conduct had indeed knocked Michael over. And yet, after all, they had come to a crisis in their life together, the more serious because concerned with workaday feelings. Perhaps out there she would become afflicted, like himself, with an enlarged prospect; lose her idea that the world consisted of some five thousand people of advanced tastes, of whom she knew at the outside five hundred. It was she who had pushed him into Parliament, and until he was hoofed therefrom as a failure, their path was surely conjoined along the crest of a large view. In the fortnight before her departure he suffered and kept smiling; wryly thankful that she was behaving 'like a kitten,' as her father called it. Her nerves had been on edge ever since the autumn over that wretched case—what more natural than this reaction? At least she felt for him sufficiently to be prodigal of kisses: great consolation to Michael while it lasted. Once or twice he caught her hanging with wet eyes over the eleventh baronet; once found her with a wet face when he awoke in the morning. These indications were a priceless assurance to him that she meant to come back. For there were moments when possibilities balled into a nightmare. Absurd! She was going with her father, that embodiment of care and prudence! Who would have thought "Old Forsyte" could uproot himself like this? He, too, was leaving a wife, though Michael saw no signs of it. One didn't know much about "Old Forsyte's" feelings, except that they

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centred round his daughter, and that he was continually asking questions about labels and insects. He had bought himself, too, a life-saving waistcoat and one for Fleur. Michael held with him only one important conversation.

"I want you," Soames said, "to keep an eye on my wife, and see she doesn't go getting into a mess with the cows. She'll have her mother with her, but women are so funny. You'll find her first-rate with the baby. How will you be off for money?"

"Perfectly all right, sir."

"Well, if you want some for any good purpose, go to old Gradman in the City: you remember him, perhaps?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid he'll remember me."

"Never mind; he's a faithful old fellow." And Michael heard him sigh. "I'd like you to look in at Green Street, too, now and then. Your aunt-in-law may feel my being away a little. I'll let you have news of Fleur from time to time —now they've got this wireless she'll want to know about the baby. I'm taking plenty of quinine. She says she's a good sailor. There's nothing like champagne for that, I'm told. And, by the way, you know best, but I shouldn't press your notions too far in Parliament; they're easily bored there, I believe. We'll meet you at Vancouver, at the end of August. She'll be tired of travelling by then. She's looking forward to Egypt and Japan, but I don't know. Seems to me it'll be all travelling."

"Have you plenty of ducks, sir? You'll want them at this time of year in the Red Sea; and I should take a helmet."

"I've got one," said Soames: "they're heavy great things," and, looking suddenly at Michael, he added:

"I shall look after her, and you'll look after yourself, I hope."

Michael understood him.

"Yes, sir! And thank you very much. I think it's most frightfully sporting of you."

"It's to be hoped it'll do her good; and that the little chap won't miss her."

"Not if I can help it."

Soames, who was seated in front of 'The White Monkey,' seemed to go into a trance. At last he stirred in his chair, and said:

"The war's left everything very unsettled. I suppose people believe in something nowadays, but *I* don't know what it is."

Michael felt a fearful interest.

"Do you mind telling me, sir, what you believe in yourself?"

"What was good enough for my fathers is good enough for me. They expect too much now; there's no interest taken in being alive."

"Interest taken in being alive!" The words were singularly comprehensive. Were they the answer to all modern doubt?

The last night, the last kiss came; and the glum journey to the docks in Soames' car. Michael alone went to see them off. The gloomy dockside, and the gray river; the bustle with baggage, and the crowded tender. An aching business! Even for her, he almost believed—an aching business. And the long desultory minutes on the ship; the initiation of Soames into its cramped, shining, strangely odored mysteries. The ghastly smile one had to keep on the lips, the inane jokes one had to make. And then that moment, apart, when she pressed her breast to his and gave him a clinging kiss.

"Good-by, Michael; it's not for very long."

"Good-by, darling! Take care of yourself. You shall have all the news I can send you, and don't worry about Kit."

His teeth were clenched, and her eyes—he saw—were wet! And, then, once more:

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Back on the tender, with the strip of gray water opening, spreading, between him and the ship's side, and that high line of faces above the bulwark—Fleur's face under the small fawn hat, her waving hand; and, away to the left, seen out of the tail of his eye, "Old Forsyte's" face alone—withdrawn so that they might have their parting to themselves—long, chinny, gray-mustached, very motionless; absorbed and lonely, as might be that of some long-distance bird arrived on an unknown shore, and looking back toward the land of its departure. Smaller and smaller they grew, merged in blur, vanished.

For the whole journey back to West-

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minster, he smoked cigarette on cigarette, and read the same sentence over and over in the same journal, and the sentence was:

'Robbery at Highgate, Cat Burglar gets clear away.'

He went straight into the House of Commons. And all the afternoon sat listening and taking in a few words now and then, of a debate on education. What chance—what earthly chance—had his skyscraping in this place, where they still talked with calm disagreement, as if England were the England of 1906! And the verdict on him was: 'Amiable but very foolish young man!' National unity—national movement! No jolly fear! The country wouldn't have it! One was battering at a door which everybody said must be opened, but through which nobody could pass. And a long strip of gray water kept spreading between him and the talkers; the face under the fawn hat confused itself with that of the Member for Washbason; the face of "Old Forsyte" above the bulwark rail appeared suddenly between two Labor leaders; and the lines of faces faded to a blur on a gray river where gulls were flighting.

Going out, he passed a face that had more reality—MacGown's! Grim! It wasn't the word. No one had got any change out of that affair. *Multum ex parvo! Parvum ex multo!* That was the modern comedy!

Going home to have a look at Kit and send Fleur a wireless, he passed four musicians playing four instruments with a sort of fury. They had able bodies in shabby clothes. 'By Jove!' thought Michael, 'I know that chap's face!—surely he was in my Company, in France!' He watched till the cheeks collapsed. Yes! A good man, too! But they had all been good men. By George, they had been wonders! And here they were! And he within an ace of abandoning them! Though everybody had his nostrum, and one was as good as another, perhaps, one couldn't follow what light one had! And if the future was unreadable, and Fate grinned, well—let it grin!

How empty the house felt! To-morrow Kit and the dog were to go down to 'The Shelter' in the car, and it would be still emptier. From room after room he tried to retrieve some sight or scent of her. Too painful! His dressing-room, his study were the only places possible—in them he would abide.

He went to the nursery, and opened the door softly. Whiteness and dimity; the dog on his fat silver side, the Magicoal fire burning; the prints on the white walls so carefully selected for the moment when the eleventh baronet should begin to take notice—prints slightly comic, to avoid a moral; the high and shining fender-guard that even Magicoal might not be taken too seriously; the light coming in between bright chintz. A charming room! The nurse, in blue, was standing with her back to the door, and did not see him. And, in his little high chair, the eleventh baronet was at table; on his face, beneath its dark chestnut curls, was a slight frown, and in his tiny hand he held a silver spoon, with which over the bowl before him he was making spasmodic passes.

Michael heard the nurse saying:

"Now that mother's gone, you must be a little man, Kit, and learn to use your spoon."

Michael saw his offspring dip at the bowl and throw some of its contents into the air.

"That's not the way at all."

The eleventh baronet repeated the performance, and looked for applause, with a determined smile.

"Naughty!"

"A—a!" said the eleventh baronet, plopping the spoon. The contents spurted wastefully.

"Oh! you spoiled boy!"

'"England, my England!"' thought Michael, 'as the poet said.'

THE END.

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The Pipe Major

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS
Author of "Twelve to Eight," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

EVERYBODY at Police Headquarters agreed that it was ominously dull that night. There was scarcely a third-degree assault to disturb the city.

On the fourth floor at the central station the police telegraph and signal operators wrangled with each other as they built a radio. Below them a matron sat gossiping with a police-woman. In the Detective Bureau on the second floor a half-dozen plain-clothes men argued over a pinochle game, while in the press-room four reporters and a photographer shot craps.

In the police garage the patrol-wagon crews, motorcycle men, and chauffeurs played stud poker. In the tiny detention-room at the entrance to the cell block the night-lieutenant and his sergeant assisted the turnkey while he ran out a hand of solitaire.

Half asleep, Detective-Sergeant Shannon sat in his office on the second floor. When an inquisitive cockroach scampered across his desk he squashed it with the city directory. It was the only official action he had taken during two hours on duty.

The telephone rang in Sergeant Shannon's office.

"Detective Bureau," he answered. "Sergeant speaking."

"Is this the Detective Bureau?" repeated the voice of an angry woman.

"Yes'm. Sergeant Shannon talking."

"I want you to telephone them people next door. Their dog has been barkin' all night and it keeps me awake. Their dog barks all the time. I should think they'd feed it."

"Where do you live?" asked Shannon, reaching automatically for his crisscross telephone-book, which lists telephone subscribers by street numbers.

"I won't tell you where I live," the woman retorted angrily. "If I tell you where I live, them people next door will know I complained and it will make trouble in the block."

There was a significant note of exasperation in the sergeant's voice as he inquired: "Well, did you think their dog had a telephone?" He hung up the receiver.

Shannon rose, stretched, yawned, and looked at his watch. It was two o'clock—four long hours before daylight. He lounged out into the detectives' assembly-room, glanced at the complaint book where the desk man had recorded a missing barber-pole, a stolen automobile, a theft of an overcoat, and a report of a window-peeper.

"Quiet, serg.," volunteered the desk man.

"Too quiet," corrected the sergeant. "When the town's dead as this, you should always take off your gloves, because you're going to shake hands with Ma Trouble before morning. Remember how we laid around that night before the Chinaman was murdered on Primrose Street?"

Sergeant Shannon nodded his gray head sagely, and wandered back into his own office.

Sergeant Shannon was right. In sharp contrast to the peaceful atmosphere at Headquarters, there was businesslike activity in Sabin Brothers department store at Franklin and Elm Streets.

Precisely at midnight, Æneas MacConnell, the store watchman, punched his time-clock at the last post of his round and ran the freight-elevator from the sixth floor to the basement. There Pete Brady, the night-engineer, was waiting for him. They had let the scrub-women and porters out of the building an hour before, and now had an hour for their supper.

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They would be alone in the building until four o'clock, when the bakers appeared.

The two men walked to the basement coat-room, where they stored their dinner-pails. They carried the food and four chairs to the cement platform in front of the boilers. There, under a powerful electric light, they used two chairs for a table and seated themselves upon the other two, set their cans of coffee in the hot ashes under the glowing grates, and munched their cheese or corned-beef sandwiches.

"This is a good job but a lonesome one," Pete Brady observed.

Æneas MacConnell agreed with a certain Scotch reservation which sat well upon his thin, homely, wrinkled features.

"I been at this job goin' on five years, Pete," said he slowly. "It's in me mind now that I'll work at it until I die. I don't mind the solitariness of it now, but when I first come here, I used to worry about them faces I seen up-stairs."

"Faces, Mac?" asked Brady, his round Irish countenance showing acute interest in something that promised to border upon the supernatural. "What kind of faces?"

"Dead men's faces." MacConnell spoke in his most funereal manner. "Faces of men I piped to drill when they was alive and piped to their graves when they was deaded."

"You piped 'em, Mac?" Brady's tone indicated he expected to hear of a new kind of embalming.

"To be sure, lad. I was a piper to me regiment in the war and, after that bad day we had in the beet-field at Wipers, I was promoted to pipe major. It's what you call a drum-major in your army. Few enough of the lads I piped out of barracks in Edinburgh was left when I piped 'em back across the Channel. Them's the faces I mean. Many's the time I've seen old Sandy up there by them mirrors in the coat department as I made me rounds. An' I often meet Hughie beside them benches in the children's wear. Once I seen the old major himself, standing half-way between the corset and hosiery counters. It give me a start to meet him, but, on second thought, what would be more natural-like? He was a main one for the ladies until he mixed with that Hun trench mortar, and it's reasonable to suppose his ghostie would carry on like his flesh and hang around where there's plenty of corsets and silk stockings."

"I never heard tell of a spook in a department store," offered Brady in a tone he attempted to make casual.

MacConnell paid no heed to the interruption. So perfect was his command over his features that he scarcely flicked a lash over his pale-blue eyes as he continued to lie fluently and with the joy of the true artist.

"I seen other faces up there, too," he continued. "Once in the home furnishings I run across a Boche lad I killed with me trench-knife. A nice, rosy-cheeked Hun he were, too. I've no doubt he was a good soldier, except for his slowness. You see, Pete, when I ducked under his bayonet, he should have reversed and give me his gun-butt in me face. But he was too slow and forgot all his poor sergeant had teached him. So he had to swallow the business end of my knife, and I'm meeting his face in the home furnishings instead of him meetin' me face to face behind the counter of some sausage store in Baden-Baden."

The watchman, eyes fixed upon poor Brady, bit into a square of short bread. Brady's hair was prickling as it stood on end. Horribly fascinated, he squirmed in his chair.

"Ghosties and spirits," he stammered; "ghosties and spirits is not so good." He half turned and then jumped from his chair with an ear-splitting yell.

"Mac! Mac!" he screamed. "They've come after you!"

MacConnell looked behind him and found himself gazing at the muzzles of two vicious automatic pistols. The pistols were held by two masked men, while two more intruders, their faces also covered with bandanna handkerchiefs, stood in the background.

"Hands up. Put 'em up!" ordered a rough voice. Brady and MacConnell obeyed.

"What time do you let the bakers in the building?" continued the same gunman.

"When they get here," MacConnell returned with a gruff promptness that made the masked men laugh.

"What time is that?"

"Are they friends to you?" MacCon-

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"I was a piper to me regiment in the war."—Page 194.

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nell asked it solicitously. "If they are, I'll give you their home address and you can visit them there."

A great shout of laughter echoed through the basement.

"You're all right, Scotty," another of the masked men interrupted. "It's twelve-twenty now, and them bakers don't come until four. That gives us plenty of time. Walk out here while I search you."

MacConnell obeyed. While one bandit pointed a pistol at his abdomen, the others secured the watchman's own revolver from his pocket and slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. Brady was treated in the same efficient manner.

Gradually MacConnell realized that in conscious tribute to the efficiency of the finger-print method of identification each of the masked men wore kid gloves. They allowed Brady a drink of water and then handcuffed the engineer to a steel partition in the coal-bin, placing a chair so that he would be comfortable. They gagged him with a towel.

Then the boss of the gang touched MacConnell's arm. "Run us up to the offices on the fifth floor," he ordered.

MacConnell led the way to the freight-elevator, impelled by a revolver muzzle held in the small of his back. He made no resistance. Four years of service in France had given him a healthy respect for firearms.

"Hell," one of the gunmen grumbled, "we ain't no trunks. Take us up in a passenger-elevator."

So the watchman directed them to another car. They released his left wrist from the handcuffs. MacConnell took them to the fifth floor.

"Do you know which of them five safes in the office has the money in it?" demanded the leader of the gang.

"They didn't tell me that there was money in any of them."

"Well, we know," a short, stocky man spoke promptly. "There's about $30,000 in one, because that's your afternoon business this time of year, and no money was banked to-day after one o'clock."

"Then you know more than I do."

The masked men laughed again. "In our business we have to," said the boss. "Since you won't tell us which one to open, I suppose we'll have to blow 'em all."

They warned the watchman that if he called for help it would be a fatal mistake. They prevented his escape by fastening his handcuff to the outer grill-work of the elevator-shaft. Then they drew the window-curtains and went to work in the store office. Since the door was left open, MacConnell could see them as they worked.

From the satchel which the short man carried he lifted out a sledge-hammer head, which he fitted to the handle. While he was busy at this another yegg wrapped strips of velvet cloth about the combination dials on the safes. The velvet had been cut from a bolt of dress-goods on a counter. As soon as the first dial knob had been properly padded, the short man swung his sledge, and, with a dozen blows, succeeded in knocking off the dial knob. The velvet wrapped about it prevented much noise from being made by the hammering.

A third member of the party hooked long fuse wires to an electric-light socket, and the boss of the gang carefully lifted a small hot-water bag from the neighborhood of his heart. It was not for sentimental reasons that he carried it there. The water-bag contained nitroglycerine, and is recognized as the safest possible container for this explosive. The same man also kneaded a cake of yellow laundry soap into a large sticky ball.

When all five of the combination dials had been knocked off, which was a short half-hour's work, the hammer and velvet men combined forces and "tapped the spindles." The velvet man held one end of a short iron bar against the spot where the combination dial had been broken off, while the other man tapped the other end of the bar with the hammer. They were able to drive the dial spindle back into the safe door.

Then the boss, his mass of yellow soap in hand, moulded little cups of this material just below the cavity where the dial spindle had been. The fourth yegg-man immediately poured a small quantity of nitroglycerine into the cup of soap and the spindle socket. The boss connected the fuses.

In less than an hour MacConnell saw them prepare the five safes for blowing. After all was ready the masked men gathered up dozens of rugs from the store

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and offices and literally buried the safes beneath heavy carpeting.

"All right, Tom," called the hammer-man, as he made a final inspection of the fuse wires.

Tom, the boss, nodded. "Go down and look out the windows," he ordered. "Look for the cop on the corner."

Three yeggs entered the elevator, released MacConnell, and told him to drop them to the main floor. They scattered about the store, crouching behind counters and creeping up the aisles while they peered through the glass doors and windows. Then one of them whistled softly and all returned to the elevator. They rose again to the fifth floor.

"No cop on the corner," one informed Tom. "There seems to be a fight in a lunch-room about a block and a half down the street, and a dozen bulls are standing around down there."

"Put out the lights and shoot," Tom commanded.

MacConnell saw the rooms plunged into darkness. There was a long silence.

"Ready?" some one asked.

"Hell, yes. Shoot."

There followed a dull explosion, deadened by the carpeting which had been tossed over the safes. It was scarcely louder than a blowout of an automobile tire. For several minutes the yeggs stood at the windows, peering out from behind the curtains into the street to see if the sound of the explosion had alarmed any one. Satisfied that it had passed unnoticed, they switched on the lights and began systematically to demolish the safes which had been partially blasted open. The hammer-man, his hammer wrapped in velvet, pounded the doors which had been warped by the explosion.

They opened two safes without finding anything more valuable than store records and books. The third safe disgorged the treasure. MacConnell heard them utter exclamations of profane pleasure as they filled canvas bags with bills and silver, not troubling to count or even estimate their loot. They threw aside all checks and other negotiable paper which might have been traced.

As they trooped over to the elevator where MacConnell was handcuffed, one of them looked at his watch.

"Just two o'clock," he said.

At that very moment at Police Headquarters, Detective-Sergeant Shannon was complaining about the peaceful condition of the city.

"Where are women's fur coats?" asked the short man of MacConnell.

"Third floor."

"Take us there."

The yeggs left their bags of money in the elevator while they inspected the stock of coats.

"Sadie said she wanted a size 38," one of the men remarked, consulting a paper he carried in his pocket as a shopping memorandum. "This coat ought to fit her." He carried the garment to MacConnell. "Does that look like a good coat to you?" he asked the watchman.

"It's all right, I guess. If she don't like it, bring it back and we'll exchange it."

The men laughed behind their masks. "You're not a bad scout," they assured him. "Take us down to the basement."

Brady was momentarily released so that he could stretch and drink a glass of water.

"Well, boys," said the masked boss to the engineer and fireman, "we hate to make you uncomfortable, but we got to do it." He placed another chair opposite the one Brady had occupied. "We'll cuff and gag both of you, and then nobody will claim you fellows were in on the job. Billy, go up-stairs and get a couple of those silk scarfs off the counter by the door."

While they waited for the gags, the yeggmen furnished and lighted cigarettes for their prisoners to smoke.

"Silk tastes better than wool or cotton and we don't mind the expense," said Tom as he tied the scarfs. "Give our compliments to the police and explain we was too busy to stop at Headquarters tonight, but that they'll hear from us again next time we're in the city. Good night." With this pleasantry, they disappeared.

MacConnell and Brady sat facing each other, their arms uncomfortably extended, for the handcuffs had been snapped around steel posts. The silk gags deprived them of the comfort of speech. Once Brady was almost convulsed with laughter because of the droll manner in which MacConnell winked at him; but al-

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together it was an interminable two hours until they heard the door-bell ringing, as a signal that the bakers were waiting to be let in.

For a full half-hour the bell rang and rang. The bakers stood outside and speculated on what could have happened to the watchman and engineer. After a long, fruitless wait, they appealed to a policeman, who called his sergeant. Convinced that something was wrong, the officers smashed a glass door with their night-sticks. About four thirty-five a procession of policemen tramped down the basement stairs into the engine-room.

Sixty seconds later an alarm-gong sounded in the Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters and roused Sergeant Shannon from a fitful doze.

"I told you so," he grumbled as he fell into his overcoat and stuffed his revolver and handcuffs into his pocket. "I told you so. You always meet up with trouble when it's too damned quiet."

MacConnell related his adventures to Sergeant Shannon. After hearing the detailed account, Shannon broadcasted this message to his own and other police departments:

REWARD WANTED REWARD

Four professional safe-men for breaking into Sabin Brothers department store, where they blew five safes and escaped with a large sum of money. All wore kid gloves and red handkerchief masks. The four men answer these descriptions:

No. 1 Man.—Short and stocky, called Bill, gold front tooth, carried tools in black valise, gray overcoat and cap.

No. 2 Man.—Tall and slim, called Tom, black overcoat, derby hat, carried soup, and is boss of gang.

No. 3 Man.—Medium build, wore brown suit, gray coat, cap, has girl, size 38, named Sadie. Smokes Fatima cigarettes.

No. 4 Man.—Medium build, blue suit, light topcoat, and soft hat. He is nervous-acting.

Note.—All these men talk good English and are very polite.

Neither MacConnell nor Sergeant Shannon was destined to sleep much that day. After a hectic morning of investigation, the private detective who represented the burglar-insurance company arrived at noon with a letter of introduction to the mayor. Shannon was able to tell the stranger little more than had been included in the watchman's story. He knew where the yeggs had parked their automobile while they were in the store, but had not learned the make or license number of the car. He also knew that the yeggs were not trained fur-thieves, for they had stolen cheap fur coats when they might just as easily have taken expensive garments.

"Shows that a man ought to stick to his own business," said Shannon. "They were swell on safes, but a bum would have showed better judgment on furs."

The other additional item of information which Shannon had listed in his complaint book was the total of the loss. The yeggs had taken $24,742.45 in currency.

Actually, Sergeant Shannon had done all that a reasonable man could expect. His investigation and his questioning of witnesses had been intelligent, painstaking, and prompt. But O'Reilly, who represented the burglar-insurance company, was not a reasonable man. On the contrary, he was red-faced, profane, blustering, bull-voiced, and abusive.

"Why haven't you arrested the watchman?" he demanded.

"Why should I?" Shannon returned mildly. They were seated in Shannon's office.

"Always arrest the watchman. That's the best way. That's what I always do. Stick around with me, kid, and I'll show you how to knock off them yeggs."

Shannon's lip curled, ever so slightly. "MacConnell is on the level," he said. "He has a good record and he had no more to do with this than I did."

"Lock him up anyway. Lock him up quick."

Shannon flushed. He was not accustomed to take orders from men who were not his superiors in the department. He rose.

"Lock him up yourself, Mr. O'Reilly. If locking up an innocent man is your way of making good with your company, go to it. It will give you a chance to wire your home office and say you have a man under arrest, so they'll know you're on the job."

"Ain't it funny?" O'Reilly addressed the calendar on the wall. "These hick coppers are all alike. They think I can't show 'em nothin'. I hadn't been in town five minutes before I knew MacConnell was in on this job. MacConnell let 'em in the store with his key."

Shannon made no reply. He put on his hat and coat and left the room.

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"If you won't tell, I'll sweat you until you do."

O'Reilly cackled loudly and called to a plain-clothes man who had been assigned to assist him.

"Bring in the Scotchman," the insurance detective ordered, "and if you want to learn somethin', listen to me shake him down. I'll have a squeal out of him in three hours."

Shannon left the building and caught a street-car which eventually carried him to the suburbs where, in a district of cheap bungalows, the night-watchman lived. Beginning in the corner drug-store, Shannon interviewed men, women, and children, talking little but listening intently. His preliminary question was typical of his method.

"Ain't it a shame about Mr. MacConnell?" he would suggest. "They arrested him for helping the yeggs who broke into the department store."

The news that MacConnell was under arrest never failed to provoke a snort of indignation from the watchman's neighbors.

"Mr. MacConnell never done nothin' wrong," declared the neighborhood butcher. "He'd split a cent if he had a half-cent comin' to him, but he'd split it just as quick if the half was due you. He don't talk so much except to the kids. But, say, he tells the boys stories about the war and the old country, and he can't walk down the block without there's no less than twenty young devils on his heels. A guy like that who's saving money every week out of his pay never mixed up with no yeggs, and I'll push in the ugly mug of any one says he did. Think that one over."

"If the neighbors don't know anything bad about a man, there isn't anything bad to know," said Sergeant Shannon, and boarded an up-town car.

Although O'Reilly grilled MacConnell steadily and brutally for three hours, at four o'clock, when Shannon returned, the insurance investigator was still at exactly the same place where he had started.

"I'll hold you overnight as a vagrant," O'Reilly announced. "To-morrow I'll put the charge of grand larceny against you. You know who these yeggs are, and if you won't tell, I'll sweat you until you do."

MacConnell returned his gaze calmly, but his annoyance was expressed in an excessive Scotch burr in his voice. "I

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can't tell you what I don't know, mon. I had the only key to that door where the yeggs come in. I admit it. I don't know how they got in or how they got out and locked the door after them. But I do know this. If you lock me up, I'll not be looking for money damages from you. I'll take my satisfaction in my own way." He looked at his fists.

The private detective hopped from his chair and struck the watchman on the mouth. It was a hard, mean blow. "I'll learn you to talk back to me, you God-damned crook."

"Shannon," said O'Reilly, turning to the sergeant, "this man is guilty as hell. I'll break him in two before morning."

"I don't believe it." MacConnell shot a grateful look at the sergeant.

"Of course he's guilty," O'Reilly shouted, furious at being contradicted. "Them yeggs went in and come out the only door his key fitted. There's a new Thief-Proof lock on that door. We know where the other two keys were and they must of used the watchman's. Take him down to the detention-room." MacConnell was led away.

Shannon turned on his heel and walked out, slamming the door behind him. He was as angry as he ever permitted himself to be. He went directly to the Sabin store, where a five-o'clock rush of shoppers filled the aisles. He found the junior member of the firm in the main office.

"I've a favor to ask of you, Mr. Sabin," Shannon began. "I wish you'd have your store mechanic look at that lock on the door where the yeggs entered."

"No use, sergeant. It's a new Thief-Proof lock. There were only three keys to fit it, and the yeggs must have used the watchman's, because they didn't have a chance at the others. As the insurance detective says, the watchman was the inside man for the yeggs."

"I don't know anything about locks, Mr. Sabin"—Shannon spoke slowly—"but I've had some experience with men. I think this man is all right, so I'm convinced that the lock is wrong."

"You ought to co-operate with the insurance detective."

"You ought to co-operate with me."

Sabin was annoyed at the tone of assurance, but sent for the store mechanic. "Take Sergeant Shannon down and show him how that lock works. He insists there's something wrong with it."

The mechanic led the way to the door where the yeggs had made their exit a few hours before. Patiently, as if he were speaking to a child, the workman explained the mechanism of the lock.

"When the door is closed"—he demonstrated—"there's only a brass plate on the outside, so you can't beat this lock by taking it apart. In fact, there ain't any way to beat a Thief-Proof. I'll take this apart and show you. See. Now that the door's open I can take off this plate, which fits up against the door-frame. Inside here is a little barrel which contains nine tumblers. The points on the key have to touch each tumbler before the lock can be turned. No skeleton or master key will touch it."

Shannon watched attentively. He saw the workman remove the jamb-plate and examine the lock.

Then the mechanic jumped up excitedly. "What in hell do you think of this?" he exclaimed. "All the guts of this lock are missing." He replaced the mechanism. "Why, any one could open this door. The tumblers have been taken out!"

To demonstrate his point, he inserted his knife-blade in the key-slot and was able to move the bolt, locking and unlocking the door.

Sergeant Shannon beamed. His hunch had been good. He walked back to the first counter, a circular cage, where a clerk was selling silk scarfs and bargain neckwear.

"Do you remember when the lock on that door was fixed the last time?" Shannon inquired.

The clerk thought for a minute. "Yesterday morning, I guess. I did see a man working on it."

"Did you know him?"

The clerk thought it over. "No. I guess not. But we're always seeing new carpenters and plumbers and workmen around. This firm doesn't pay enough to keep its help long."

"Do you remember what this fellow was like?"

The clerk gave a sketchy description.

"Well," Shannon smiled, "you saw the yeggman called Tom who carried the soup."

Shannon called Sabin and telephoned

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O'Reilly to come to the store at once. He was really very gentlemanly in his triumph. He explained to the men how the yeggs had taken out the tumblers and thrown them away.

"Of course," Shannon concluded, "I don't know anything about locks, but I've had a little experience with men. In this case if the man was all right, the lock had to be wrong."

O'Reilly said little, except a subdued request: "Shannon, I wish you'd turn that damned pipe major of a Scotch watchman loose." And Sabin asked Shannon to ask the watchman to come back to work as usual.

On his way back to Headquarters Shannon stopped at a silk store which had been looted some five months before. Shannon had never been able to make an arrest, but had always considered it an "inside job," implicating one of the firm. Now the detective was revising his opinion. He was not mistaken. He locked and unlocked the door with the little blade of his knife. Then he called the manager.

"What do you mean by having a bum lock like this on your door?" Shannon demanded. He did not like the manager. "Change this lock in the morning."

To himself the detective spoke in a different tone. "The smartest part of this trick is that regular keys work all right after the lock is gutted and so no one suspects that it has been tampered with, and, unless the fact is discovered by accident by some fool like me, the crooks can open the doors any time they like whenever they're in town."

He walked a block farther and suddenly slapped his hand on his hip in triumph.

"The place to look for those yeggs is among former employees of the Thief-Proof Lock Company."

At Headquarters Shannon strolled to the detention-room. "Throw away that charge sheet against MacConnell. Take his name off the blotter and turn him loose," he ordered the turnkey.

Æneas MacConnell, pipe major, walked out of his cell with dignity.

"Everything is all right," Shannon explained. "Do you think you could lick this mouthy O'Reilly?"

"Oh, mon!" MacConnell beamed. "I know it."

With an air of reprimanding the watchman, Shannon gravely remarked: "I never advise anybody to get into a fight. I'm an officer and sworn to uphold the peace. But I'll tell you what a friend of mine did once. He beat up a fellow who'd done him dirt. Then he came here to the police station and asked to be arrested on a charge of assault, third degree. So this friend of mine put up $10 bail and forfeited it. When the fellow he beat up got out of the doctor's office, and tried to have my friend arrested for assault, second degree, on an officer he couldn't, because a man can't be arrested twice for the same offense."

MacConnell nodded solemnly. One would have said he was receiving a reprimand.

Then they both smiled. They understood each other.

"That Detective O'Reilly will be coming down the street any minute now," Shannon observed. "By the way, in case you haven't any money with you, here's $10."

MacConnell laughed as he accepted the bank-note.

"I thank you, sir." The watchman's hand went up in a stiff military salute. "I'm thinking I'll do a job to your satisfaction." He paused. "But I wish you'd tell me why you were so sure I wasn't in with those yeggs. It looked bad for me."

"I knew you weren't as soon as I talked to you," Shannon explained. "I knew it because you said they were polite to you and used you fine. If you'd been wrong, you would have tried to get sympathy for yourself by saying they abused you. Now O'Reilly is likely to be coming along any minute, and if you should hit him inside this building, I'd have to stop you myself."

MacConnell saluted again, and with his rarest and broadest grin upon his homely features he ran to meet his enemy. Shannon called to the precinct sergeant.

"In a few minutes," Shannon began, "a big, tall Scotchman will come in here and give himself up for assault, third, on a bum named O'Reilly. I know all about the case, and I wouldn't charge the Scotchman more than $5 bail."

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The room came alive.—Page 203.

My Old Dog Tramp

BY MAX BENTLEY

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

ON the 10th of May, 1906, a broken-down old fighting dog came into my life, and he was mine for four golden years. Something happened, the other day, to bring him back; and I have been dwelling again in those days of our lives together when I was a joyful boy and he old and wondrous-wise. Twenty years? What of that? It was only yesterday.

I place that 10th of May because earlier the same day George Anderson had ambushed me at the Opera House corner to make me the offer of my first job. It was made at a time when I was chewing over in my mind the question nearly every boy nearing the end of his town school-days asks himself: "Shall I go off to college or go to work?" And the decision was that I take my pencil in hand as general hustler on his little newspaper, for seven dollars a week.

I was all legs and enthusiasm, and wrote abundantly. Yes, I was—I say this with no thought of vanity!—made to order for a situation demanding volume writing. Yet the offer was so overwhelming that I asked for a day's time. Great decisions should not be too hastily arrived at. In some bewilderment I walked over to my father's law office to solicit mature advice.

The day was pleasantly warm, as May days usually are in western Texas. The door to the stairway was open. My father and I sat facing it, debating the matter of the moment. Judge Grogan, with whom my father shared offices, sat at his desk

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facing us. My elder brother, Paul, picked at a typewriter in the inner room.

A shaggy black dog appeared in the doorway. He deigned us no more than a glance, but made for a cool spot under a table piled with law-books, and went to sleep. He was a shepherd; it is a vanishing breed now—and why? He had brown tufts over the eyes, and, in passing me, lifted them in a most contemptuous manner. I can never forget his peculiar shambling gait, how he seemed to propel himself entirely from the shoulders, allowing the hips to wabble and wander as they would, and his bearing of indifference. He had a beautiful tail—like an ostrich plume it was, so full and graceful, and held high and proudly—but in other respects he certainly was not handsome. He was old and worn, scarred, very thin, with a rusty coat that was a mass of cockleburs. As fleas attacked him he now and then changed his position, until finally he was stretched in the doorway between the rooms, still paying us no attention and we paying him none. It was a common experience in my life to be briefly taken up by strange dogs.

Presently my brother had business in the outer room. He stepped over the sleeping shepherd. Sleeping, did I say? There was a swift leap, a horrible snap of teeth, and my brother went sprawling with one heel caught in the dog's jaws.

The room came alive. Judge Grogan said delightedly, "That's my dog!" but "No," I answered, "it's mine!" We exchanged hostile glances. I am getting ahead of my story when I say that for the six months following a man and boy carried on warfare against each other. Of course I won. What man ever lived who could stand against a lad in contest for a dog's affection? Although it was six months before the judge gave in (when he did he made it a ceremonious event that seemed to afford him a sort of melancholy satisfaction), old Tramp's heart was mine from the first day.

Judge Grogan's abdication came at the very time that he was, seemingly, the garlanded victor. It was on a moonlit night wherein a restless boy was roaming abroad in search of something, he could not say what, to soothe a certain tumult of mind occasioned by the very beauty of the night. The boy was I. I stole up the stairs to my father's office, to investigate strange noises—and found the judge and the dog engaged in surreptitious and affectionate scuffle. They were pursuing each other around the table with cries of delight. *He* had never romped with me; but then I had not encouraged him to romp. I wanted him to fight. When they saw me in the doorway, smiling a brave but ghastly smile, the judge straightened up and with a ridiculous display of innocence and dignity made for his desk. As for old Tramp, he slipped out between my legs and was gone two days. And when he returned he was mine. After that day he acknowledged no master but me.

He had that disconcerting habit of suddenly dropping out of sight and returning, sullen and silent, and bearing marks of combat. I suppose that those were times when civilization and soft living palled on him and he sneaked away, like Huck Finn, to revel awhile among the hogsheads. The fact is, he had never before loved, nor had he known love. It took some time for the white magic of love to sweeten his buccaneering spirit. I use the term relatively, for I alone saw that softening influence working. Toward others he was thoroughly ill-tempered, and every dog, male and female alike, was instinctively a hated foe.

But as he aged, the intervals between these incursions to the underworld lengthened and lengthened, and finally they ceased altogether. I recall the last one. He had reached extreme old age rather mellow and forgiving, fighting mainly because he could not break himself of the habit and because he knew it pleased me to have him fight. He had been away three days. I was passing the post-office when I saw a dozen dogs playing on the lawn. One had a look that was strangely familiar, and yet not familiar; for he was sprawled contentedly on his back while a contemptible half-grown pointer chewed on his ear. Could it be? Surely not! Yes, it *was* old Tramp, and having a royal time with his own kind. I stood thunderstruck.

He sighted me out of the corner of an eye. I have seen men look guilty when detected in some act that will be hard to explain, but old Tramp's was the guiltiest look I ever saw. He came to his feet with

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a roar, whirled on the astonished puppy, and whipped him within an inch of his life. As he trotted to me he curled back his upper lip as if to say: "Well! I fooled *that* fellow, didn't I?"

It was the way of his coming, a stranger from nowhere, and his weather-beaten appearance that caused us, Judge Grogan and me, to name him Tramp. And we named him well. It developed that he had been a tramp, and an outlaw too. For some time we town boys had had the tradition of a strange black dog living on Cedar Creek, supporting himself by raiding the slop-cans of Nigger Town, scorning all would-be masters, and ruling the four-footed life of that noisy and doggy district. Slewfoot Willie, an authority on fighting dogs, reported: "Gen'le*men*, I know whar's de outfight'nes' beas' in Texas, but when I calls him he almos' eats me up!" Polkie and the Hill kids and I had been rather planning an expedition to the creek to look into the rumor; but once I had seen my dog in action against a hundred-pound bulldog, that day we met, I knew without investigation that he and the traditional black outlaw of Cedar Creek were one and the same.

As I recall the fighting dogs I have known I make the claim without reservation that there never lived old Tramp's equal as a battler, handicaps considered. He was old, very old, when he took me up, and naturally grew older. He had only six workable teeth. The rustiness of his coat advertised lack of good breeding. He had the long vulnerable ears of the setter. His weight was only fifty-six pounds. Among his other afflictions was acute near-sightedness which made him, as a blur approached, stretch his neck to an unbelievable height to see if the blur were I. The shambling gait was due to a dislocation of the hip which in the end brought him down. Yet, on the day of our union he whipped the hundred-pound bull, and in the four years following was the victor in at least one thousand fights.

First he won the town championship, then the county; finally, the owners of some of his defeated antagonists were rounding up white hopes from fifty miles around. Going after them in buggies, too, and training them on raw meat and preliminary fights with the *hoi polloi* of dogdom thereabouts—set-ups, we would say now—only to see them polished off, one and all with the same monotonous ease. I never saw him defeated, and only one draw.

John Clinton, our city marshal, used to say: "If it was any one's dog but yours, you little devil, I'd have him killed. But he seems to love you. I guess you two were made for each other."

He told me nothing I did not already know. Old Tramp filled out my life. He satisfied that unformulated longing for unknown things that ferments in the mind of a boy from fifteen to nineteen. Nearly every boy has had it, at least in those departed days when boys *were* boys. What is it?—a ferment of incompleteness, a blind reaching out for something beyond the horizon, but who can say what? In my own case I would venture that it might have been the first stirring of love, except that I was already in love. It may be that the memory of my old dog Tramp is the more golden because our lives were shared by the Curly-head who afterward became my wife. I can only say that he decided my career for me. He cost me a college education. How could I go off to school and leave him behind? Of course I accepted George Anderson's job.

Are you interested? Episodes crowd in on me—which ones shall I tell? We had two years together, and then, in the summer of 1908, I went hoboing to Mexico. For weeks prior to my departure the Hill kids, Polkie, Tully, and Luke, trained me for my adventure by taking me on preliminary freight rides up and down the T. P. line. We became so proficient that we could hop a train running twenty miles an hour and outface the most experienced and cynical brakeman.

What to do with old Tramp? The Hill kids volunteered to keep him. I sneaked off from him one July night and was gone four months. In my absence an all-weights champion was dethroned. He lost heart for fighting; his prop was gone. Curs that had fled yelping at the sight of him now bluffed him publicly. His worst enemy, Hans Yager, made him quit in front of Winniford's barber shop, scene of a hundred of his victories. My old war-

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I stood thunderstruck.—Page 203.

rior was in disgrace and the gang in despair. Dege Hill broke the news to me in a letter to Vera Cruz. "We think you'd better come home," he wrote.

Home I came, a bitter freight-train journey of 1,750 miles for a penniless boy. I dropped off the locomotive of No. 7 at the water-tank and made my way homeward across vacant lots.

I saw him a long way off. He was shambling ahead of the Hill kids, with head down, looking neither to the right nor left. He was a picture of dejection. I whistled. Up went the long neck. A nose beyond compare explored the warm autumn air. I must have been redolent, for, if he could not see me, he at least smelled me. He ambled forward a few steps, taking confirmatory sniffs, then broke into a nervous trot, then a hurried lope—and then he came at me full tilt. As I knelt to receive him he leaped for my arms; but his aim was as bad as his sight. His body struck me in the face, and together we toppled into a ditch half filled with water—I with my arms full of fuzzy

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rustiness, he howling in a mixture of astonishment, joy, and reproach. I had never heard him howl before.

A muddy homecoming for a returned prodigal! But it satisfied him. He fell in behind me, and that afternoon had his regular diet of ground raw meat from our back porch. He never again darkened the Hills' door unless with me—the place seemed to contain hateful memories. Late in the evening of my return he happily led me by Charley Yager's house, picked a fight with Hans the bull, and whipped him in less than a minute. It was a grand and glorious day for both of us.

Passed another year, and then I thoughtlessly matched old Tramp against a pit bull. The bull was as old as he and somewhat larger. I anticipated a repetition of history, our challenger having announced Sweetwater, a neighboring town, as the home of the bull; but I afterward learned that he had been shipped from El Paso, 450 miles away. The fight took place at the stock-pen. John Clinton was there as official peacemaker, and, on the side, master of ceremonies. Indeed, half the down-town male population turned out, and the Sweetwater contingent of sports had its money covered, with plenty to spare.

No such fight has ever been seen in our town. If old Tramp rose to supreme heights, so did the bull. It was a meeting of two past-master tacticians. It was a perfect dog fight. For the better part of an hour they lunged and darted, feinted and parried, attending to the matter in hand with never a sound, and neither gaining the advantage. Each tried every bit of stratagem he knew—the ear chop, the throat shake, the flank hold, the foot squeeze—but the other methodically blocked it. It was an absorbing thing to follow their mental reactions: they opened the fight briskly and professionally; then came surprise, followed by pique; then wild anger; then cold fury; and finally a dogged determination to see the thing through with luck as the decisive factor. In the end both were exhausted. By mutual consent, it seemed, they reared to standing position, carefully locked jaws, and "went to sleep." We had to pry them apart. Bets were declared off.

As old Tramp legged me to town I noted anxiously that his hips were sagging lower than usual. I bought a pint bottle of liniment and massaged him from head to foot. He lay dispiritedly through the performance with eyes closed, rousing to lick my hand reprovingly only as I touched a tender spot. He was thoroughly done up. I felt the tears starting. They were tears of shame. Burying my face in his smelly coat I cried brokenly: "I'll never let you fight again." And I didn't.

His collapse really dated from that day. Like an overdone athlete's, his "silk" had frayed away. Gone were the rasp-edge temper, the desire to roam, the lust for conquest. Soon he was unable to walk, retiring to his last bed with a wistful resignation that told me the end was not far away. For my own part, I showered him with loving care. I was with him every spare minute. Each night I tucked him in with hugs and kisses, anon stealing back for another farewell squeeze to give myself the joy of hearing the measured thump of his beautiful plume tail. I took him off the raw-meat diet and fed him milk toast and chicken-bones instead. Neighboring chicken-roosts were ransacked at night for young and fat fryers wherewith to intrigue his appetite. Those last days together were melancholy, but there was a certain happiness in them, too.

August 15, 1910, found me on my back with boils and fever, induced by redbugs from the creek—chiggers, we called them. Early that morning I left my bed of pain to go out to him. As I gathered him up I felt the unnatural shaking of his wasted frame; but there was nothing of waver, there was nothing but love, in the deep brown eyes that went exploring into mine. They were like fathomless pools. I went back to bed in tears, and while I lay thus my brother Harry, home on a visit, chloroformed my old dog Tramp. A bit later——

"Kid," he said breezily, standing over the bed, "I put the old fellow to sleep and he's out of his misery now."

I flew to the hairy pallet in the southeast corner of the barn. He was gone. A single drop of blood marked the place where his head had rested.

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"Don't take on so, kid," said Harry kindly. "He's not far away. I had old nigger Charley Kennard bury him under the chinaberry-tree. I'll buy you another dog."

Buy me another! No grown man ever made a firmer vow than I made, that bitter day as I stood weeping and shaking with fever over the pallet of my departed comrade. He had lived out his life as a one-man dog; I vowed to be faithful to his memory by holding myself a one-dog man, until another should come into my life under circumstances as follows:

He must be a shepherd, shaggy black, with brown underside and brown tufts over the eyes.

He must weigh approximately fifty-six pounds.

He must be a stray, appearing unexpectedly from nowhere, without collar or other sign of ownership.

He must acknowledge but one master, myself, and not be too hasty about that. It were better that we first went through some crucible together. As for others, he must ignore them from instinct, tolerating them only as I gave permission.

He must regard all other dogs not as possible intimates, but as immediate and active enemies to be attacked on sight. If defeated, he must tackle his conqueror again and again, until he publicly defeated *him*.

The terms were hard. As the years

"But when I calls him he almos' eats me up!"—Page 204.

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went by, and I travelled afar to ply my trade in the newspaper offices, I concluded that they were hopelessly hard. Two years ago I returned to the home of my boyhood—still a one-dog man. Hundreds of dogs had touched my life in the interim, including several black shepherds (those I dismissed with many a backward look, I admit), but none remained. There was one, a regal animal, and he loved me—but never mind, I gave him up.

Together we toppled into a ditch.—Page 205.

Fourteen years, eleven months, and four days had elapsed after the death of old Tramp when, on last Friday afternoon, I drove with my family to my mother's house. As we coasted up to the curb my wife cried excitedly: "There's Tramp!" I jumped from the car. A black shepherd with a marvellous tail was idly trailing two young women. "Ladies," I called, "is that your dog?" "It is not," one curtly answered.

I stood trembling. The moment was not simply pregnant with Fate—it *was* Fate. "Tramp!" I said huskily. The stranger turned about and came shambling to meet me, propelling himself entirely from the shoulders. He had no collar. His shaggy coat was filled with cockle-burs. His feet were stained red with clay—blessed country clay. We looked at each other. "Tramp!" I said again. His only response was a cynical lifting of brown tufts. I walked into the house without giving him another look, and he nonchalantly followed. He made for a cool spot under the dining-table, whirled three times, and flopped with the certain air of one who has come to stay.

I led my treasure forth. There was a

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test to be made. A large collie dog was passing—I am sorry it was not a bull. Old Tramp started stiff-legged for the collie. But my wife cried in distress: "Oh, don't make *him* a fighting dog! Remember the children."

So I called him off. He trotted back with every sign of disapproval. I am sure he can fight, and wants to fight. I know by looking at him that his fighting weight is between fifty-five and sixty pounds. In a few days, perhaps, when no one is about——

That night I gave him the supreme test, the third degree. Whom did he acknowledge as master? Well, he followed me with his eyes everywhere; he rose as I spoke; he flopped on command; he was merely nice to the children—but, along toward bedtime, hungrily seeking him, I came unexpectedly on a scene that should have sent my happiness crashing but, somehow, did not. I found him locked in my wife's arms. They were rocking back and forth, she was murmuring something in his ear, and he was solemnly licking her hair. As we three stood together my wife and I looked at each other, half exultantly, half accusingly, as much as to say: "Do you believe in second marriages?"

I decided to advertise him. My wife protested: "Why, you'll lose him!" But I said: "He *may* not be an outlaw; the clay *may* not be country clay. If I have to give him up I would prefer that it be now than later. I could not bear it then."

The advertisement ran three days, in the same paper whereon we two, old Tramp and I, began our careers together. I learn from lovelorn masters that dogs of nearly every breed and color have been lost the past fortnight, and most of them shepherds; but when I grimly demand a description they eagerly begin telling me about those short-haired police dogs, and call *them* shepherds. Not one—I pity those unfortunates from the heart—has described *my* dog.

A certain gnawing fear that followed me through those four golden years of my boyhood (I always lived in the horrible shadow of losing old Tramp to some tardy master) returns to assail me now, fresh and sharp. The advertisement has run its course and the telephone is quiet, but yesterday a woman pushed into my house demanding proof that I was not concealing a miserable white-and-brown bulldog, and a female at that! She departed with ominous mutterings, wholly unconvinced of my sincerity when I told her brusquely that I would not own a bulldog under any conditions.

If some one finally describes old Tramp, if after, say, a year, he is taken from me, after my story has been heard in every court that will hear it, what am I going to do?

For Youth

BY WINIFRED DAVIDSON

Your soft new bones, so neatly joined and little,
They will turn brittle.

Your hair now crisped and curled, breeze-tossed and golden,
Will slowly olden.

Hunger and hates that through your dream streets riot
Will come to quiet.

But stars in blue-blown nights, love's tides within you
Continue . . . and continue.

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My Grandfather McGehee's Wedding

BY STARK YOUNG

IT was the time of day when people of good habits are up and about the affairs of life, which is equivalent to saying when those who own the house are at breakfast.

My Aunt Martha and Uncle George sat at their two ends of the table and every one else in his place—I next to Georgia, who was laughing a great deal this morning, not about anything in particular, just laughing, very much as the sunlight falls through the shutters. Those days, in most of the good houses of our county, you were supposed to come to breakfast dressed, powdered, and elegant, unless you were ill, in which case trays were to be sent to your room. If you had been to a party or up late somehow or other, you might sleep when you liked during the day and as much as you liked, but you came down to breakfast. To eat a good, sound breakfast was a matter of character.

But then, of course, breakfast, on its part, was what it should be. At Heaven Trees the things that ought to be hot were hot, and the things that ought to be cold were cold; what should be fresh seemed only that moment to be born; what should be cured and seasoned was at its last perfection. And so that morning, when October was half over and the air was fine and clear, every one in the house was at the table, Miss Mary Cherry included—she was paying another visit to Heaven Trees. The meal was nearly over, for the waffles had come in. They were light and brown and fit for a king, who could not indeed have been more exacting about them than my uncle was. The preserved strawberries mixed with a third as much quince, which my Aunt Martha knew so well how to make, were equally perfect. The coffee was from the Old French Market in New Orleans. Every one sat happily and quite replete, as my Aunt Martha used to say, in his place; the children's nurses or body servants, or whatever these little darky attendants and playmates were to be called, stood by their chairs. Solomon shuffled in and out with hot covered platters of waffles that Scott Judy brought him from the kitchen, forty yards away from the house; at Heaven Trees there were to be no smells and no noises from that region.

Miss Mary Cherry had not liked the waffles very much this morning—a poor food at best, she always said—and had sent one of the maids up-stairs with a bunch of keys to her wardrobe for the black box of wafers that Miss Mary herself had made the day before. She had taken out two wafers, put them on a plate, closed the box, and put it in her lap without offering it to any one, and sat now eating with dignity her chosen fare. In general we were having a very orthodox Heaven Trees breakfast.

It was therefore strange that, without announcement or knocking of any sort, my Cousin Hester should appear in the doorway, looking sharp enough to split a hair.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"What? Good morning, Cousin Hester," Georgia cried first, but everybody tried to say *good morning* and *what* at the same time.

"Well, let me untie this bonnet, I'm positively choking. I always say you can't untie a bonnet in a hurry."

"Won't you have some breakfast?" my aunt asked.

"No, no; just coffee. I always say I'm all right if I just have my coffee."

This was straining politeness to the utmost.

"Well," Cousin Hester said as she stirred the sugar in her cup, "you'd never believe it."

"Believe what, Cousin Hester?" Georgia cried.

Cousin Hester wore a necklace of jet and gold beads with a gold heart for a

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pendant; she kept turning it round and round on her throat.

"I couldn't believe it myself." She took a sip of coffee.

"You can't believe anything you hear and only half you see; that's proverbial even," said my Uncle George.

"Well, this's true all right."

"We shall hope so, if it pleases you."

"I don't know whether you'll hope so or not when you hear it. I passed Shelton McGehee near the bridge just now and asked him again. He says yes, it's true."

"That, doubtless," said my uncle philosophically, "is why it is a secret."

"Cousin Hester, I'm dying to know," said Georgia miserably.

It came, nevertheless, like a bolt from heaven.

"Colonel McGehee is going to be married."

"Grandfather McGehee! Married! Oh, no!" and so on; it came all at the same time. For a moment the whole table talked at once, only Miss Mary Cherry said nothing, not a word, but sat there like a surprised fortress. For a moment we talked, then were silent. Grandfather McGehee was well past sixty, and in a county where girls were married sometimes at fourteen, to be sixty, even for a man, was to be ripe in years. Such thoughts most of us had at that moment, no doubt, but none of us voiced.

It was an evidence of how we regarded him that we should make so little comment on a piece of news that knocked us all down. An occasion that ought to have been romantic, gossipy, gay, became in a second grave and concerned, all because it was Grandfather McGehee. That was our tribute to him.

There is nothing anecdotal to tell about my Grandfather McGehee. Not many of his sayings were ever quoted; not many actions of his turned into stories to be told at people's tables and by the fire or going up and down to Memphis on the train, as people used to do about my Uncle George and Parson Bates and others from the county. The remembrance of my grandfather is of a solemn, intense, reticent, perfect quality he had, and of that only, almost. He was a sort of under-running love in the minds of all branches of the family; for years he had been a kind of spiritual persistence and a place of quietness in our thoughts. We thought about him often enough and of all the good we knew of him; we talked of him simply always, and not so very often. It was the tone in which these remarks were said that counted.

My Grandfather McGehee came to Mississippi from Georgia, not an imposing origin certainly if it had not gone on back to Virginia and finally to Scotland. He had a great deal of family pride and imparted that to all his children. How many times have I heard my young cousins weigh the lure of something a little low and unbecoming and dismiss it not with any moral discussion or argument at all, but with the remark that, of course, we never do that sort of thing, *we* meaning McGehees! This McGehee attitude they had inherited through their fathers from their grandfather, though it appeared in his bearing, not in his words. This family of his was the only one in America that spelled its name McGehee, however legion the Magees in general might be. The proper name of the family in Scotland was MacGregor, and my grandfather had a book, which the women of the family showed to the rest of us, in which our descent was traced through the heads of the clan. It was a quarrelsome history, full of pride, splendor, and bad temper. It was a history of supremacy, controversy, confiscation, restoration, confiscation, restoration, and so on up and down. In the reign of Mary Stuart's grandfather, for example, the head of the family was married to the king's daughter, and among other titles was Lord of the Isles. Under the next king the property of the MacGregors was confiscated. This property in turn was redeemed by Queen Mary with all the family honors, and that state of affairs lasted until the Montrose rebellion, in which the three brothers took part on the losing side and were disgraced again. All three of them left Scotland in anger. One went to England, keeping out of his titles that of Sir John Ross; nobody in the family could tell us any more about him. The other two came to Virginia, changing the name and not telling even their own children what their origin had been. My grandfather had a will that one of them had

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made. In it he set out the bequests, the mourning rings, the funeral expenses, the instructions as to the future of the family, and, for the first time, the piece of information that their proper name was MacGregor and their place at the head of the clan.

Of these two brothers the grandchildren moved to Georgia, where my grandfather's father lived in such gaiety and pleasure that he wasted his estate. In all their history, as my Uncle Abner used to point out to me, these MacGregors had run a triple course of: first, wealth and dissipation; second, bankruptcy and low fortunes; third, effort and fortune again. Their history was one long wave of making and losing, rising and falling, and rising again. He never seemed to doubt that the MacGregors would rise as certainly as they would fall, and fall as certainly as they would rise. So it happened that Grandfather McGehee, being of one of these third and ascending generations, began his career as a Georgia schoolmaster but came, after much labor, to great prosperity. In Governor Gilmer's history the family is mentioned as the chief intimates of General Oglethorpe himself and as being the first family in Georgia to drive a yellow chaise.

My grandfather came to Mississippi to escape his own pain. It was the death of his wife and his grief for her and not a roving instinct that prompted him to sell his property in Georgia and set out for Mississippi. With him came two brothers and a son-in-law—for one of his daughters was already married—and his children. They came in carriages and on horseback and in covered wagons, the long train scattered along the road at intervals for a mile, with all the furniture, negroes, farming implements, and dogs. The money was in gold and was carried in a keg in the middle of one of the wagons. It was to this tragic history, I think, that our feeling for my grandfather was partly due. He never spoke of his wife and made little demonstration toward his children, but what she had meant to him we all knew. We understood more or less his loneliness, and we knew what it meant to him when the last of his sons to be left in his house, my Uncle Thomas, was struck by the bough of a tree from his horse, which came home in a gallop with him dragging after by a foot that was caught in the stirrup. My grandfather was standing at the door when the horse dashed up to the gate.

In his own house Grandfather McGehee was particular that young people should enjoy themselves, and there were many balls and parties there. We used to see him moving about, careful that the servants did their part and that there was plenty of everything for the happiness of the company. But he himself did not drink, and he took little part in the festivities. My memory of him on these occasions is always in this vein of a grave and solicitous figure moving on the skirts of things.

Meantime, however, though he was so silent and so lonely, many of his actions found him out. One day when I was riding with him we came upon a slave-driver's line, a brutal Dutchman with a herd of the poor creatures. Among them was an old woman hobbling along with her head done up in a cloth and trying to keep up with the line. She was constantly falling behind and as often tumbling forward with a little whimpering cry, trying not to fall behind. My grandfather stopped the march and bought her on the spot. He learned from her that she had seemed so ailing and listless that the Dutchman had struck her a blow over the head and left her for dead in the corner of the fence, but that she had come to in spite of him and with the help of some of the others had dragged along. She told him of three children who had been left behind in Tippah County by this same man when their mother had died on the journey, purely worthless creatures sold for a trifle in order to be rid of them. That night my grandfather rode twenty miles and brought these children back with him to his own place. It was a habit of his to have peach-trees planted all along the road that ran by his plantation so that travellers might enjoy the fruit of them. He had got the idea, I used to hear, from a Spanish legend. He did many gentle and tender things that arose secretly from a deep, full heart.

We were all thinking of Grandfather McGehee, then, as we sat there at the table after Cousin Hester's explosion and

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were wishing him well. We put stanchly back any doubts we might have as to the wisdom of this unexpected decision on his part; we suppressed any observations we might have made on men of his age marrying; we made none of the remarks we might have made if any one else but my grandfather had been the subject under discussion.

In this respectful silence my Cousin Hester took the floor again.

Next Monday, according to Cousin Hester, was the wedding; and Uncle George, seeing us all look so gloomy, tried to be merry. Monday, he exclaimed, indeed? That showed that Colonel McGehee regarded marriage as at least enough of a pleasure not to be allowed on the Sabbath.

But that little witticism scarcely dimpled the stream of Cousin Hester's oration. She steamed forward nobly. The lady was a Mrs. Satterlee, of Hernando, in De Soto County. She was doubtless a paragon of all the virtues. For certainly Colonel McGehee, Cousin Hugh, would marry no lady but such as had dignity, prudence, and intelligence, household skill, breeding, and equipoise, and virtue of course—but that went without saying—and was besides the perfection of character, honor, and sobriety. No doubt, such a lady could be found, but there was quite as little doubt that only Grandfather McGehee, of all men, could find her. For all these virtues of hers and her forty-one years—Mrs. Satterlee was forty-one, free, white, and forty-one—the lady might receive from him in exchange not only these same qualities in masculine kind but a great deal of money in the banks of New Orleans and Memphis, where Cousin Hugh was so progressive as to deposit his gold instead of keeping it hidden in kegs, as some of his more conservative and old-fashioned neighbors still did. As she always said, suppose you hid your money behind a brick in the fireplace or in a stove or in the sleepers under the house or somewhere, and then died of typhoid fever or something where you were paralyzed and couldn't speak to tell them where the money was on your death-bed—however—as she was saying to Cousin Micajah—in addition to this money, there were more than three hundred and fifty slaves and plantations the size of a county. They were to be married at the bride's and Tuesday night we should welcome the couple when they arrived at my grandfather's house, Gregnon, and Cousin Hester dared to say that the lady was older than that.

And so that following Tuesday night, at the time of the full harvest moon, found us at my grandfather's place, and all the tireless company of cousins were arriving.

The house was a mile from the main road, and the driveway through the park was covered with carriages and rockaways and barouches and gentlemen on horseback coming to swell the company. The porches and halls and parlors were stirring with hoop-skirts and silks and yards on yards of tarleton in ruffles and flounces. Pomades and lavender, French powders and rouges and scented water hung on the air, which stirred delicately with many unceasing fans. To the nostrils it was like a celestial boudoir itself, or a hundred sweet-smelling saints all in an ecstasy at once. Gentlemen in high stocks and fancy waistcoats were wielding the fans and showing ladies about from chamber to chamber or group to group. Callista Brahan was singing at the piano, but only her topmost notes could survive the rain of gallantries, laughter, and new arrivals. My Cousin Hugh, in a waistcoat of white with rosebuds over it, stood in the hall and did the honors of the house. His patent-leather boots were so tight that he cursed in his heart every time he said "Honored" or "Very glad to see you," as he bowed to a lady.

The portrait-painters of that day who visited Mississippi painted clothing best of all things, clothing and becoming arrangement. The gentlemen were painted with a hand resting on a desk, where lay an open book, looking as if they were about to address Parliament. The ladies were painted in velvet, much rich lace, graceful dignity itself. As to the likeness, it was not so certain; sometimes it was admirable, sometimes you could be sure of the subject only after the picture was hung in the subject's house. A number of these portraits now looked down from the walls on the guests coming and going in the drawing-room. My great-uncle, Colo-

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nel Edward McGehee, was there, who lived at Woodville and built colleges and a railroad; my Grandmother McGehee, so long dead, whom I had never seen; my great-grandmother in a cap, and many others. Above the mantelpiece was my grandfather himself, painted by Cooper, of Memphis. It was a handsome face with fine brown eyes and warm coloring and a sort of tender austerity. He wore a stock and fluted shirt and a cloak with a velvet collar that hung from one shoulder; one hand was raised against his waistcoat and held lightly the hem of the cloak. My grandfather had had nine of these portraits painted for his children, and paid five hundred dollars each for them, a terrible sum for a portrait in those days, and one that would have been a scandal in the county had any one else been concerned in it but Grandfather McGehee.

In the dining-room the tables taxed their heavy legs under the turkeys and chickens, the joints of mutton and smoke-house ham, the compotes of jellies, sauces, and lucid citron cut into shapes of flowers, birds, animals, and fruits—they were too beautiful to eat, every one said. The wedding cake went up far higher than the candles in their silver sconces, and was covered with little fences and festoons, bells, hearts, and a temple of love with Cupid himself. There were three pyramid cakes, two white with clusters of pink grapes, one pink with white grapes. There was a basket of cake with white icing on the outside, lined with pink icing, and filled with oranges. The bowls were filled with punch made of brandy and the juice of baked apples. Nothing was spared. We needed only the coming of the bridal couple to complete the feast.

They were a little late, it seemed. The hall clock, which my grandfather himself wound every eighth day, struck six without any news yet of approaching carriages. People began to turn to each other wondering.

"What's in the wind?" Mr. Bobo went about saying. "The colonel's generally a neck ahead of the clock itself." He was using, as he always did, these figures drawn from stables and race-tracks.

People said that the bad roads this side of Senatobia were the trouble. And my Cousin Hugh told himself two things: "I hope there's no accident to father" and "If he doesn't come soon, I'll have to go up-stairs for another pair of boots." The party went happily on.

The scene, the perfumes, the music, the twilight, and the wedding sentiment softened the hardest hearts, if there were any. Young people were walking about in the garden, to the gate and back, dancing on the porches, and sitting in corners. Charles had come over from the university to be present, riding thirty miles through the country and looking handsomer than ever. He and Georgia had spent as much time in each other's company as they dared. They had walked in the garden, they had danced, and had looked in the memory album, reading the verses and mementos together and smiling over them, and had gone through the births, deaths, and pedigrees in the front of the family Bible. The thought of a wedding sent Charles wandering far into the field of dreams, and gave perhaps the faintest one rose more to Georgia's cheeks. Certainly, she looked sweeter than ever.

And now, when more minutes had passed and no bride and groom, Georgia had been standing on the stair an age talking to Willie Darling Ruffin, whom she thought a silly goose. "But yet," she told herself, "I'd as soon have Willie Darling and keep here on the stair instead of being lost in the crush. Nobody wants Cousin Hester prodding you and Miss Mary Cherry mashing you, or Cousin Micajah sticking his face into yours and saying silly things." At least Willie Darling never made love to you. His way when he was in love, which was very often, was to send the young lady a book of poems with a card inside: "Please consider my case."

Seven o'clock struck and dusk fell and the candles were lighted in the parlors and halls. My Uncle Shelton ordered out his horse and galloped off to the park gates to see if there was any sign of his father, and to show off his equestrianship, which was well worth the pains he took to show it, for he was a famous knight in all the riding tournaments. But he returned without a sign. Several guests saw a carriage distinctly coming up the drive several

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times, but none materialized. It passed the half-hour. People began to think of supper.

All of a sudden Miss Mary Cherry, who could not see her thimble when she dropped it and always made you pick it up for her, cried out:

"Look, yon 'tis. There's the carriage. At last!"

By this time every one could see the horses of the first carriage as they came up the avenue of trees. Mr. Bobo was appealed to: "Were they Colonel McGehee's horses?"

He stood on his tiptoes.

"Yes, sir. The Colonel's Hambletonians. Yes, siree!"

Every guest brightened, the ladies clapped their hands as the carriage entered the smaller gate to the driveway over the lawn. It dashed up nearer. But at the first good sight of it, every one looked at his neighbor, thunderstruck. In the carriage sat my grandfather. He was alone. He sat upright with his cape about him, and precisely in the middle of the seat. Behind him came the second carriage, empty.

The guests on the porch were silent; a little whispering ran among the ladies. Miss Mary Cherry began to turn her head round and round, like an owl, looking at everybody.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, shaking hands with us. "I am glad to see you. You are very welcome."

I shouldn't have believed it possible, but there was not a question asked. Unless it were his brother, Colonel Edward McGehee, there could not have been another personage in all the State of Mississippi for whom that would have happened. Grandfather McGehee went on greeting his guests on the porch, and my Cousin Hugh came forward from the hall and kissed him.

"How are you, father? Well, sir, I hope."

"Quite, son. All the guests seen to?"

It was Miss Mary Cherry who could not maintain the lofty air of the moment. Curiosity or courage got the better of her.

"Colonel," she demanded, "where's the bride?"

My grandfather was saying to some of the guests that he feared he had delayed their entertainment; he did not seem to hear Miss Mary's question, and went on to the end of his remark.

A second time she put her question.

"Colonel, I inquired where the bride was."

A second time my grandfather seemed not to hear her.

For the third time she began: "Colonel McGehee——"

"There will be no bride, madam, and my hearing is quite perfect. Shall I have the honor of your company to supper?"

My grandfather had his own sense of humor; he may have taken Miss Mary Cherry in to supper only to harass her. Perhaps yes, perhaps not; what I do know is that all during supper she made attempts to get back to explanations, but he kept her off and ate as if nothing had happened. She never quite got her question out again. Now and again she would give him a good look in the eye; that was all she could muster. So the supper passed.

Later in the evening there was music and dancing till ten o'clock. The moon came up over the trees and flooded the lawn and the park, and marked the road running far away, pale and smooth among the trees. The hour at last came when we must make our good-nights and start for home, and, what is more, when we could wonder aloud over the strange outcome of this wedding day. Every carriage leaving my grandfather's gate carried many texts and proverbs and conjectures.

"Go ahead," said my Uncle George to us in our carriage; "you can all talk the better about it, for none of you know anything at all."

"But certainly, George," said my aunt, "we are obliged to find some explanation."

"How so?"

"Why, darling!"

"Yes, yes, we must sleep to-night."

"Perhaps Colonel McGehee changed his mind at the last minute. Men are changeable."

"Not Grandfather McGehee," Georgia said.

"No," my uncle said.

"Perhaps *she* did," said Aunt Martha.

"I refuse to entertain any such idea of a bride, my love."

"And she a widow, too! And all this estate!"

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"Runs for miles," said my Uncle George.

"What a gump!"

"And the license bought! Costs as much as *Godey's Lady's Book* for a year at least," said my aunt, smiling sadly.

"And worth about as much," Miss Mary Cherry said.

"At least be serious, Doctor Tait."

"But, mother," Georgia asked, "can people really break off this way, do you think?"

"One is lucky to find out in time. Your heart changes of itself, you can't make yourself love any one."

This brought Ellen in; she was our little governess, and from Vermont.

"I believe you can control your thoughts in time to prevent a change. And I think you ought to."

"I doubt that, at any rate, Cousin Ellen," Georgia answered.

"What would you do?"

"I'd just say to the gentleman: 'I'm sorry, but I find I don't love you.' That would end it."

"Would it? I envy you," Ellen answered and no more.

"How about last year?" my uncle asked.

"Jimmie? Jimmie Wallace?"

"Yes."

"Well, we got it over easily enough."

"Or was it only to make others jealous?"

"Never mind, Poppie."

Miss Mary Cherry, who had been silent, now gave a grunt. My Uncle George turned.

"Are you comfortable, Miss Mary?"

"Oh, yes, for that matter," she answered coldly.

"I hope so."

"I've been insulted, if you want to know. I've been insulted."

Nobody said anything and Miss Mary went on. According to her, you might have seen easily enough he was an old simlin-headed loon, and she believed that he took her in to supper just to torment her. An hour—it had been an hour—and he had made it impossible to talk of anything. You can't go asking the same question over and over. She had tried talking about the journey, what a powerful ride he had had from Hernando. He said that when you had ridden to Panola from Georgia, thirty miles was a trifle—as if the subject were cross-country travel. Meanwhile what of the bride? What of the bride, indeed? Several times when he was not keeping silent he had said what a pleasant season we were having. Miss Mary had said how delightful it was to be under his vine and fig-tree.

"Every time he said it was a pleasant season I said how delightful it is to be under your vine and fig-tree; I put it in this flowery way," she said, "because I thought by talking like an idiot I might draw him into his romantic mood. He must have them or he wouldn't have got the thought of marrying this widow woman into his old head and bringing her back here on us all."

Miss Mary had scowled herself at last into a gloomy silence; and every one, or most of us, looked out past the shadow of the carriage into the perfect night. For now the moon had shifted between the tree-tops and more stars were shining in the sky above the road ahead. Strangely this vault of sky became a dome as the road swept into the open country; the stars were picked out of the blue; a sort of silver twilight spread out over the fields from the sagging moon. My cousin Ann Dandridge caught up behind us as she came along in her carriage. She was Grandfather McGehee's niece, and he admired and trusted her above every one in the family. He had told her what had happened in his absence and left the explanation of it in her hands. She told us briefly. Grandfather McGehee had arrived with two carriages at the lady's house in Hernando to bring her back with him to Panola. Later you could hear gossipy embroidering around this event and tales of this Mrs. Satterlee, but what Cousin Ann told us was a single thing. When Grandfather McGehee arrived she had been foolish enough to request a settlement of a hundred thousand dollars on her before the ceremony took place. At that my grandfather had made her a bow. "Madam," he said, "pray accept my compliments then and permit me to say there will be no ceremony."

We were all indignant for him as we heard this story from my Cousin Ann. We knew what the affair had cost my

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grandfather and what this unexpected vulgarity on the woman's part must have meant to him. Whether he had had any romantic love for Mrs. Satterlee we never knew. None of us believed that he had. The family regarded the affair as a matter of the loneliness of age, and that alone. His children were all married one by one and had left his house, and a desire for a dignified and ordered household was only natural in such a man. At any rate, the conversation, when Cousin Ann had bade us good-night and our carriage rolled on along its way, died down completely. Charles was sitting beside Georgia; he was silent, and for the rest of the ride she sat leaning slightly forward and said nothing. Even my Uncle George, who was farthest from Grandfather McGehee than any one in the whole connection because of the unfortunate course of his first marriage with my grandfather's oldest daughter, sat grim and stern, moved with the ironical sense of what had fallen to the lot of this stern, tender, deep life. Only when we rolled up at the steps of Heaven Trees did my uncle bring himself together. "Well, here we are at last," he exclaimed, trying to cheer things up, and, turning to Miss Mary Cherry: "here we are, under our own vine and fig-tree."

Miss Mary was the last to descend. She drew herself up at her full height when her feet touched the ground, and stood perfectly firm. She had this much to say, that she had resolved on three things: First, that she had been insulted and would never set foot again in Colonel McGehee's house; second, that at least she did not intend to go until he invited her to come; and, third, or felt that they really needed her.

Travelling Intelligently in America

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE war ended, perhaps for good and all, the golden age of travel. There was a brief, happy period when the young American could put a few hundred dollars in his pocket and irresponsibly see all that he never saw at home. No one born after 1900, perhaps no one born after 1890, can understand what Europe was to an American in those naïve days, now as far off as the Grand Tour or Italy of the Renaissance. Normandy was what Normandy is still, a country of delicious villages, there are inns in Somerset yet, hill towns in Italy, and churches in Rome, but the American can no longer be irresponsible in Europe unless the irresponsibility is congenital. The French, Italians, English, Germans are individuals now who have opinions; who fight, suffer, think, have personalities of which we know more than we ever expected.

In that age of innocence, of which the turn of the century was perhaps the prime, Americans wandered abroad like Anglo-Saxons in ancient Rome, amazed, delighted, reverential, taking everything seriously but the inhabitants, and seeing them as part of the background. Europe was quaint, Europe was cheap, Europe touched our world—our left-behind problems of rivalry, progress, and a living—only as an escape. If democracy in politics was to be found at home, democracy in pleasure was abroad, for one drank wine at a franc a bottle, had ready service for coppers, and saw the greatest museum on earth for the price of shoe leather or a bicycle. War was a romance of monuments and crop-grown battle-fields; boundary lines a subject for ridicule; arrogant officers or marching troops like seeing the antiquities of history on a stage.

We sang our college songs in cafés sacred to the *beau monde*, good-natured rowdies too innocent to be really offen-

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sive. We herded through art-galleries, memorizing the unessentials that distinguish one great painter from another—white horses, high lights, lips with a double twist. We drank Munich beer and played the toy ponies and climbed easy mountains and saw shameless vaudeville, always with the feeling that this was the Land of Cockaigne, which for us had no reality outside of the pleasanter emotions. The past of Europe stirred us immensely; its present not at all, except in women, wine, and song, and the delights of easy travel. On Monday we did Shakespeare's birthplace and were duly thrilled, on Tuesday in a chance-found canoe went whooping down the Thames with two suit-cases and a hat-box between the thwarts. Poverty in Europe was picturesque, temper in Europe was merely amusing, people in Europe were like the stage mob that gesticulates, sobs, shouts, passes off, and is forgotten. It was not our world—that is why we loved it.

And if by chance we came upon the familiar—saw steel towns in Germany, suburbs in London, modern universities not like Oxford and Cambridge—we passed on quickly. For, with tremendous vitality and an incredible freshness, we undergraduates and schoolmarms and bank clerks and professors, who in France or Germany would have been bending over a desk, were privileged to buy for our tiny price what no millionaire could have at home. Blue water and ancient beauty, sophisticated amusement and enlargement of every sense and faculty in a strange world spiritually familiar, all were ours for a little saving. No travellers were ever so blest.

II

Most of it is gone to-day. The Great Museum is still there, but an uncomfortable sense of the problems that lurk behind the show-cases has penetrated the idlest intelligence. I fancy that one has to get drunk in Paris now to achieve complete irresponsibility. Nineteen Fourteen and Nineteen Eighteen tore away veils of illusion and made Europe hard reality. It is not the isolationists who most regret the harsh circumstances which now unite America and Europe in the bonds of industrialism. It is those travellers who felt the curious power of Europe over the American mind when there was real isolation in all the bread-and-butter affairs of life. Then twenty centuries were focussed at once upon an imagination which owed less allegiance to the foreign present than to Shakespeare, Dante, St. Louis, and Rome. It is those travellers who are the first to take up the new relationships because they know that old detachment is hopelessly gone forever.

III

Travel for the American must be less gay in the future; let it then be more intelligent.

That travel is not often intelligent, even among professionals, the hundred or so travel books and thousand or so travel articles published annually are voluble witnesses.

There are, as I see them, four prevailing modes of travel books, and if they were arranged in a pyramid the successive cross-sections would indicate their relative numbers.

Most numerous is the kind of book for which some worthy but unimportant person crams upon Brittany, or Scotland, or Siena, like an undergraduate cramming for an examination, and then empties his notes into a manuscript. It seems a harmless way of paying for travel, but the results are not honest. The land he describes must have a lure, and so he sentimentalizes it. Everything, from the results of economic tyranny to the habits of the prostitutes is picturesque, and there is an uncritical piling up of legend and anecdote all in one plane that would perplex a historian. Reading one of these books is like taking a cocktail or an injection before each experience to be sure of an exaltation of mood. You cannot see Europe plain for the Oh's! and Ah's! and Is not antiquity wonderful! This is the decadence of the romance of travel.

The second variety of travel book is less fervid and much more honest. Oil or big game or mere restlessness has tossed the author into some out-of-the-way corner of the globe, whence he returns full of surprising information and is readily persuaded to write a book. It is not usu-

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ally a very good book, for a book depends not upon things seen but the writer thereof, and it is not often that circumstance brings the born observer and the rare experience together. Yet if the natives were queer enough, the adventures surprising, the country little known, such a travel book is worth publishing—if the pictures are good.

The third variety is an English specialty, although any race can produce it, given importance in the individual, opportunity, and an itch for autobiography. It is the anecdotal travel book which proceeds from the Austria of Francis Joseph to the India of rajah entertainment and back by way of Wild Western adventure to dinners with celebrities in London or Paris. This may be a good book if the man who writes it is good for more than the money it costs him to travel. He must have a personality that draws personality to it, and he must have luck. Notables must speak out in his presence. He must be on the edge of wars, or in the swirl of rapid events. He must, in fact, have sensational goods in his windows, or be sensational himself, else his book is worthless. Great books of this variety there are—but they are as rare as epics. Vasari did one of a kind. Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides" is another. But once these books verge toward real excellence, the travel sinks into unimportance and they become memoirs —ambulatory memoirs, not travel books at all.

Then, of course, there is the book of solid information—unliterary, unimaginative, dependable, a repository of facts. If more writers of travel books would stick to this kind of writing we should have fewer and better books. For clearly, if the romantic, or the anecdotal, or the mildly adventurous travel book should be evaporated to its facts, only a dozen pages or so would be left. I find solid facts of travel good reading; they stir my imagination sometimes when romantic vaporing leaves me cold. The diaries of some Arctic adventurers—Scott, for example—are thrilling; there is worse reading than a Baedeker, and Xenophon is still a classic.

And yet the relation of such a book to the living world it records is usually photographic. The facts are all there, but the facts themselves may mean nothing, else we should be content ourselves never to travel. A Doughty was not necessary to tell us that Arabia was desert, nor a Rockwell Kent to note the tempests of the Horn. The right and best travel book will have facts enough, and adventure if it happened, and anecdotes if they are relevant, and romance if romance there was, but it will be written for none of these things. It will be an achievement, because good travel should be an achievement; it will be an exhibition of the art of geography.

IV

I AM aware, naturally, that geography is a science—so, I believe, is history, in the opinion of many; yet history undeniably has its aspect of art, and so has geography. The study of the influence of earth's surfaces upon life is the ample definition I find for geography. Now, travellers must follow earth's surfaces and they go to see life as well as bring it with them. If they consider not merely the cause and effect of what they see but also the emotional and intellectual values, then they may remain scientific but have certainly verged on literature. That, it seems, is the way of good travel and good travel books.

It would be easy to cite good books as an example, but let me take a more difficult means and cite a subject, the homely example of Connecticut, which has not been properly studied for the art of geography since the elder Dwight drove his buggy (if it was a buggy) up its central valley.

Now Connecticut is a land, a *terra*, as different from the rest of New England as Somersetshire from Devon, as different from New York or New Jersey or Pennsylvania as Yorkshire from Kent. Distinctions have been better drawn in England than here, because the folk have lived closer to the land, and there has been more time for the native to synchronize with his environment; that is why I use as contrasts these English counties whose characteristics have been made familiar in literature. Only Thoreau and Muir, among the great American artists in words, have known a coun-

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try as well as have a hundred lesser British contemporaries.

Connecticut is a land of scrubby ranges, not high but broad, with sunny pastures set among their crests, and valleys not deep but narrow. It is a country where wildness is never far away and open country always close at hand; a land of great variety, where the scale is small, the proportions excellent, the scenery never grandiose and never mean. There is always a range beyond the range to suggest infinity, but no peaks to set one dreaming; always the rocky frame of earth pushing through the soil to remind one of Connecticut and hard common sense.

In three hundred years civilization has done little or nothing to the ranges. They are as primitive as the English downs except that their pelt of forest has grown scrawny from too much fire and cutting. The rivers follow and seldom break through them, running north and south, though crookedly, while men in Connecticut since the earliest settlements have wanted to go east and west. Since they could not find "gaps," as in the softer, higher hills of Pennsylvania, nor go round, as in the broad, sleepy valleys of New York, they have cut over the ridges, piercing the woods to get to the open valleys.

It is therefore a State singularly adapted to the breeding of men, even as Iowa is perfect for the growing of corn and the Dakotas for wheat. As a breeder of men it has had no equal in North America. Most of them, to be sure, have left Connecticut! But that is natural. Either they stayed in the hill towns or the valleys—or they began crossing the ranges westward, and kept on.

It has been a breeder of men because it is a country of alternates, of centres of civilization made self-dependent by the no man's land of the hills rising beyond each populated valley. This made for isolation, isolation caused self-sufficiency, and out of self-sufficiency came the lovely Connecticut village which perfectly expressed its inhabitants—a capital in miniature, following the elms both ways along the street to the church, which was in its centre; looking both ways under the elms to the boundary ranges. It was a village state, decorous, proportioned, complete, with its hinterland about it.

The essence of Connecticut is in the hill towns, of which Cornwall is typical, a community as self-sufficient as a rabbit-warren and once as energetic as a coal-mine. In its tiny fold of the Appalachians the first missionary school was founded and the Christianizing of China and the South Seas begun. Hawaii got its first white rulers here; this is where Indians were educated, and the first teaching of scientific agriculture attempted. Intellectual and spiritual impulses that universities and churches might envy took their rise in this little area. Cornwall Old Home Day begins with a panegyric like Pericles's Funeral Speech, where more dead heroes are celebrated than there are live voters in the town.

Natural selection, I suppose, did its part in sending to the borders of the Stockbridge Indians an unusually prepotent breed. But that is not all. The strong families in Cornwall stay strong; the poor whites have been poor whites since the settlement. It has been by geographical necessity a self-dependent community, where, in politics, finance, human relationships, religion, and education, each man had to take his part and could see from his own hill pasture the boundaries of the community where he was responsible. Connecticut towns like Cornwall saved the Constitution, giving the senatorial system to the United States, which was essentially a method by which a small population could keep its self-dependence in a continent.

V

Indeed the country moulds the man, whatever else may be influential in his making. In the cities this geographical influence is overlaid by other factors. Modern industrial cities so greatly resemble one another that a city type of man has been developed who in many respects is more like other city dwellers than the products of his own region. How much of this resemblance is superficial it is still hard to say, but in any case it complicates but does not change the problem. Already many American cities have established an individuality which

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is due far more than they realize to natural environment—New York eminently so; San Francisco, I should say, next; then Boston, Charleston, Chicago, Philadelphia. Yet only in long-settled rural communities, like the Connecticut towns or Sussex, can one readily distinguish those qualities of the country which may have affected man. In man himself the results are too subtle for complete analysis.

Complete analysis, however, is not the job of the traveller, who may leave that to the ethnologist and sociologist. He should know that the aspect of a land does mean something, that the ultimate effect of the bit of earth into which he has wandered is significant in terms of humanity as well as æsthetics, and capture its peculiar flavor and quality if he can. It will prove to be like style in literature, the most imponderable quality, never to be defined and never to be neglected, which when found or felt is a new clew not merely to beauty, but to subject, significance, mood, and result.

This Cornwall, for example: the final problem I should set myself there would not be to detail its self-sufficient history, but to capture the subtle distinctions of the land itself—how its grassy valleys wind always just beyond the eye, how pine meets oak, how white birch and low huckleberry march upon the pastures, how hawthorn and gray dogwood æsthetically arrange themselves in old fields so that beauty is not lost in ruggedness, how every open hill carries its view rolling upward to the west or downward toward the sea, how the nights, even in summer, sparkle with northern vigor and clarity.

I fail, of course, to be more than suggestive, but I fail in part because I am not bent upon describing rural Connecticut. For that one should wade in careful phrases like Thoreau in spring in his Massachusetts swamps. There should be mention of white boulders carved from the glaciers, of the great-shafted pasture elms, of the shrewd crows the Indians left in their place, of self-respecting houses that scorn easy living, of melancholy cow-bells, of autumn garnet and gold, of wild rains, and the nights when even in the villages we go back to wilderness. And afterward the inhabitants....

VI

And yet it is not the quality only of a country that a traveller must catch, but his own mood also that reflects it, and his mood is compounded of what he brings with him and what he observes. It will be his own mood that ultimately he describes for us, and his zeal in interpreting his own reactions will determine whether his account is to be a guide-book or literature.

Therefore an entrance examination set for those about to travel would exclude from the bookmakers all who lack a recording mind. A recording mind is a sensitive mind, with a rich subconsciousness that takes abundant impressions easily and returns the best to the memory. It is amazing what an individual can fail to see. Most of the westward pioneers rode through the Appalachian belt without distinguishing, in the finest forest in the world, more than evergreen from deciduous. John Woolman, the Quaker saint, was so intent on ethical meditation that when he crossed the Great Pocono in the early seventeen-hundreds he saw no more than that it was terribly steep on the northern side. Audubon, who followed him fifty and odd years later, wrote a chapter on the Great Pine Swamp which still stirs the imagination. Borrow had the traveller's mind in perfection, which is best tested by little things—a dingle, a door-moulding, a cloud, or the words of a peasant met by the road.

Travellers' and poets' minds, then, should be alike in this, that they can recollect emotional impressions as vividly as facts. Tennyson was an ideal poet-traveller. Poe, who travelled much for an American, was a good poet but a bad traveller, for his turbid imagination beat his recollections into a romantic froth that seldom suggested anything in this world. Byron was too grandiose to travel well. He founded the railway-poster style of description. Artists and natural scientists travel intelligently. When the eye has had some training the impressions stored away are not likely to be so vague that they have to be worked up with rhetoric in order to make an effect. Ruskin, so tiresome elsewhere, is a magnificent recorder of travel. His study of the arts

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taught his senses to keep line and color. Hudson and Thoreau had a like advantage. They saw more in nature than other men and so had more to draw upon. Darwin was a good traveller. Kinglake's "Eothen" is one of the best of travel books, not because it is history, but because its author was a born historian. Rockwell Kent's remarkable twin *tours de force* at the two ends of the Western Hemisphere — Alaska and Tierra del Fuego—are sharpened in the text as well as in the pictures by an artist's discipline. Tomlinson's exquisite travel narrative has profited by a journalist's cunning. If you are going to write a travel book get experience in looking at something, even if it is only bugs, or stones, or men's noses. See one thing clearly, and you will see more.

Yet the good traveller's mind differs from the poet's in that he must interpret what he sees for different purposes. He is, as I have said, a geographer. He moves in space primarily, a poet in space and time. Granted he brings a real mind with him, and personality, he must nevertheless use both to the furthering of knowledge as well as pleasure, and the knowledge cannot be from his inner consciousness, else he could better write from home. He must feel the effect of a land upon its people, and if he has not done this he has not written a book.

This standard, applied severely, would eliminate most of the travel books now being written, with excellent results. We should have large editions of the remaining ones, and the writers of future travels would be forced to do some real work. What opportunities were lost in this country when the greatest movement of peoples since the fifth century was under way, only the student of pioneer literature knows. The travel-minded writers who took their job seriously (Harriet Martineau and a few others excepted) were doing grand tours, or following Byron to the Orient, while the chance for the great travel books of the nineteenth century passed. If Irving had spent as much time on the prairies as in the Alhambra or England, his fame would now be much brighter. As it is, his Western chapters begin to make his romance of Moorish Spain seem a pastiche.

VII

It is questioned as to whether travel books are literature at all. The very suggestion implies a contempt for the genre which the majority of specimens, for reasons given, justify. But the question is absurd. If the term is loosely used, some of the great books of all time come into the category—"The Canterbury Tales," "The Divine Comedy," "Gulliver's Travels," "A Sentimental Journey," "Paradise Lost" in many cantos, "The Faerie Queene." These are, to be sure, loans from a convenient format, but it is to be noticed that in every instance the author made real use of travel.

That is all one asks of travel in the more prosaic world of actual geography—where indeed another list of famous books could readily be compiled. The map of the world is made now, and there are few brand-new sections of the globe where the mere facts of a journey are news. Big-game trails in Africa are more written up than Broadway; Mr. Stefansson has copyrighted the Arctic for trade purposes; South America is not likely to yield new phenomena except underground. What we want is the not too familiar scene made significant; not a new book on Cambodia, but a study of Nebraska as meaty as "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers"; not another visit to the New Guinea savages so much as an account of that new genus, the Californian, and the California that is making him; not a map of the Antarctic Continent, but the art of geography applied to the city of New York.

We live in a curious rootless state in this industrial civilization, far more conscious of the morning paper, which may come from a hundred miles away, than of the atmospheric pressure which affects our mood, and pervaded with the dangerous fallacy that because New York, Berlin, Tokyo are educated in the same sciences, eat much the same food, make money in the same general fashions, and believe in the same general principles, they will feel alike and, under stress, act alike. Any geographer knows that this is not true, but who will listen to any geographer! Literature has always been the middleman for science—for theology

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in the Middle Ages, philosophy in the eighteenth century, biology in the nineteenth. Literature must suck from geography now, and that means more and better travel books. It is quite possible that travel, geographically considered, and interpreted with knowledge, emotion, insight, and art, will make the best books that can be drawn just now from the shift and whirl of these United States.

Exit

BY WILSON MACDONALD

EASILY to the old
Opens the hard ground:
But when youth grows cold,
And red lips have no sound,
Bitterly does the earth
Open to receive
And bitterly do the grasses
In the churchyard grieve.

Cold clay knows how to hold
An aged hand;
But how to comfort youth
It does not understand.
Even the gravel rasps
In a dumb way
When youth comes homing
Before its day.

Elizabeth's hair was made
To warm a man's breast:
Her lips called like roses
To be caressed.
But grim the jester
Who gave her hair to lie
On the coldest lover
Under the cold sky.

But Elizabeth never knew
Nor will learn now
How the long wrinkle comes
On the white brow;
Nor will she ever know,
In her robes of gloom,
How chill is a dead child
From a warm womb.

O clay! so tender
When a flower is born,
Press gently as she dreams
In her bed forlorn.
They who come early
Must weary of their rest;
Lie softly, then, as light
On her dear breast.

Unflowered is her floor;
Her roof is unstarred.
Is this then the ending,
Here, shuttered and barred?
Nay, not the ending:
She will awake
Or the heart of the earth
That enfolds her will break.

Easily to the old
Opens the hard ground:
But when youth grows cold,
And red lips have no sound,
Bitterly does the earth
Open to receive
And bitterly do the grasses
In the churchyard grieve.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

MR. WINTHROP AMES, director of the Little Theatre and of the Booth Theatre, is one of the foremost citizens of New York. His career in the metropolis has extended over nearly twenty years; I can think of nothing in it that he ought to regret, and of many things of which he should be almost as proud as the city is of him. A graduate of Harvard, he was manager of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston for four years; in 1908 he was invited to be director of the New Theatre, in New York, and although this turned out to be a failure financially, we should remember that there are some financial failures which are of more benefit to the public than some enterprises financially successful. The art of the theatre in America has never been what it was before the advent of the New Theatre, and it can never sink to that level again. This brave undertaking was the chief turning-point in the history of the American stage.

Mr. Ames showed what could be done with a first-class repertory company; he produced a thrilling performance of "Winter's Tale"; he gave completely adequate presentations of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" and "The Blue Bird," of Galsworthy's "Strife," of Pinero's "Thunderbolt," of "Old Heidelberg," and of contemporary American plays.

In 1912 he built the beautiful Little Theatre, and opened it with Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," which ran till the end of the season; immediately after the war he took the responsibility of putting on an extremely expensive play, Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal," thus giving New Yorkers their only opportunity to see the sequel to "The Blue Bird." His only ambition has been to mount plays that are worth seeing, and to give them in the best possible manner. During recent years it has become legal to put plays on the New York stage which are unreservedly lewd, vulgar, sacrilegious, and blasphemous; Mr. Ames has not only refrained from such practices, he has endeavored to discover the best in native and foreign drama.

Now, in the very heyday of his career, he has made the experiment of producing light opera. He chose as his initial piece a revival of that indescribably charming masterpiece Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." Sullivan is the greatest composer England has ever produced; and Gilbert is a dramatist unhurt by time. The music of one and the wit of the other are as fresh as the springing leaves of May, because they have in them the principle of life.

The performance is impeccable. Every person in the cast is a delight to eye and ear. Not a line—either verbal or pedal—is overstressed, but seems to receive its full value. The scenery, the costumes, the groupings are exactly what they should be. The whole affair is a marvel of dexterity, daintiness, and grace, and one simply hates to see the final curtain fall, marking the close of a shining dream.

Mr. Ames is one of the foremost citizens of New York, because he gives to the city the best things in the best way.

William E. Barton, who has written many books and articles on Lincoln, has published an interesting quarto called "A Beautiful Blunder," in which he discusses the puzzling question of Lincoln's famous letter to Mrs. Bixby. He proves that she did not lose five sons in the Civil War; but he believes that Lincoln wrote the letter. Inasmuch as in late years it has been current gossip not only that there was something fishy on the Bixby side but that the author of the letter was John Hay, Mr. Barton's statement on that question is decidedly interesting.

Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade" is a volume which author and publisher have combined to make a work of art. It

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is feather-light, has the best paper, and the type is as soothing to the eyes as borax; the author's style is a finished product of beauty, precision, and grace. Its cool irony is not intended to conceal the inner glow of raging indignation; the incandescent arrows of flame are tipped with cold steel. They penetrate the thickest hide and cause internal injuries. I by no means share all of Mr. Beer's views, but I find such challenging wit healthily stimulating. For the moment, I can only record my admiration of such literary excellence, and advise those who still love a well-written book to read this one.

Synchronously with "The Mauve Decade" appears a novel called "The Cabala," by a new writer, Thornton Niven Wilder. Not "The Constant Nymph" or "Wild Geese" or "The Hounds of Spring" —all first novels—shows such brilliance of style, such *allusiveness*, such artistic dignity, such intellectual maturity as this. I should think many an "arrived" author would be proud to command so admirable a style; in a young man's first book, such resources are amazing. I am not quite sure what it is all about; I have somewhat similar sensations when I hear beautiful music; I don't care what it means, I hear subtle and beguiling melodies.

Robert Herrick's novel, "Chimes," is of course valuable, being the work of a competent man. But its local interest so o'ertops its fictional merit that one hardly notices general qualities, one is so absorbed in the game of identifications. President William R. Harper, of Chicago, gets a portrait worthy of Sargent; his little external peculiarities are faithfully portrayed, and I am happy to see that his greatness of soul is appreciated. I knew Doctor Harper very well indeed; in the field of education he was an ideal Greatheart, leading innumerable pilgrims to the delectable mountains of scholarship. He had unconquerable enthusiasm, wide sympathy, and superb magnanimity. His life was splendid in its fruitfulness, and no hero ever displayed more nobility in facing the slow, cruel approach of death. Another character I instantly recognize is Frank Tarbell, the uncompromising, fastidious, *acier* intellect. Although he had no conceit, he took it out of every one else —what did he do with it then? I see other characters in this plain-spoken novel which should afford the Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago plenty of material for gossip.

In the field of amusement, I recommend the novel "The Bat," made from the popular mystery play by Mary Roberts Rinehart (to whom I owe many hours of delightful reading) and Mr. A. H. Woods. I well remember the excitement in the theatre when "The Bat" was going; well, the novel is fully as absorbing, and a previous knowledge of the play detracts nothing from the book. This is indeed a ripping story.

Another powerful antisedative is "The Man Who Knew," by Patrick Leyton. The opening instantly reminds one of "Beau Geste," but only the opening. The subsequent complications are totally different but equally appealing. An ingenious story of crime.

Three interesting little books on religion are "My Religion," by Arnold Bennett and others, "These Sayings of Mine," by Lloyd C. Douglas, and "Intellectual Vagabondage," by Floyd Dell. In the first Messrs. Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Sir Conan Doyle, Phillips Oppenheim, Compton Mackenzie, J. D. Beresford, I. Zangwill, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Henry Arthur Jones, and one lone woman, Rebecca West, give their individual views on this eternal theme; various English bishops then reply, and I rejoice to see them firm in the faith. Doctor Norwood, of the City Temple, has a lively controversy with Mr. Bennett; the novelist Doyle summarizes, and the "Last Word" is given by the Bishop of London.

An interesting point in this discussion is made by the clergymen. It is often assumed that ministers "know nothing about life," because the assumers get this notion from stage caricatures written by playwrights who know nothing about ministers. But here the latter make a frontal attack on Mr. Bennett and his colleagues, saying that the novelists live in a world of their own creating, and with fictitious persons, whereas the ministers come every day in contact with all sorts of living men and women, from the very best down to the very worst. The novel-

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ist knows a good deal about art, but the minister knows actual life.

Mr. Douglas's book, "These Sayings of Mine," is a valuable, wise, and inspiring exposition of the teachings of Him who knew more about the human heart than Shakespeare. This is a volume I unreservedly recommend.

Floyd Dell will be somewhat surprised if by any chance he should see this page and find his "Intellectual Vagabondage" classed among works on religion. Yet it really there belongs. It is written with frankness, honesty, and literary skill; and is unconsciously one of the strongest arguments for religious faith I have ever read. For without that——

Every one is reading Mark Sullivan's "Our Times—The Turn of the Century," and what is more to the point, every one is thinking about it. The following passage, which I have already quoted in this column, spurs me to comment:

> I doubt if the average Englishman felt himself as much oppressed by Charles I as by the plague; or if any colonial American was as much in dread of taxation without representation as of smallpox. And it may reasonably be contended that Walter Reed and William Crawford Gorgas brought to man freedom in a more happy sense and in a larger measure than any military or political leader.

Now if the average man were guided by reason, Mr. Sullivan's fine and eloquent words would be true. Or if man regarded death as the greatest of evils, Mr. Sullivan's plea might have more weight. But man is a sentimental rather than a rational animal; and Mr. J. A. Spender has pointed out that the average man will gladly give his life for a variety of causes, a fact which complicates the philosophy of economists and statesmen. What men ought to do and what they do are not always identical. I am sure that the Parliamentarians under Cromwell *did* feel more oppressed by King Charles than by any bodily plague; and that the Massachusetts radicals *did* feel taxation without representation a more intolerable burden than smallpox or yellow fever. Look at Ireland in the years after the Great War. Men murdered each other and gave their lives with a hurrah simply to decide whether Ireland should be called a Republic or a Free State. Yet whichever it was called men could live in safety with their wives and children and be engaged in the pursuit of happiness. National prestige may have nothing whatever to do with individual liberty and comfort; and yet how eagerly men will die for it!

I repeat it is not a question whether political tyranny is actually worse than the tyranny of disease; it is the way men think about it that makes them feel oppressed or free. Perhaps Mr. Sullivan's book may help to educate public opinion.

Many persons believe they can tell by the style the authorship of editorials, but they can't; and friendships, hatreds, and theories founded on internal evidence are on a base insecure. The famous journalist S. K. Ratcliffe, of the Manchester *Guardian*, who will give the Bromley lectures on journalism at Yale in 1927, writes me:

> This game of spotting editorial writers won't do at all. At the Manchester *Guardian's* farewell dinner to C. E. Montague, which I attended just before leaving home, speaker after speaker implied that he could tell C. E. M. day by day. I wrote a paragraph in *The Nation* (London) arguing that they couldn't; and one of the Old Guard wrote to tell me I was right. One thing I do in a London weekly is put down by Editors and Cabinet Ministers as the work of a famous journalist, who could no more write with my accent than I could write with his, or C. E. M.'s.

I learned something by a letter from Miss Miriam Jean Rollins, of Los Angeles. In a book by Louise Jordan Miln, a Chinese story called "Ruben and Ivy Sen," the author alludes to a tortoise-shell male cat, and Miss Rollins comments: "Now both you and I and all cat-lovers know that there has never been such a creature born into the world as a tortoise-shell male cat. The tortoise-shells are always *female*. Every cat-breeder has been trying for years to breed a tortoise-shell male cat, and the first one who succeeds in performing this strange feat will make a fortune at once." Alas, I was ignorant of this law of nature.

Now, in Louis Tracy's new and thrilling detective story, "The Gleave Mys-

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tery," I have just found a statement corroborating this cat fact.

I am pleased to see that recent photographs of Augustine Birrell and of Sheila Kaye-Smith reveal that each of these famous persons is holding a cat.

C. R. R., a highly cultivated woman of Halifax, Nova Scotia, writing apropos of Mrs. Kellogg's question as to whether any woman of my acquaintance had read Carlyle's "French Revolution" or Boswell's "Life of Johnson" through, informs me that she read them both in her youth, and remembers them. She also makes a point that ought to appeal to many readers: "Those were spacious days when one had time to read. Now one lives in an intellectual rush, trying vainly to keep up with the delightful new things pouring from the press and still longing for the delightful old things for which there is no time."

One of the most famous passages in Browning is in his poem "By the Fireside":

"O the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

Mr. Charles Corwin White, a member of the senior class in Yale College, calls my attention to a passage that may well have given the poet the causative hint, in Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," book II, chapter VI:

If, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrived at the period's end,—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which Rhetoricians stile the *Aposiopesis*.—Just Heaven! how does the *Poco piu* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists;—the insensible MORE OR LESS, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cætera*,—give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure! O my countrymen;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

Doctor Frederick A. Pottle suggests that Browning may have got this hint from an original Italian source rather than through Sterne; but, at all events, the parallel passage in Sterne is decidedly interesting.

The annual dinner of the Fano Club was successfully held in New Haven on Browning's birthday. Members present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. May, of New York, Mrs. L. B. Terrell, Miss Terrell, Mason Terrell, of Derby; Professors Evans and Tinker, of Yale, and Henry T. Rowell, the only undergraduate member; Miss Hortense Metzger, of New Haven, and Mortimer Doolittle, of Stamford. Greetings were received by cable and post from all parts of the world, but the most brilliant missive came, as usual, from Dean John H. Wigmore, of the Law School, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ills.:

Quanto al suo invito gentilissimo che assistiamo io e la mia moglia alla reunione annuaria dei eletti Fanesani presso Lei, mi duole infinitamente di aver rispondere colle parole dell' *Inferno*, XV, 115:

"Ben si, vorrei; ma il venir e il sermone
Al ceno suo non puo; perche un peggio
Fato mi stringe dal rivier' sabbione.

Gente vien con la quale esser non deggio;
Sieto raccomandato a tutto il coro
Fanesano il mio nome; e piu non cheggio."

Virginia Lilly, of Weston, Mass., sent as her substitute Sir Rennell Rodd's book, published in 1902, from which I read aloud to the assembled company his beautiful poem, "At Fano."

A sensational addition to the dinner-party, a brand plucked from the burning, was Mr. Murray Sargent. He had joined the Club on April 6, and on the morning of the fateful day of our feast, I discovered that his ship was expected at New York. In verity he arrived from Fano in New Haven at seven o'clock that blessed evening and, to his eternal honor, he forsook his mother and sister for a brief hour, and took his place at his first Fano dinner, being in all probability the only person who will ever bring his entrance into Fano and his presence at the club dinner in New Haven so close together in time.

On that very day also news came of some important additions to membership.

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Three cards arrived from Fano, being apparently three separate parties of pilgrims visiting Fano on the same day, April 22—did they meet before the picture, I wonder? On one card appear the names of Martha E. Smith, of Newark; Mrs. Alice Wasson, Elizabeth Wasson, of Buffalo; Letitia Simons, of Port Chester. On the second card, Katharine Bonbright, of Haverford, Pa.; on the third, Mabel L. Puterbaugh, of McAlester, Okla.

This summer the Club is to be enormously increased. One of the most active members, Professor Armstrong, of Waco, Texas, is taking a party of about seventy-five Browning pilgrims to Italy, and they will join both the Fano and the Asolo Clubs.

Hardly had the music of my typewriter ceased after the above paragraph when postcards from Fano came announcing the addition on May 4 of the following members: Mary Shipper Schenck, of Baltimore; Mrs. N. S. Barrett, of Philadelphia; and Mrs. Francis I. du Pont, of Wilmington. And on May 2 a quintette of Americans entered the sacred precincts of *Asolo:* Miss Theodora Van Name, Alys B. del Grella, G. H. del Grella, Mrs. Winchester Bennett, all of New Haven; also Louise F. Haas, of California.

The Faerie Queene Club has a notable addition in the distinguished person of William C. Redfield, formerly congressman and secretary of commerce in the Cabinet of President Wilson, who writes that he read the poem through before he was sixteen. In response may I express the hope that my readers will read through Mr. Redfield's new book, "Dependent America," which is a marshalling of interesting facts by an expert.

By the same post I received a letter from Mrs. Howard P. Hayden, who writes from Santiago, Chile, that she read the whole poem when she was a sophomore, not because she wanted to, but because she was *porfiada*. She belongs to a woman's literary society in Santiago which is truly international, containing English, Dutch, Scotch, Irish, and North Americans, in addition to home talent. She urges me to promote the use of the adjective *Newenglish*, which has as much right to existence as any other. If we can say that Kipling is very English, we ought to ask nobody's permission to say that Robert Frost is very Newenglish. I welcome this adjective into the Newenglish language.

And to-day there enters the Faerie Queene Club Mrs. Rebecca B. Brown, of Springfield, Mass., who finished the poem on the 2d of May, 1926.

It is a pleasure to record the fact that on May 21 the dramatic critics of New York gave a luncheon in honor of the veteran critic James S. Metcalfe, "a tribute to his service as a dramatic reviewer, which covers a period of more than fifty years." Honesty and intelligence are sometimes rewarded on earth.

Walter S. Hinchman, of Milton, Mass., writes of Bemerton:

> In the summer of 1904 I wandered out from Salisbury, found the little church (though several villagers tried to deflect my course to an 1880 atrocity not far away), and being a "regular" American, I made bold to knock at the rectory across the way. The Rev. M. Warre received me most hospitably. . . .
>
> Much moved by my Bemerton experience, I wrote a little rhapsodical pamphlet when I got home. It was published some years later in a volume of essays written by a dozen or so of Dr. Gummere's old students and presented to him when he had completed twenty years (1889–1909) as a Professor at Haverford.

It is pleasant to have not only this tribute to George Herbert but to Mr. Gummere, for so many years professor at Haverford—an admirable man in an admirable college. Mr. Gummere was one of the best scholars in America, one of the best artists in teaching, and one of the best fellows in the world.

Mr. Mark Barr, of Elyria, Ohio (*this is Elyria, lady*), not only agrees with me about establishing an American College in Athens, but, by a process of telepathy, thought of it at the same time. Just before my article was published he was talking with friends as to the right amount of annual income, and he said he would like to have a million a year. On being reproached by the others, he said he would establish an academy for Greek in Greece.

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Leslie W. Miller, of Martha's Vineyard, writes:

I hope you get your billion dollars and build your worth-while college at Athens—I don't care for your theology but your pedagogy is all right and the world never needed guidance in that direction more than it does to-day, and, speaking of the right use of words, won't you remind your numerous and admiring pupils that among the prevalent mistakes one of the worst as well as most common is the use of words that admit of no comparison or qualification, as if they were merely spineless incoherencies that could be made to mean as much or as little as the nebulous fancy of the user might determine. To use "infinite" for example, as if it meant no more than "a good many," or even "too much" is to take all the starch out of one of the most impressive words we have. Poor little "unique" is in much the same case and is misused almost, if not quite, as frequently as "infinite"—although, I admit, by a lower class of users.

You get a lot of fun out of the children who read the "Faerie Queene," don't you? Why I read it and revelled in it from cover to cover when I was a boy, and I still think of it as of a well of romance undefiled. Surely thousands of children must have done the same and for the life of me I don't see why they shouldn't.

I read the "Revolt of Islam" in the same way too and got lots of exhilaration out of it, so much so that Shelley remains for me to this day the supreme English poet. Between you and me "Prometheus Unbound" is much better stuff than "Paradise Lost," and all the orthodox boosting in the world will not alter the fact.

Burton Alva Konkle, of Swarthmore, writes:

It is your Greek college idea that attracts me, and I have something that illustrates your contention well. In preparing a "Life of Nicholas Biddle," I came across his journal of his travels in Greece in 1806, when he was but twenty years old and knew Greek and Latin in the way you indicate. It was one of his first journeys of scientific observation in that land. The result? He was so profoundly impressed that all his life he was a classicist, and is responsible for those exquisite examples of purest Greek architecture in Philadelphia—Girard College main building, the Custom House (Second United States Bank), and in all probability these influenced the erection of stately Ridgway Library—the dominant specimens of Greek in this city. Even his old home, "Andalusia," is Doric Greek.

Frank A. Manny, of Boxford, Mass., writes:

I note with interest the final sentence of your second paragraph in the May "As I Like It"—"thus for the rest of his life every alumnus would have at command Greek drama, philosophy, poetry, and history." I have wondered for years that classicists should cling as they do to Latin and continue to make Greek depend upon a long series of years of Latin study which bring at the end very little literature worth continuing to read. Horace abides, but as compared with Greek there is not much that one finds in Roman literature which he could not dispense with.

In the New York *Evening Post* for May 8 there was an interesting despatch from Berlin containing a description of a new book on Goethe called "Intermezzi Scandalosi." It deals with Goethe's difficulties with his servants; the great man was an expert gastronomer, and could not be deceived by inadequate cooks, of which there were proportionately as many as there are now. Cooks, therefore, came and went in that household with intolerable frequency; and the poet, in dismissing them, seemed to have no difficulty in making them understand his opinion of them. But in order that there might be no mistake, he carefully and in detail wrote out his estimate of their ability, and gave it to them in order that any prospective employer might be warned. The cooks, however deficient in intelligence, seemed to understand that these recommendations were not flattering; hence one cook, Charlotte Hoyer, on receiving from Goethe's hands the testimonial, tore it into bits and scattered the portions all about the house, which is to me conclusive proof of her stupidity; for if she had had even a little sense, she would have saved this letter, and sold the autograph for the price of a year's wages.

I wonder if barbers save the hair they delete from the heads of the great, and if not, why not?

Sallie Frame Toler, of Beverly Hills, Calif., nominates for the Ignoble Prize

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"The persons who speak of children as 'tots' and 'kiddies.' The writer, and there are a lot of him, who is guilty of the coinage 'reminiced' and 'reminice.' I am in my seventies, and have forgotten the 'rules,' but the words sound so fiendish, they just can't be good."

My correspondent will be glad to know that C. L. Graves, in the *Eastern Daily Press*, of Norwich, England, in the course of an article commenting on my candidates for the Ignoble Prize, and referring with especial praise to the nomination of "kid" by Mr. George Tripp, of the free public library of New Bedford, Mass., says: "As for 'kid,' the only thing to be said in its favor is that it is better than 'kiddies.'" Approved.

Walter S. Campbell, of Sydney, Australia, and formerly Director of Agriculture of New South Wales, submits for the Ignoble Prize "the use or rather misuse of the definite article 'a' before the silent 'h' in hotel." He says that "this misuse of 'a' is on the increase in Australia, and probably also in America."

In America the *h* in hotel is not silent, and therefore we place *a* instead of *an* before it. The *an* before some words beginning with *h* seems to-day a little archaic, like the Biblical "an hundred sheep."

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the expression "break into." It was at first used mainly as descriptive of young ball-players who succeeded in entering a major league; now we are compelled to read of ambitious writers who "break into" the leading magazines; it should be used only by those who have broken out of jail.

Mrs. Elizabeth Case, of the Hartford *Courant*, sends me this interesting item about Scott Nearing, the Soviet, and Dickens:

> The other night I heard Mr. Scott Nearing, here in Hartford; for several reasons I had a curiosity to hear him. In the course of his little Russian Rhapsody, he gave a brief outline of the method of education pursued there in the schools for children, which is called—I think I have it correctly—direct observation of the environment. But I recognized, almost as soon as he was fairly started in his exposition, the old familiar method of our Yorkshire friend, Mr. Squeers, "the practical mode of teaching," Mr. Squeers called it. "When," said Mr. Squeers, "a boy has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em." Mr. Nearing says that this method, which is employed throughout Soviet Russia, and is under trial in other European countries, in England, and in Greenwich, Connecticut (not Greenwich Village, New York City), is the most advanced modern educational procedure; but he is mistaken, the method was discovered by Mr. Squeers, some seventy years ago. This is simply one more proof of my steady contention that to Dickens, as to Shakespeare, you will never go in vain, in search of pertinent comment on contemporary conditions.

How old are fountain-pens? Doctor Frederick Pottle, of Yale, informs me that while making researches in London in the literary history of the eighteenth century, he met Mr. Horace Bleackley, similarly engaged, and that the latter remarked he had seen a reference to a fountain-pen. This interested Doctor Pottle, and searching through the pages of the Edinburgh *Advertiser* for 1767, in the issue for June 19, he found the following passage:

> In one place, where none but ladies were admitted, he (a fictitious stenographer) went in properly dressed, and with a fountain-pen, in shape of a fan, he took down, with white ink, on the bottom of a French song, the whole conversation, without so much as being perceived by those about him.

Doctor Pottle queries: What was a fountain-pen like in 1767? And did Boswell ever use one in recording Johnson's talk?

The earliest fountain-pen I ever saw was in 1870, used by my father in writing sermons. It was an unusually broad gold pen, with a pouch under its nib like that worn by pelicans; if you dipped this implement once into the inkstand, it carried enough ink to cover three or four pages of writing.

How large a vocabulary do writers use? Professor A. J. Armstrong, of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, got two of his students to count the number used by Browning, by which it appears that

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Browning employed 35,544 words, and 3,413 proper names, making the impressive total of 38,957. I think this must be exceptionally large. Just as I had finished writing that sentence, word came from Professor Armstrong that his students have discovered that Shakespeare used 19,987 words, and Tennyson 19,729.

In response to the suggestion of Wilmarth (Lefty) Lewis, Miss Lora Ammon, of Washington, D. C., suggests the word "gardenry" for the art of landscape-gardening. I hereby give "gardenry" a hearty welcome into the English language.

Melvin R. Gilmore, of the Museum of the American Indian, New York, states that the true derivation of the word "mooley" for a cow is from the Gaelic word "maol," or "maolie," which means hornless. Muley or mooley, as applied to polled or hornless cattle, is just one of many English words derived from the Gaelic language.

It is with unusual shame and contrition that I call the attention of my readers to a blunder I made in the issue for June. In a brief comment on the novel "The Dean and Jecinora," I said something about Jecinora being a capable woman. By some strange freak of memory, I confused the name of the patent medicine with the name of the all-around-girl who was secretary, chauffeuse, and many other things. Of course I cannot now expect every one to believe that I had read that novel before reviewing it; but cross-my-heart, hope-to-die, honest-Sinclair-Lewis-to-God, I had read every word of it; the heroine made a much sharper impression on me than the liver-cure, which, while it does not excuse my blunder, does not explain it either.

I read in the papers this morning that some ethical society has had a meeting and arrived at the solemn conclusion that it is impossible to put a stop to war until a good substitute can be found for it. Well, a good substitute for war is peace.

In view of the discussion as to whether or not Nathalia Crane wrote her poems, I am informed that recently at one of the branches of the Brooklyn Public Library, a high-school girl asked an assistant for the poems of Notaliar Crane.

In addition to the Ignoble Prize, and the Faerie Queene, Asolo, Fano and other clubs, I now organize THE SALON. I invite Scribnerians to apply for admission. Only brilliant epigrams and shining jewels of original wit can be declared worthy. I fear I may incur the permanent hostility of many who must stand outside the portals. I open THE SALON with the following contribution from William H. Walker, of Albany. This year the Isaac Bromley lectures on journalism at Yale were delivered by Don Marquis. Needless to say the lectures were highly appreciated, and Mr. and Mrs. Marquis made an effortless conquest of all who had the honor of meeting them. In a lecture on columnists, the speaker declared Solomon to be the first; this being reported in the papers, Mr. Walker writes me that he is under the impression that the first column was made by Lot's wife.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE first souvenir of Ingres, in color, that I ever saw in this country was a copy of his Roger and Angelica that was in the hands of the late Frederick Keppel many years ago. It was the oddest souvenir in the world, for this copy was one made by Whistler! In a measure I could comprehend how he had happened to make it. When as a young man he went to Paris circumstances seem to have guided him, mysteriously, to the *atelier* of Charles Gleyre, a passionate disciple of Ingres. His admonitions may easily have turned momentarily into a classical channel the energies of the American who was presently to have brief traffic with the naturalism of Courbet, and then was to invent the Whistlerian hypothesis. Memory of that copy was to come back to me long afterward on a piquant occasion. In the course of a conversation with Whistler in London, one night, I spoke of the great portrait of Bertin by Ingres. To my astonishment the former copyist of the master flatly denounced this prodigious portrait. It was no better than a Meissonier, "showing all the buttons on the coat," and Ingres was simply "a bourgeois Greek." In the *ana* relating to Ingres there are endless episodes of this sort. Take the attitude of his rival, Delacroix. In his "Journal" you will find a distinctly appreciative note on that very picture that Whistler copied. *Ingres charmant*, he says. But in the same book you may learn what he thought of an exhibition that his contemporary made in 1855. He found it "the complete expression of an incomplete intelligence." Only the other day, in his "Conversations in Ebury Street," that penetrating critic George Moore revived the old disparaging strain, giving us this passage: "Though Ingres's portraits are often very like their sitters, the absence of what is known in the studios as quality causes us to turn away from them with a feeling of disappointment." So much for the malcontents. And now what of the other side of the medal?

♣ ♣ ♣

IN France he has been pretty nearly canonized. Henry Lapauze, the most devoted *Ingriste* of them all, published a great collection of facsimiles of his drawings, wrote the definitive biography, and made divers other contributions to the literature of the subject. Leon Bonnat was an assiduous collector of his works. Degas worshipped his genius. A superb exhibition of more than two hundred examples was held in Paris in 1921, and the event was hailed with acclamation. There is an Ingres cult in central Europe. A sumptuous book about him was made by Frohlich-Bum of Vienna only two years ago and he took as his motto the fine saying of Gautier—*Il n'est pas de son temps, mais il est éternel.* Ingres has even been paid the homage of adoption into the Modernist fold. When the propagandist of that singular movement wishes utterly to convince you he remarks in casual, quite confident fashion, as though it really went without saying, that Matisse stems from Ingres and that Picasso is one of his chief followers. That looks very like body-snatching to me, and, indeed, one reason why I recur to Ingres to-day is just this misunderstanding that so often comes athwart his tradition. I am myself a confirmed *Ingriste*. I have been to Mecca, which is to say I have journeyed to the sanctuary at Montauban in which a great mass of the painter's work is preserved. In short, I have been devoted to Ingres all my life and I resent the cheek—there is no other word—which in the name of one of the austerest disciplinarians in the service of beauty would dedicate bad workmanship to a cult for ugliness.

It is always apposite to talk about Ingres, and it is doubly legitimate to do so when the principles for which he stood are in peril. I wonder sometimes if the

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Europa.

From the water-color by Ingres shown at the Ferargil Gallery.

careless layman, dabbling light-heartedly in modernistic diversions, realizes how dangerous they actually are. Let us suppose for the sake of argument that the so-called innovators succeed in imposing themselves upon a generation, through sheer bulk and clamor pushing the adherents of the integrity of art to the wall. Who, then, is to recall to the youth of the next twenty-five years the value of design, of technique, the necessity for sound draftsmanship, and the preservative function of pure beauty? It will be a sorry day for art when the practitioners of such ideas are overwhelmed by a kind of æsthetic Bolshevism. Well, I don't believe that as a matter of fact we are likely to be overtaken by such a disaster. The signs as I see them in the art of the world all point to a certain declension in the vogue of Modernism, and though, as I have said, it can still work mischief, against which warning words should be uttered, it is cheerfully significant that in all the contemporary schools the majority are content to abide by the wisdom of the Fathers. The Modernists are fond of citing the mistaken opposition to Impressionism as explaining the opposition to their own vagaries. The two do not run parallel. Public opinion, as could readily be shown by looking into the history of modern art education, criticism, photography, and reproductive processes generally, was not even remotely as well instructed then as it is now. It was easy for the world to miss, in the sixties, what was constructive in Impressionism. To-day, thanks to infinitely increased resources, he who runs may read what is merely

Photo by De W. Ward.

Ingres.

From the bust by Bourdelle.

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specious and destructive in the Modernistic philosophy. And he will read it the more understandingly, I think, if he will from time to time dip into the crystalline waters of that spring of inspiration that lies in the art of Ingres.

The Chevalier X.
From the portrait by Ingres.

♣ ♣ ♣

IT is an art akin to that of Landor in poetry and Gluck in music in that it proceeds out of emotion, but is restrained by classical feeling. It is an art like theirs, too, in that the fire of genius burns behind it, burns authentically but so to say discreetly, with the hard, gem-like flame of which Walter Pater made so much. I have always been fascinated by the contrast between the portraits of Paganini made respectively by Delacroix and Ingres. Both artists were susceptible to music, Ingres being himself a capable violinist. Each, I take it, justly portrayed his man. But Delacroix's Paganini is a romantic apparition, seen in a vague penumbra. The virtuoso drawn by Ingres is set forth in terms of cool, lucid, totally dispassionate statement. Both are eloquent not only of the subject

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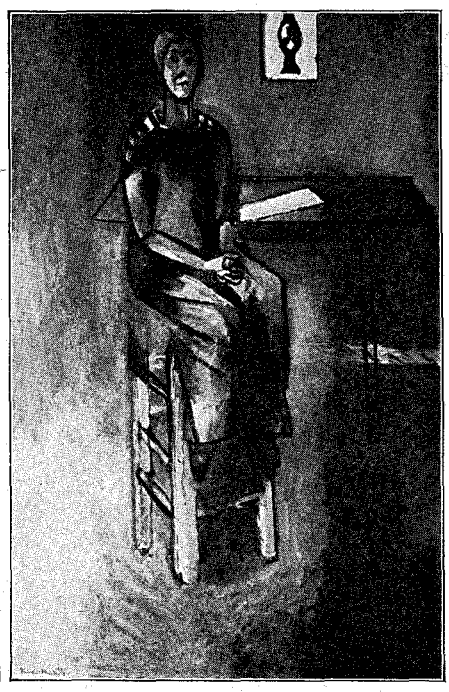
Madame D'Haussonville.
From the portrait by Ingres.



Woman seated.
From the painting by Matisse.

but of the artist. With Delacroix the force present is that of the imagination. With Ingres it is calmly cerebral; he thinks rather than feels. This it is, it seems to me, which accounts for the rather restricted effect of his pictures, to distinguish them sharply from his portraits. *Ingriste* though I am, I make no pretense of regarding his pictorial compositions as among the great masterpieces in the world. They have dignity and grace, a kind of monumental power. The famous Apotheosis of Homer in the Louvre has something like majesty about it, and in the imposing decoration at Dampierre Ingres succeeded in tincturing majesty with a pastoral charm. It was not for nothing that this follower of David was also an inheritor of the tradition of Poussin. He shared to a certain extent in the heroic gesture, the spacious manner of that master. There are echoes of the grand style in his work. He knew above all how to build up a great design, and it is worth noting that while he revered Raphael, he cared more for the magnificent orchestration of the decorations than he did for the sublime sentiment of the Madonnas. Nevertheless, I feel that the grandeur of Ingres comes out more in his handling of form than in his deployment of a number of figures on a single canvas. In the matter of form alone his pictures vie with his portraits, so that a work like The Bather or like The Odalisque, both in the Louvre, have the serene full-rounded perfection of a Greek marble.

THERE is, to tell the truth, much of the spirit of the antique in Ingres. He collected Greek objects and drew from them. In the winter just gone there turned up at the Ferargil Gallery, from the collection of Mr. Arthur B. Davies, a lovely Europa painted by Ingres in water-color. I looked it up in the catalogue by Delaborde, and found that it had been executed "after a composition traced upon a Greek vase." That was like Ingres. He was always returning to the classics. But he was always returning to Nature, too, and the worst mistake to make about

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him is to range him thoughtlessly as a dry "Academic" type, using formulas and drawing by rule of thumb. No artist ever surpassed him in devoted research into truth. Only in this matter of truth he was selective, after the habit of a master having ideals of beauty. His ideals are not reducible to a phrase. As I have remarked before, he was not a man of formulas, and I cannot discover that his thoughts about things beautiful ever crystallized themselves into a programme. A clew to his attitude may be gathered, however, from an anecdote which lies somewhere in Lapauze or Amaury-Duval. It describes Ingres walking in a Roman street with his wife. They were approached by one of those deformed mendicants characteristic of Italy, whereupon Madame Ingres hid the repellent vision from her husband's eyes by shielding them with her shawl. He could not bear an abnormal spectacle. His soul was saturated in the purity, the refinement, the exquisiteness which we think of when we think of Raphael. His dream was to reach a pitch of attainment which would fit him to

The Martyrdom of Saint Symphorien.
From the painting by Ingres in the Johnson Collection at Philadelphia.

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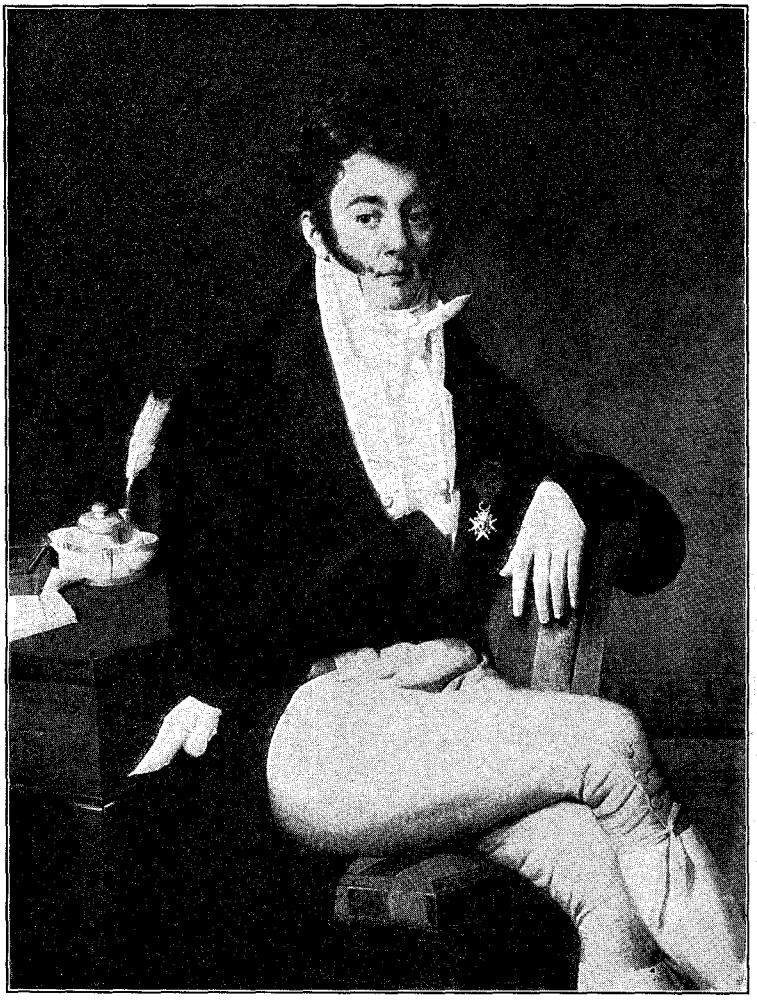
clasp the feet of Raphael. All this too, I repeat, with a sort of Poussinesque breadth and nobility. Some of his sayings to his students beautifully disclose his point of view:



Louis Charles Mercier Dupaty, Member of the Academy.
From the portrait by Ingres in the Johnson Collection at Philadelphia.

In the construction of a figure do not proceed bit by bit, but build it up at a stroke; get the ensemble.

Draw purely, but with largeness. Purity and largeness, *voilà le dessin, voilà l'art.*

In the images of man in art, repose is the first beauty of the body, just as in life wisdom is the highest expression of the soul.

It is my effort to copy my model as a very humble servant and not to idealize it.

I have to chuckle over that last pronouncement. The blesséd, invincible, Olympian! He couldn't have helped making his model beautiful if he had tried. For one thing, he was exacting as to his models. Go down among the thousands of drawings at Montauban, and you will be struck by the fact that there was no room in his cosmos for any of those monstrous types that used to pique the curiosity of Leonardo. If you are to judge from his works, the world was peopled for Ingres with men and women very good to look upon.

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IN his depiction of them he was primarily the draftsman rather than the colorist, though on this point it is well to be on one's guard against the severer critics. He could get on occasion extraordinary felicity in an arrangement of color. I recall his Madame Devaucay as one of the most brilliant studies in black-and-yellow I ever saw, and not long ago as charming a color-scheme appeared in the Chevalier X which figured in an exhibition at the Museum of French Art in New York. It is a harmony in two notes of brown, notes limpid and delectable. The truth is that Ingres would have a higher reputation as a colorist if he had settled upon a richer *facture* for his canvases, if as regards pure painted surface he had allied himself more with such types as Velasquez and Vermeer. That, I suppose, is what troubled George Moore when he made the remark about "quality" which I have quoted. For a critic nurtured on the flashing stroke of Manet there is naturally not much sensuous stimulus in the rather flat tints of Ingres, suggestive as they are more of a Florentine Primitive working in tempera than a modern working in oils. Where the quality of Ingres comes out is in his draw-

Portrait of a Woman.
From the drawing by Ingres.

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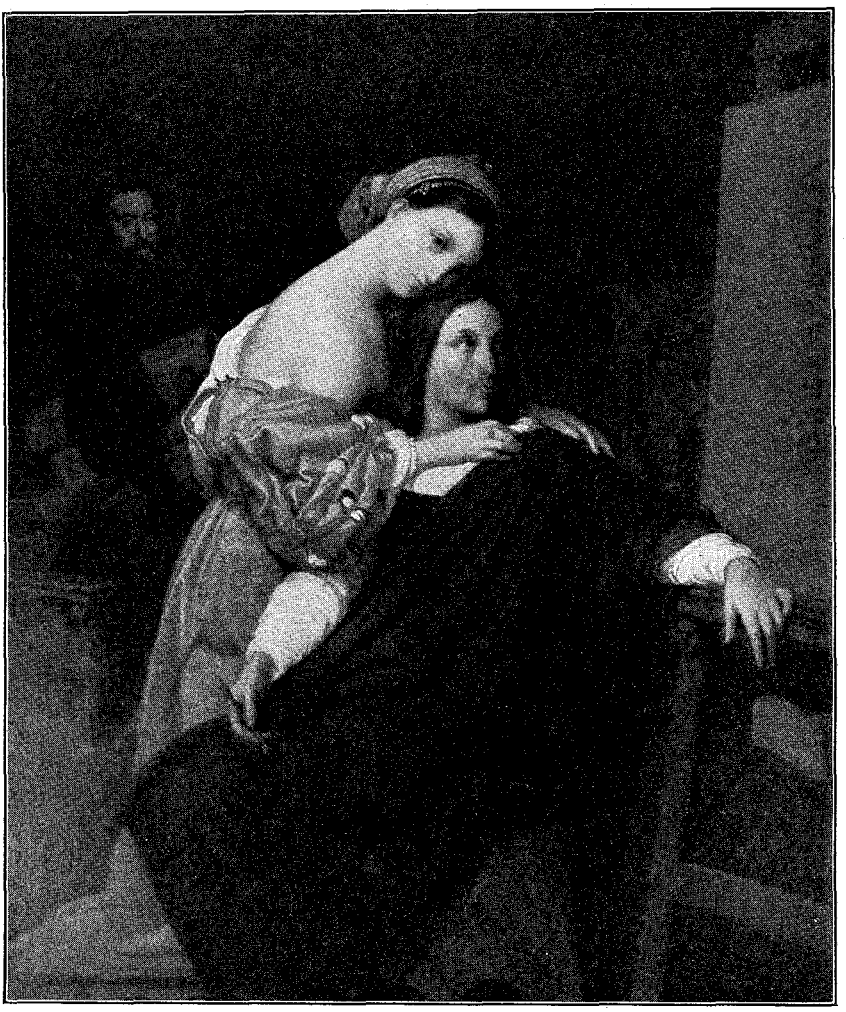
ing, whether he be using the brush or the pencil. There is something of the magic of Holbein in his painted portraits, something of Holbein in the consummate placing of the figure, in the unity of the



Raphael and La Fornarina.
From the painting in the Quinn Collection at the Brummer Gallery.

composition, and then, transcendently, in the linear definition of the form. Line, pure line, is a surpassingly glorious instrument of expression, and the enchanting thing about it is that on its fundamental strength the great artist develops the most intensely individual denotement of his genius. Consider the linear idioms of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, of Dürer and Rembrandt, of Degas and Forain. Ingres is of that splendid and powerful company. He uses line with equal force and delicacy. His line is as firm as steel but it is never hard or wiry. On the contrary, it is as supple, as suave, as any line in the history of art. I never smile more appreciatively over the linking of the names of Ingres and Matisse than when I think of the line of Ingres.

LITTLE by little it has been receiving its recognition in the United States. I have mentioned Whistler's copy as the first Ingres souvenir I ever knew in this

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country. In 1895 Durand-Ruel had here a small picture of Cardinal Bibbiena Introducing La Fornarina to Raphael. I think, though I am not absolutely sure, that this passed into the Yerkes Collection, but when that was dispersed it went back to Europe. Once on a visit to the late J. G. Johnson in Philadelphia, having looked at pictures of every imaginable school, I spoke of the extraordinary variety of his collection, but laughingly defied him to show me an Ingres. Whereupon he promptly showed me two—a little Saint Symphorien, a replica of the big picture in the Cathedral at Autun, and the portrait of the Academician Dupaty, which is one of the painter's masterpieces. The Metropolitan Museum acquired a fine pair of portraits by Ingres in 1918, the portraits of M. Leblanc and his wife, and it has a couple of good drawings, one of them a portrait and the other a sheaf of studies from the nude. Mr. Grenville Winthrop, in his remarkable collection of drawings, has an imposing group of some of the most brilliant in the *œuvre* of Ingres. The late John Quinn left in his collection a notable Ingres, the Raphael and La Fornarina, one of several versions that he painted of the subject. It is in a private collection in New York that the Chevalier X reposes, the masterpiece which I include among my reproductions. There are perhaps other works by Ingres in America. I am not certain that my census is complete. Meanwhile, I know that more will be forthcoming from Europe in the near future, for the master's fame is only increasing, and sooner or later American collectors will eagerly compete for his works. When the Chevalier X was on its way to New York from Corsica, where it had been preserved in the family since the time of the sitter, it paused in Paris, where it was seen by the critic Roger Marx. "It is a national calamity," he said, "that that picture should leave France." No doubt, and it is a matter of national aggrandizement when such a picture comes to these shores. For it is an embodiment of what Ingres held dear—the rectitude of art.

M. Leblanc.
From the portrait by Ingres in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

♣ ♣ ♣

SINCE writing this paper an episode in Paris has come to my knowledge well confirming my belief that despite the vogue of Modernism the principles of Ingres are still held in honor. The young Russian, Jacovleff, whose fine drawing is a tribute to the French master, had returned from travels in Afghanistan and was exhibiting a collection of his impressions. An American visitor, arriving a little late at the private view, found that nearly everything on the walls had already been sold. To what does this testify if not to the persistence in French connoisseurship of taste for that sound draftsmanship which Ingres exemplifies?

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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Behind the Scenes

AL SMITH with a Harvard education would not be a man after James Kerney's heart, but Al Smith "the rough-hewn and supposedly unpolished lad who, through the agony and glory of American opportunity, had battered his way up from the sidewalks of New York," is a joy to his pen.

Views Politics Behind the Scenes—Jim Kerney

James Kerney has always preferred to remain behind the scenes in politics and has acquired what the best of the skilled politicians have—the ability to judge a man. His "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson" is in its way a masterpiece. It is a book which has been praised by Wilson's closest friends and by his bitterest enemies. Both find in it the Wilson they knew, which probably means that Kerney has painted an accurate portrait.

Mr. Kerney has been for thirty years editor and publisher of the Trenton, N. J., *Times*. More recently he acquired control of the Trenton newspaper field by his purchase of *The State Gazette*.

Among the speakers at a testimonial dinner recently given to Mr. Kerney was Doctor Henry van Dyke, former Minister to the Netherlands. Doctor van Dyke's interest in politics is shown in his story in the August Fiction Number, "A Wilful Andromeda." His interest in science is manifest in "The Sweet Influence of the Pleiades" in this number. Since his retirement from the Princeton Faculty, Doctor van Dyke has been travelling, fishing, and writing.

A political adventure which constitutes a fine story of a life devoted to ideas and their realization, and a rather sorry commentary on American politics, is Mrs. Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing's article "Men Only." Mrs. Moyer-Wing is State Industrial Inspector of Missouri. She was appointed to this office in March, 1921, and reappointed by the succeeding administration. She is the first woman in Missouri to head a State department and have a place in the Governor's Cabinet, and is believed to be the second woman in the United States to hold such a position. Her experiences as a candidate for the Congressional nomination constitute an accurate and vivid picture of the position of women in politics.

Harlan C. Hines is professor of education and director of personnel at the University of Cincinnati. Doctor Hines goes to the bottom of the "new school methods." What is the place of discipline in school life? How much of the crime impulse of youth is fostered in our schools? What position are parents to take? The sketches for his interesting article "Train Up a Child . . ." were done by his wife, Ruth Ann Wilbur Hines.

If figures were ever made interesting and an analysis made to live, they are in "The Sifting Power of Cities." Ellsworth Huntington, research associate of Yale University, author of a powerful book, "The Character of Races," expert on natural selection and climate, looks at modern American civilization. He looks at where leaders come from and where they go. And he finds one reason for the farmer's plight therein. It's fascinating stuff, this speculative analytic article on our own cities.

Photograph by Gerhard Sisters

Second woman to hold a place in a Governor's cabinet—Mrs. Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing

George Ellery Hale is honorary director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. In "Beyond the Milky Way,"

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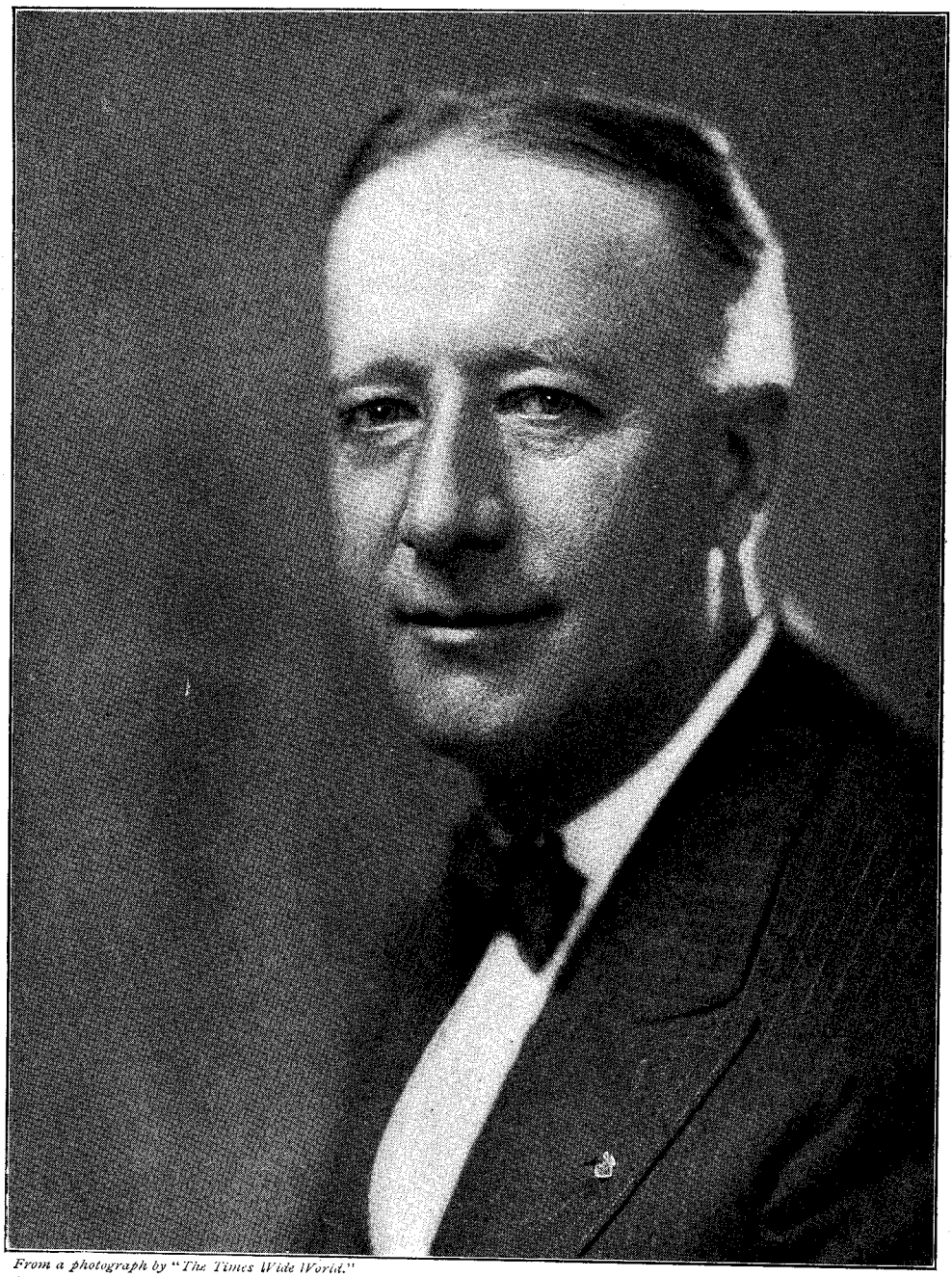

From a photograph by "The Times Wide World."

GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH.

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